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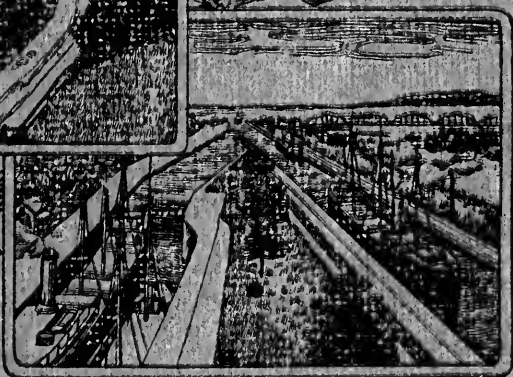


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MACKINAC ISLAND AND SAULT STE MARIE



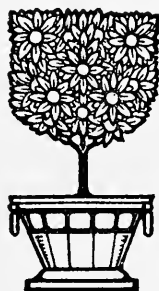
PICTURESQUE & LEGENDARY

IVH
(Mackinac)

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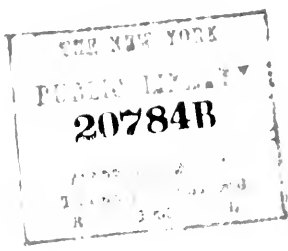
MACKINAC ISLAND AND SAULT STE. MARIE

BY
STANLEY NEWTON



Picturesque and Legendary

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PREFATORY

Concerning this fair North of ours, many books have been written. Its annals have been set down by Carver, LaHontan, Schoolcraft, Jameson, Henry, Perrot, Charlevoix, Joliet, Marquette, and others whose work is shrouded in the mists of time. It has been the scene of self-abnegation such as the world has seldom witnessed; courage almost beyond the ken of mankind; cruelty to chill the soul with horror. It has experienced strange vicissitudes of fortune. It has sustained one of the world's most remarkable and interesting peoples. Its destinies have hung upon threads so slight as to be now almost forgotten. It has known totems innumerable and three mighty nations' flags.

Shall we consecrate our lines and compilations to these worthies of old?

It is little they care for our words of praise.

Or to the Judge, who has gathered their works with loving care, and who every good citizen of the North hopes will be spared for many years, to a life of usefulness and uprightness?

Other and better books have been inscribed to him.

Or to our next Governor?

But he is a writer of books.

Sit you down with comfort, my friend, on the shady side of the deck, or wherever you happen to be, and learn of the North. If we diverge from the beaten path here and there, remember that our text is a large one; and that precious stones are sometimes found in the most out of the way places.

Fall to, then, with all the anticipation in the world, and may you read with pleasure and profit, for these pages are dedicated to YOU.

ILLUSTRATIONS

City and Harbor, Mackinac Island.

View from harbor, Mackinac Island.

View of Fort Mackinac.

A Beautiful Prospect, Mackinac Island.

Old Church, Mackinac Island.

Arch Rock, Mackinac Island.

Sugar Loaf, Mackinac Island.

Sault Ste. Marie and Government Park.

Bird's Eye View of Locks.

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Camp Scene Near Sault Ste. Marie.

Scene on Root River.

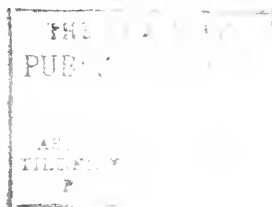
Shooting the Rapids.

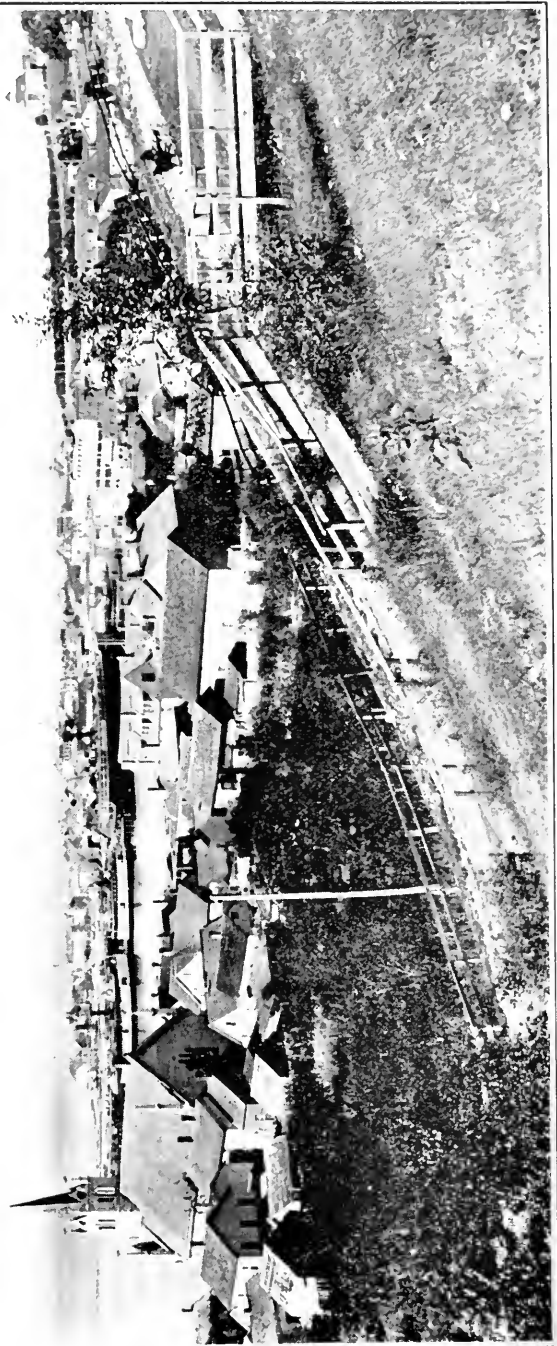
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*There is a glamor in thy lordly pines,
There is a glint upon thy hardy flowers,
A lusty beauty in the forest vines
Attests the vigor of thy sunny hours;
Thou subtle North! Where diverse spells beguile
And land and lake conspire to tease the eye,
So it might rove from witching wile to wile,
From hill to wate, from stream to sapphire sky;
Bring to this pageant all the strenuous past,
Blend with these charms tradition's rosy glow;
Cherish thy gallants, heroes first to last,—
It is thy richer crown, the lore of long ago!*





CITY AND HARBOR, MACKINAC ISLAND

ANCIENT MICHILIMACKINAC AND BOWATING.



HENCE came the Algonquins?

Present day ethnologists are practically a unit in the opinion that the people whom we call Indians did not originate in the Western World, but that in the far distant past, they came upon this continent from another—from Europe, some say; from Asia, say others.

Plato, in his *Timaeus*, asserted that beyond the island which he calls Atlantis, in the western ocean, there were a great number of other islands, and beyond those a vast continent.

John De Laet, a Flemish writer, established to his own satisfaction at least, that America was peopled by the Scythians or Tartars, and that the migration of these people took place soon after the dispersion of Noah's grandsons.

Father Joseph De Acosta concluded that the first Indians of America found a way there from the south of Asia, or "those regions that lie to the southward of the Straits of Magellan."

Grotius says that some of the Norwegians passed in remote times into America by way of Greenland.

Emanuel de Moraez, a Portuguese, asserts that America was wholly peopled by the Carthaginians and Israelites.

George De Huron tells us that the first founders of the Indian colonies were Scythians, that the Phoenicians afterward got footing in America across the Atlantic Ocean, and the Chinese by way of the Pacific.

James Adair resided for forty years among the Indians and published the history of them in 1772. He said that without doubt the American aborigines were descended from the Israelites, either while they were a maritime power, or soon after their great captivity. He endeavors to prove this from their religious rites, their civil and marital customs, their funeral ceremonies, manners, lan-

guage and traditions, and from a variety of other particulars.

Jonathan Carver, after years of study among them, was of the opinion that America received its first inhabitants from the northwest, and that they originally came from Tartary, China, Japan, or Kamchatka. Possibly in ancient times, during some war between the Tartars and Chinese, a part of the inhabitants of the northern provinces were driven from their native country, and took refuge in some of the islands of the northern sea, and from thence found their way into America.

The following is related by Charlevoix as an undoubted matter of fact. Father Grollon, a French Jesuit, while laboring at Bowating (Sault Ste. Marie) in the early days, made the acquaintance of a Chippewa woman, having treated her when ill for some trifling ailment. (Many of the Jesuits were skilled in medicine.) Having been recalled to Paris, he was sent from there by the general of the order to China, where, a thousand miles from the coast, he met, to his unbounded astonishment, the woman from the Rapids! His inquiries elicited the fact that while accompanying her husband on a hunting trip to the north of Lake Superior, they had been taken prisoners by the Indians of the north, her husband killed, and herself taken as a slave through regions "extremely cold," to a wide strait filled with islands; where she was again captured by a band of roving Tartars, and carried by them to their inland plains. A journey of such magnitude would be no small undertaking even in these days of steam and aeroplanes. The same route reversed, no doubt gives us our best clue to the ancestry of the Algonquins and other Indian nations on the western continents.

Unforseen accidents, tempests and shipwrecks have certainly contributed to people every habitable portion of the globe, says Schoolcraft, and we need not wonder at perceiving certain resemblances of persons and manners between nations that are remote from each other, when we find such a difference between those who are side by side. As there are in the north no ancient historical monuments, there is nothing but a knowledge of the primitive languages that will throw light upon these clouds of darkness.

Many words used by the Chinese were in use also among the northern Indians, having resemblance not only in sound, but in significance. The Chinese call a slave

"shungo;" the Chippewa name for dog was "shungush." The Chinese call their tea "shousong;" the Chippewa word for tobacco was "shousosau." Many other Chippewa and Sioux words contained the syllables "che," "enaw," and "chu," common enough in Chinese.

Father Le Huc has written an interesting monograph, showing three hundred points of resemblance between the Chinese and Chippewa languages.

It has been asserted, with every show of probability, that Asia and America were once connected by a broad belt of land, now sunk beneath the shallow Bering Sea. Is it not easy to picture successive hordes of dusky wanderers pouring over that ancient bridge to the vast plains and the shady forests of a new and virgin soil to the East? Wave on wave they flowed out of the West; spreading in the region of Hudson Bay; streaming across the inland seas to the Atlantic, and down the Pacific to Central and South America; a flood no doubt of a thousand years or more, washing back and forth, up and down the continent, seething and boiling in tribal wars; establishing a splendid empire in Mexico and Peru, under favorable climatic conditions and environment; maintaining a victorious confederacy in the northeast, under the name of the Iroquois, ("the people of the long house"); developing into the far flung Algonquin nation in the north. But it is essential to remember that all these peoples were of one blood. They who reared the great earth-mounds of the Middle West; who built the cave-dwellings of Arizona and the pueblos of New Mexico; who welcomed the Pilgrims and fought Ponce de Leon; who burned with eloquence in the councils of the Five Nations, and bowed with superstitious reverence before the Sugar Loaf of Michilimackinac; all these were of one widely varying race, beyond a doubt.

It was to the Algonquin branch of this race that our Chippewas belonged. The Algonquin territory extended from Newfoundland to the Rockies, and from Hudson Bay to the Savannah River. It included the MicMacs, the Pequots and Narragansetts in the North; the Mohegans, the Lenapees, and Nanticokes, in the East; the Powhatans, Miamis, Sacs and Foxes, Kickapoos and Shawnees to the South and West. It was the most extensive of all the families, and came most in contact with the early whites. Nearly all the Indians who figure most frequently on the bloody pages of our early history were Algonquins.

Like an island in the midst of the vast Algonquin ter-

ritory was the region occupied by the Iroquois tribes. In thrift, intelligence, skill in fortification, and daring in war, this stock stands pre-eminent among all native Americans. The renowned confederacy called the Five Nations included the Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Mohawks. These five tribes occupied the territory in a strip extending through the lake regions of New York. At a later date a kindred people, the Tuscaroras, who had drifted down into Carolina, returned northward and joined the league, which thereafter was known as the Six Nations. It waged merciless war upon other native peoples, and had become so dreaded, says Dr. Fiske, that at the cry "A Mohawk!" the Indians of New England fled like sheep.

Armed with Dutch and English guns from Albany and New York, and better still for their purpose, with a wild ferocity that quailed neither before God, man, nor devil, this powerful confederacy utterly exterminated the populous Erie nation; pursued the Illini to the Mississippi and beyond; tracked the wretched Hurons a thousand miles to the farthest confines of their forests, captured, tortured and ate them with more than fiendish glee; threw themselves upon the French with the most stubborn courage and decimated their numbers time and again. It was Parkman who said that French domination in the New World fell before the hatchets of the Iroquois. We shall see how one of their invading armies fared at the hands of the Saulteur Chippewas, that is, "the people of the Rapids," who, La Hontan tells us, were the bravest of the Algonquins, and not inferior in courage to the Iroquois themselves.

It was the French Jesuit and voyageur who uncovered this boiling pot of inland America to the world, while the English clung haltingly to the thin shores of the Atlantic; and it is to the famous "Jesuit Relations" that we owe much of the information concerning the aborigines that has come down to us.

Michilimackinac and Le Sault de Sainte Marie were mission seats and trading places at a very early date after Cartier's arrival in the New World. Their accessibility by water; their excellent hunting and fishing; and their centrality on the great lakes routes, made them congregating and council points of the Indians from time immemorial; and the French were quick to note their advantages as posts for traffic and missionary work. Here

came the travelers and priests who have furnished us with such interesting accounts of the Chippewa manners and customs.

Some of the principal early accounts of the Indians were written by Father Louis Hennepin, Charlevoix, the Baron La Hontan, Radisson, Perrot, and Jonathan Carver. Hennepin received much assistance from the maps and diaries of the unfortunate La Salle, who was assassinated by some members of his own party, while on his wonderful voyage of discovery down the Mississippi.

The Jesuit Relations contain much interesting information, translated into English only at a comparatively recent date. Naturally they confined their observations chiefly to the religious principles of the savages and the steps taken for their conversion.

Indian traditions that have come down to us in this historic north country, make the Chippewas one of the chief, and certainly by far the most numerous or widely spread of the Algonquin stock. It represents them as having migrated from the east to the west. On reaching the vicinity of Michilimackinac and Bowating, being driven thither by the relentless Iroquois, they separated into three tribes. One of these worked its way back to the head of Georgian Bay, past the portage along a great river, and took the name "Ottawa," meaning "trader;" as being interposed between the whites at Montreal and Quebec, and the reds further to the west. The Ottawa rivers of Michigan and Canada, the capital of the Dominion, the cities of Tawas and East Tawas take their names from this tribe.

That section that traveled south and located in a friendly country, was intrusted with the sacred council fire of the tribes; the fire which according to ancient Indian usage, must be kept ever burning. Should this fire die out through any carelessness or accident, a trip to the next tribe was necessary to renew the holy flame. Tradition tells us that this fire originally came from Heaven, and we may readily believe that the comforting warmth from some lightning blasted forest tree, first suggested the idea of sacredness to the superstitious primitive. When the French first came, the Chippewas had maintained for years their council fire at Chequamagon (La Pointe), and before that at Bowating, within sight of the Rapids.

The fire-carrying section were denominated the "Pota-

watomies," or "keepers of the fire." The tribe remaining at the Rapids called themselves the "Odjibwas," or, as more convenient to the English tongue, "Chippewas."

There has been much controversy over this tribal name. Schoolcraft, who lived among them for years, says that the term is from "Bwa," a voice, and "Odji," puckered up; referring to the peculiar puckered condition of the lips necessitated in speaking the language. Another supposed derivation is "those who wear leggings tightly bound." Still another, and one offered with quite a fair degree of probability, is "They who roast their prisoners to a crisp," or "Those who are expert in torture."

The Saulteur Chippewas were known from of old as a brave and warlike people, not a whit behind the Iroquois in cunning and strategem, bravery or cruelty. While not addicted to constant cannibalism, it certainly was the custom of practically all the tribes in ancient times to torture their war prisoners for days in various diabolical ways, burn them to a turn at the stake, reserving the heads and hearts of the bravest for the chiefs, other dainty morsels being partaken of freely by the bucks, squaws and children of the village. Such feasts always had a certain religious significance, and the courage of the roasted enemy was supposed to be assimilated by the fortunate gourmand.

Schoolcraft avers that in his time there was no cannibalism among the Saulteur Chippewas, except in isolated cases influenced by starvation or madness; nor does John Johnston mention anything of the kind in his experience. Parkman, however, takes Schoolcraft strongly to task for his alleged misrepresentations and inaccuracies, rating him roundly in a footnote of his "Jesuits in North America." He leaves us to infer that Schoolcraft deliberately gave the aborigines a much higher character than that to which they were entitled; possibly on account of his marrying into the Chippewa tribe. However that may be, all our accounts of Mrs. Schoolcraft and her mother, Mrs. Johnston, point to two beautiful characters, cultured and refined, and fit to grace the highest station in life. Both these lovely women were of the greatest aid to their husbands; Mrs. Schoolcraft especially working with that distinguished author in the preparation of an immense amount of correspondence, and the publication of many books of the most unique interest to students of Indian life, manners and history.

Preponderating evidence seems to show that cannibal

feasts were common enough at the foot of the Rapids at Bowating in ancient times; also at Michilimackinac and Chequamagon, and in fact wherever the Indians were wont to gather. The murderous Iroquois, when foraging in the North, far from their lake-bound homes, scrupled not to torture and eat their prisoners on the victorious battlefield; nor did the Northerners fail to retaliate in kind when opportunity offered.

Another equally potent reason encouraged the habit. It is a mistake to infer that the Indian rioted continuously in the toothsome delicacies of the forest, field and stream. Often in the biting winters, the game withdrew to the farthest recesses of the peninsula, and the toiling hunters returned at night to their villages empty-handed and despondent. At times, for some unaccountable reason, the whitefish failed to "run" in their usual shallow haunts at Michilimackinac and Bowating, and a royal food was lost for the time being to the hungry habitants. "Shall we let our wives and children starve, or shall we, at one and the same time, punish our perfidious enemies, the Adders (Sioux) and provide sustenance for ourselves?" Self-preservation is the first law of nature, whether you are white or Indian. Long pig in the South Seas, black goat in equatorial Africa, red moose at Bowating; it is meat and no more. One dines and is thankful; if the meat is larger today than it was yesterday, then so much the more reason for thanksgiving. The basic idea is repugnant to one group of humanity; to another it presents no particular repugnance; ignoring that sole point, the cannibal feast becomes a square meal and nothing more. And if our enemy died like a man under the torture, is it not reasonable to suppose that we may assimilate his courage with his calves, and should not the comforting thought make us doubly grateful?

The Jesuits labored with might and main to impress their charges with the enormity of this foul practice. It was not long after the coming of the white man, that a known cannibal was characterized as "windigo," an outcast, and carefully shunned by the other Indians. Thus Mrs. Jameson mentions a Saulteur Chippewa, who, threatened by starvation during his winter hunt, had devoured his wife and one or two of his children. His features were very mild and sad. He was avoided by the other Chippewas and not considered respectable, and this from

an opinion they entertained, that when a man has once tasted human flesh, he can relish no other.

Peter Grant, in his account of the Saulteur Indians, gives us the following account of the Nepigons, on the north shore of Lake Superior, in 1804:

"There are a great many cannibals among them, but most of them become so by necessity and starvation; fathers have eaten their children, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands when they happened to be the stronger. The weakest is always first sacrificed to this inhuman custom, and the strongest, most treacherous or cruel sometimes survives the last of a whole family."

The rigorous climate, tribal feuds and roving habits of the Indians conspired as well to keep down their numbers. Domesticated animals were very few, and agriculture was sadly neglected. In direct consequence of this there could be no large population. The food supply was always in doubt. The events of paramount interest to the Chippewas were the want or abundance of food—hunger or plenty. "We killed a moose and had meat for so many days;" or, "We followed on the track of a bear and he escaped us; we had no meat for so many days;" these were the ever recurring topics of conversation, and show the importance of the food question in the lives of the Chippewas.

Infant mortality among the Chippewas was frightfully high; only the most robust children surviving. Epidemics of pleurisy and pneumonia frequently carried off the natives by the scores. There is, however, no trace of the scourge of small-pox until the advent of the whites. Later it raged with fierce virulence among them, whole tribes being wiped out by one dreadful visitation.

It may be doubted if, at any time, the Indian population of what is now the Michigan Upper Peninsula, has exceeded 15,000 souls, and the long winters found numbers of even these scattered few, face to face with starvation.

The hunting grounds of the Saulteurs were in the immediate vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie, extending all around White Fish Bay and along the south shore of Lake Superior. In the old days the St. Ignace peninsula swarmed with game, and the Traverse Bay region afforded excellent ranging to the Chippewas and Ottawas centering at Michilimackinac.

Our Chippewa friends took the summers for rest, sport

and trading; the winters for hunting. The winter life of an Indian hunter was one of incessant, almost killing toil and danger. He went forth at dawn, knowing that if he returned empty handed his wife and his little ones must starve. He came home at sundown, spent with fatigue, and often unable to speak. His wife took off his moccasins, placed before him what food she had, or, if latterly the chase had failed, probably no food at all, or only parched wild rice. She then examined his hunting pouch, finding the claws or beak or tongue of the game, or other indications by which she knew what it was or where to find it. She would then go for it and drag it home. After being refreshed, the hunter conversed with his wife and children, relating the events of the chase, smoked his pipe and went to sleep, to begin the same life on the following day.

Or, if unsuccessful, having put by his weapons, he seated himself before the blazing fire with great dignity and composure. Perhaps the most slavish of his women (he frequently had more than one) removed his shoes and leggings, while another brought him water to drink, and a third prepared his meal, which he devoured without saying a word. Although all might wish to know of his good or bad luck, none dared to inquire.

My lord, being now satiated, and his first pipe smoked, began in a slow and solemn tone to relate the adventures of the day. He did not hesitate to blame the women for not having paid sufficient attention to his commands; he is sure they have given wrong bones to the dogs, etc. Or he has had dreams the night before; he has, in the morning, met with certain unlucky birds or insects; he could not expect success after such negligence, or so many bad omens. He never thought of blaming himself for his bad success.

The Indians believed that by an act of necromancy a part of the human family were transformed into bears, wolves and other animals, who were to be restored to their original shapes in another world.

When a Chippewa had arrowed a bear, it was no uncommon thing for him to stand before the dying beast, leaning upon his great bow, and gravely address him thus:

"My friend, I have killed thee, much against my will. My wife and children await me at the tepee, hungry and expectant. Wouldst thou have me return empty handed? Thou knowest my sore straits; necessity compels my ac-

tion; but I promise thy skin the place of honor in my lodge. May thy soul depart in peace, to roam forever in the cool forests of the Great Spirit!"

Schoolcraft and others give us some interesting examples of Chippewa fortitude in the dangers of the chase.

A young Chippewa Indian, while hunting on the Isle des Outards, was knocked down and his leg crushed by a large blighted pine. The island was uninhabited and there was no probability of passing aid. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude of the thoroughbred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off the imprisoned limb, bound up the stump, dragged himself along the ground to his canoe, and paddled home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of the wound was completed.

Another Chippewa went on a hunting expedition with his wife only; they were encamped at a considerable distance from Bowating when the woman was seized with the pains of childbirth. This was in general a very easy matter among the Indian woman, cases of death or danger being exceedingly rare; but on this occasion some unusual and horrible difficulty occurred. The husband, who was described as a kind and gentle-spirited man, much attached to his wife, did his best to assist her; but she shortly became insensible and lay as one dead. He took out his knife and with astonishing presence of mind performed a Caesarean operation on his wife, saved his infant, and, ultimately, the mother, and brought them both home on a sleigh to his village at the Sault, where, as Mrs. Schoolcraft affirmed, she had frequently seen the Indian, his wife and child.

Still another Chippewa had an Homeric combat with a grizzly and her two yearling cubs. The dam attacked him first, knocked his gun away, pulled him down and seized his head in her month, her enormous tusks tearing the top of his shoulders. He managed to break free, and sank his knife to the hilt in her body, but the cubs ripped his arms and legs, and the dam tore open his body, so that his bowels fell upon his knees. Another blow tore out his eye and cheek-bone, a part of the jaw, three teeth and part of his tongue, and left his cheek hanging down upon the shoulder. He fell, exhausted with the pain and loss of blood, and as he lay still, the bears ceased to molest him. After a little, he raised himself up and bound his wounds as well as possible; found his gun and reprimed it. While in the act of priming, he heard a noise behind him,

and turning, saw the old bear close upon him. He put the muzzle into her mouth, pressed the trigger, and the gun missed fire. All hope now was lost, and all idea of resistance. They pawed and tore him at will, he knew not how long, seizing him by the neck and dragging him some distance. Then they once more left him. After remaining quiet for some time, he staggered to his feet, bleeding from a score of wounds, and reeled toward his camp.

He had not proceeded far when the snorting of the old dam again reminded him of his danger. His arms were so stiff and swollen that he could not bring his gun to his shoulder to take aim. As she rushed upon him, he held the gun straight in front, fired at her head, and the ball entered behind the shoulder. She fell dead, so close that he saw the smoke issue from the wound.

One of the yearlings now closed in, walking erect on his hind paws, with the other right behind. The desperate Indian swung his knife in his left hand, his right failing him, and the cubs retreated. He followed them a few steps, but a great darkness descended upon him, and he sank down in a faint. When consciousness returned, he dragged his way painfully toward his lodge, and was met by a party who had been seeking him. As he staggered along, he felt something strike the calf of his right leg, and found it to be a large piece of flesh hanging down from the thigh. They found six great wounds in his trunk alone, besides the torn cheek and thigh. He could not speak, but after being bandaged and cared for as well as possible, his utterance revived. It was expected that he would die within the hour, and he directed his friends to bury him at the camp. But his astonishing vitality asserted itself; although for nine days he refused any nourishment whatever, wishing to die on account of his terribly disfigured state. At the expiration of that period, he appeased his hunger with a little fish, resumed his feeding in small quantities at intervals, kept his wounds clean with cold water, and in a month was able to be up and about. It was two years before the wounds were entirely closed.

In 1562, Lieutenant Ottigny, near St. John's river, met, he gravely tells us, a venerable chief who told him that he was two hundred and fifty years old. But, after all, he might probably expect to live a hundred years more, for he introduced another patriarch as his father.

This shrunken anatomy, blind, almost speechless, and more like "a dead carkeis than a living body," he said, was likely to live thirty or forty years longer.

The vicissitudes of the hunt rendered permanent habitations out of the question for the free and active Chippewa. He tracked his food until he found it, wherever fate might lead, and the chance of the hunt might easily lead a brave and his family a hundred miles from his original starting point in a comparatively short time. The haughty warrior felt a deep disdain for manual labor; his exertions in the chase were sometimes superhuman; but to fell timber, cut firewood, or till the scanty crops, was for him an unheard-of degradation. To the women fell all menial duties, and as their strength was not equal to the raising of log huts, which at best could be occupied but a small part of the time, the fragile and hastily constructed lodge or tepee had to suffice, in most cases. Nor was it considered prejudicial to the dignity of the lords of creation to join in the erection of these temporary shelters.

Some of these lodges were quite pretentious, reflecting to a degree the personalities of their owners. We are indebted to Mrs. Jameson for a description of the dwelling of Way-ish-kee, a Chippewa chief, whose wigwam was a short distance west of the Johnston residence at the Sault, on the verge of the burial ground. (Way-ish-kee, "the first born son," gave his name to Waiska River and Bay, in Chippewa county). His lodge was typical of the genuine Chippewa, shaped like an egg cut in half lengthways. It was formed of poles stuck in the ground and bent over at top, strengthened with withes and covered over with mats, birch bark and skins. A large blanket formed the door or curtain. Way-ish-kee, being a great man, had also a smaller lodge near by, which served as a store house and kitchen. Rude as was the exterior of Way-ish-kee's hut, the interior presented every appearance of comfort and even elegance, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good sized room. A raised couch ran all around, like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds, and covered with very soft and beautiful matting of various colors and patterns. The chests and baskets of birch bark, containing the family wardrobe and property, the rifles, the hunting and fishing tackle, were stowed away all around very tidily. The floor was trodden down hard and was perfectly clean, and there was a place for a

fire in the middle. There was no window, but quite sufficient light and air were admitted through the door and through an aperture in the roof.

Among the Chippewas, polygamy was allowed, but was not common. The second and succeeding wives were considered as subject to the first, who remained mistress of the household even though a younger wife should be the favorite.

On one occasion a young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for a hunter of a different clan, and followed him from his winter hunting ground to his own village at Sault Ste. Marie. He was already married; and the wife, not being inclined to admit a rival, drove the love-sick damsel away, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The girl in desperation, offered herself as a slave to the wife, to carry wood and water and lie at her feet—anything to be admitted within the same lodge and only look upon the object of her affection. At length she prevailed. According to Indian custom, the mere circumstance of her residing within the same wigwam made her also the wife of the man, but apparently she was willing to forego all the privileges and honors of a wife. She endured with uncomplaining resignation for several months every species of ill usage and cruelty on the part of the first wife, till at length this woman, unable any longer to suffer the presence of a rival, watched an opportunity as the other entered the wigwam with a load of fire wood, and cleft her skull with the husband's tomahawk. The man permitted it, as he could not help it; a woman being always absolute mistress in her own wigwam. The murder was not punished, and the poor victim was buried a short distance from Sault Ste. Marie.

Some of the early writers give us a harrowing picture of the menial position of the Indian women at the coming of the whites. Witness William Wood, whose work was published in London in the seventeenth century:

“To satisfie the curius eye of women-readers, whoe otherwise might thinke their sex forgotten, or not worthy a record, let them peruse these few lines, wherein they may see their own happinesse, if weighed in the womans balance of these ruder Indians, who scorne the tuterings of their wives, or to admit them as their equals. Sure they might command better usage and more conjugall esteeme, their qualifications being more excellent, loving, pittifull, modest, milde, provident, and laborious than

their lazie husbands. Their employments be many. First, their building of houses, whose frames are formed like our garden-arbours, something more round, very strong and handsome, covered with close wrought mattes of their own weaving, which deny entrance to any drop of raine, though it come both fierce and long; neither can the piercing North winde finde a crannie through the which he can convey his cooling breath, they be warmer than our English houses; at the top is a square hole for the smoake's evacuation, which in rainy weather is covered with a pluver. These bee such smoakie dwellings, that when there is good fires, they are not able to stand upright, but lie all along under the smoake, never using any stooles or chaires, it being as rare to see an Indian sit on a stoole at home, as it is strange to see an Englishman sit on his heeles abroad. These poor tectonists are often troubled like snailes, to carrie their houses on their backs sometimes to fishing-places, other times to hunting places, after that to a planting-place, where it abides the longest: an other work is their planting of corne, wherein they exceed our English husband-men, keeping it so clear with their clamme shell-hoes, as if it were a garden rather than a corne-field, not suffering a choaking weede to advance his owdacious head above their infant corne, or an undermin-ing worm to spoile his spurnes. their corne being ripe, they gather it, and drying it harde in the Sunne, conveigh it to their barnes, the which be great hoales digged in the grounde in forme of a brasse pot, seeled with rinds of treese, wherein they put their corne, covering it from the inquisitive search of their goode-for-nothing gurmandizing husbands, who would eate up both their allowed portion and reserved seede, if they knew where to finde it.

An other of their employments is their Summer proces-sions to get baite for their husbands, wherewith they baite their hookes when they goe a fishing for Basse or Trouts. They must dive sometimes over head and eares for a Crab, which often shakes them by their hands with a churlish nippe, and bids them adiew. Then they trudge home two or three miles with their crabs and cockatoos at their backs, and if none, a hundred scoules meete them at home, and a hungriness for two days after. Thier husbands having caught any fish, soe it must be their wives' paines to fetch it home, or fast; which done, they must dresse and cook it, dish it and present it, see it eaten over their shoulders: and their loggerships having filled their

paunches, their sweet lullabies scramble for the scrappes."

Truly a doleful picture, this! It certainly would be mortifying to a real lady, while collecting bait, to be "bid adieu" in any such unceremonious manner. Shame on these "gurmmandizing husbands," who could thus leave "their sweete lullabies to scramble for the scrappes!" Methinks in this enlightened age such a proceeding would lead to a "scrappe" of an entirely different nature.

The querulous Mr. Wood notwithstanding, it is quite certain that the Chippewa squaw was not the absolute slave and drudge she has been described. She was despotic in her lodge, and everything it contained was hers, even to the uncontrolled disposal of the game her husband killed. If a man divorced his wife, she went back to her relations and invariably took her children with her. The right of a mother to her children was Indian law. A widow remained subject to her husband's relations for two years after his death, this being considered a decent period of mourning. At the end of that time she returned some of the presents made to her by her late husband, and went back to her own relatives with the privilege of marrying again.

Nor were old maids unknown in the nation. We learn of one at Bowating who remained unmarried from choice, not from accident or necessity. In consequence of a dream in early youth (the Indians were great dreamers), she not only regarded the sun as her Manito, or tutelary spirit, (a common enough opinion, by the way), but considered herself especially dedicated, or in fact married, to the luminary. She lived alone, having built at the river side a wigwam that was remarkably neat and commodious. She could use a rifle, or bow and arrow; hunt, and provide herself with food and clothing. She carved a rude image of the sun and set it up in her lodge. The husband's place, the best mat, and a portion of food were always provided for this image. She lived to a great age, and no one ever interfered with her mode of life; for that would have been contrary to all their ideas of individual freedom.

The children of the Chippewas were always distinguished by the name of the mother; and if a woman married several husbands and had children by each, they were all called after her. The reason they gave for this was, that as their offspring were indebted to the father for their souls, the invisible part of their essence, and to the mother for their bodies, it was more rational that they

should be distinguished by the name of the latter, from whom they without doubt derived their being, than by that of the (ostensible) father, to which a doubt might sometimes arise as to whether they were justly entitled. It is worthy of note that the primitive Sandwich Islanders used the same system of nomenclature, for the same reason.

When a young Chippewa of St. Mary's saw a girl who pleased him, and whom he wished to marry, he hid himself to the river and caught a loach, boiled it and cut off the tail, of which he took the flat bone and stuck it in his hair. He painted his face and body with bewitching rainbow hues, took a sort of rude pipe or flute, used only on these amatory occasions, and walked up and down the village, blowing on his flute, and looking as sentimental as a Chippewa could look. This was regarded as an indication of his intentions, and threw into a flutter all the lodges in which there were marriageable girls, though probably the fair one who was his secret choice was pretty well aware of it. The next step was to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman; if these were accepted and his suit prospered, he made presents to his intended, and all that remained was to bring her home to his lodge.

No people were ever more hospitable, kind, and free than the northern Indians. They would readily share with any of their own tribe the last of their provisions, or even with those of a different tribe, if they happened in while they were eating. Though they did not keep one common stock, yet that community of goods which was so prevalent among them, and their generous disposition, rendered it nearly of the same effect.

The Chippewa was unacquainted with the gentle art of cursing until the white man came. There are no swear words in the original dialect. It was considered a deadly insult to extend the closed hand on the level of the eyes of another, slowly opening the fingers with the palm outward before his face. This signified, "you are nothing, or worse than nothing," and was to be wiped out in blood. It was used only in cases of the utmost provocation, and the act was not accompanied by words.

The character of the Indians, like that of other uncivilized nations, was composed of a mixture of ferocity and gentleness. They were at once guided by passions and appetites which they held in common with the fiercest



VIEW FROM HARBOR, MACKINAC ISLAND

wolves of the woods, and possessed of virtues that would do honor to the best of mankind.

For one side of the picture we have a cruel, torturing, revengeful, inexorable disposition, pursuing its enemy with unbounded hate and persistency, and receiving a diabolical pleasure from the tortures inflicted on its prisoners; the other side reveals them social and most humane to those they consider as their friends, and even to their adopted enemies; and ready to cheerfully divide with these the last crumb this side of starvation; ready if need be, to die in their defence; fearless of death, and most tender to their children.

If, on the one hand, the primitive savage showed a devilish delight and ingenuity in the torture of prisoners taken in war, on the other, he possessed some of the finest traits of civilized mankind; honor, courage, honesty, gratitude, patience, generosity, politeness and independence.

If the early Europeans deprecated the unrelenting ferocity with which the Indian pursued his enemies, they were equally impressed by the eloquent oratory of the chiefs in council. No move of any consequence was ever taken by the tribes of the north and east, without a dignified debate by the chiefs and old men of the clan. Their speeches convinced by their logic; and charmed by their metaphor and allegory. And it is here that they stand forth in their most pleasing aspect.

The Jesuits did not hesitate to rate many of the Iroquois, Huron, and Chippewa chiefs high in the scale of mentality. One of them assures us that their average intelligence was much higher than that of the peasantry of France in his time.

The greatest blemish in the Indian character was that savage disposition which impelled them to treat their enemies with a severity at which every other nation shudders. But if they were thus barbarous to those with whom they were at war, they were friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It might in truth be said of them that they were the worst enemies and the best friends of any people in the world.

The Indians began to bear arms at the age of fifteen, and laid them aside when they arrived at the age of sixty.

The reasons they gave for making war, were much the same as those urged by more civilized nations. The extension of empire was seldom a motive with them. To secure the rights of hunting within particular limits, to

maintain the open use of their accustomed paths, and to guard those lands which they considered from a long tenure as their own, were the general causes of those dissensions which frequently broke out among the Indian tribes, and which were carried on with such animosity, cruelty and bitterness.

Many of the warriors carried constantly upon their persons charms to ward off evil. They called them Manitos, or Waukons, and they usually consisted of small bits of otter, mink or beaver skins, and were regarded with great veneration.

At scalping they were exceedingly expert. They seized the head of the disabled or dead enemy and placed it between their knees, or, planting one foot on the neck, they twisted their left hands in the hair; by this means having extended the skin covering the top of the head, they drew out their scalping knives, always kept sharp for this purpose, and with a few dextrous strikes took off the part which was termed the scalp. The whole time occupied considerably less than a minute, so expeditious and practiced were they. These scalps were preserved as momentos of their prowess, and proofs of the vengeance they had inflicted on their enemies.

Mention is made of an Indian who was captured and bound to the stake, who had the audacity to tell his tormentors that they were ignorant old women, and did not know how to put brave prisoners to death. He told them that he had in time past taken some of their warriors, and instead of the trivial punishments they had inflicted on him, he had devised for them the most excruciating torments; that having bound them to a stake, he had stuck their bodies full of sharp splinters of turpentine wood, which he had then set on fire, and dancing around them had enjoyed the agonizing pangs of his flaming victims.

This bravado, which carried with it a degree of insult that even the accustomed ear of an Indian could not listen to unmoved, threw his tormentors off their guard, and shortened the duration of his agonies; for one of the chiefs ran up to him, and, ripping out his heart, stopped with it the mouth from which had issued such provoking language.

With regard to the Chippewa mode of warfare, they had rarely pitched battles, but skirmishes, surprises, ambuscades and sudden forays into each other's hunting grounds and villages. Nothing but the annihilation of

one party or the other entirely put an end to their feuds. There was no point at which the Indian law of retaliation stopped short of the extermination of one of the parties. The usual practice was to creep stealthily on the enemy's village or hunting encampment and wait until just before dawn, then, at the moment the sleepers in the lodges were rising, the ambushed warriors knelt and leveled their pieces about two feet from the ground, thus slaughtering indiscriminately.

It is of record that a feud between the Chippewas and the Sioux was known to have lasted a century or more.

In battle, if any men were spared, they were commonly given to the widows that had lost their husbands at the hands of the enemy, should there be any such; and to whom, if they were agreeable, they were soon married. But should the dame be otherwise engaged, the life of him who fell to her lot was in great danger; especially if she fancied that her late husband wanted a slave in the land of spirits to which he had departed. When such was the case, the devoted captive was led out by some of the young men and promptly dispatched.

At a certain age, about twelve or fourteen, the Chippewa youth or girl was shut up in a separate lodge to fast and dream. The usual term was from three to six days, or even longer. The object which during this time was most frequently presented in sleep—the disturbed feverish sleep of an exhausted frame and excited imagination—was the tutelary spirit or manito of the future life; the sun, the moon, or evening star; an eagle, hawk, moose or crane.

The Indians never troubled their heads about the labors of the field, unless to reprimand the women for some noted neglect, and to sow a few squares of tobacco. This, being a sacred plant, the women must not interfere with, except in preparing the ground for its reception. The tobacco squares were kept carefully clear of weeds. The blossoms of the plant were cautiously collected, and after being dried in the sun, were reckoned the very best of tobacco. The plants were not more than a foot in height; they were dried the same as the flowers, then pounded and mixed with grease for use. It tasted very different from ours, the smoke being intensely disagreeable to white men, but soothing and pleasant to the red man. No doubt the Chippewas obtained the plant originally from the southern Indians or Spaniards.

The Chippewas were firm in their belief in one Great

Spirit, who created all things and was paramount in all things. This Supreme Being they denominated "Gitchi Manito," the Naudowessie or Sioux appellation being "Waukon" or "Tongo." They looked up to him as the source of all good, from whom no evil can proceed. They also believed in a bad spirit, "Matchi Manito," to whom they ascribed great power, and supposed that through his means all the evils that befell mankind are inflicted. To him therefore they prayed when in distress, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when no longer avoidable.

They said that the Great Spirit, who was infinitely good, neither wished nor was able to do any mischief to mankind; but on the contrary he showered down on them the blessings they deserved; whereas the evil spirit was continually employed in contriving how he might punish the human race; and to do which, he was not only possessed of the will, but the power, subject to the control of Gitchi Manito.

Although the evil one was justly held in great detestation, it was thought good policy to smooth his anger by singing and beating the drum, which generally charmed him and diverted his malice to some other object. The Master of Life being naturally good and worthy of all their devotions, was supposed to wink at their shortcomings, if not repeated too often.

These deities had no beginning; Gitchi Manito was represented as a comely young man, who will continue so to the end of time; as to Matchi Manito, he was considered as terrible and disgusting in his person as he was wicked in disposition, and unchanging in character.

They believed in the immortality of the soul, and none of them doubted a future state; but they had no universal or distinct tenets with regard to the condition of the soul hereafter. They said that death was no evil, but a certain state or transition whereby was insured a passage from this world to a better one, where good Indians might enjoy superior happiness. Their idea of paradise was a far-off country toward the southwest, abounding in sunshine and placid lakes and rivers full of fish; where the skies would be always unclouded and perpetual spring prevail; where the forests abounded with game, to be taken without painful exertion or hardship; where pain and cold never entered, but where all things necessary for the comfort of man were provided by Gitchi Manito, who welcomed his

children on the bank of a beautiful river, and bestowed eternal happiness on those separated ones who met to part no more.

They seem to have had no idea of a fiery hell until it was introduced by the Europeans. They insisted that the place of eternal torment was never intended for the redskins, the especial favorites of the Great Spirit, but for white men only.

Frequently mothers took from their dead children a lock of hair for a memorial, carried it through life, and caused it to be interred in their own graves; fully believing that by this lock they would know their loved ones in the other world.

The weapons of a warrior or chief were buried with him, for he must have them to kill game on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds of Manito. This journey was supposed to consume four days, and for the same number of nights after burial, a fire was kindled on the grave to light the departed spirit on its way.

Frequently the bones of Indian chiefs and their wives are distinterred at Mackinac Island, in whose graves are found full equipment for the long journey. The rifle, bow and arrows of the chief are to provide him with game; his ornamental and ceremonial wampun string is laid by his side; kettles are provided for cooking the food, and hatchets for cutting firewood; nor are the necessary charms and amulets forgotten for the exorcising of such evil demons as are met on the road.

The Hurons had another deity, Manabozho, the Great Hare. He once gave an Indian the gift of immortality, tied in a bundle, enjoining him never to open it. The Indian's wife, however, impelled by curiosity, one day cut the string; the precious gift flew out, and Indians have ever since been subject to death.

The favorite son of an old Indian died; whereupon the father, with a party of friends, set out for the land of souls to recover him. It was necessary to wade through a shallow lake, several days' journey in extent. This they did, sleeping at night on platforms of poles which supported them above the water. At length they arrived, and were met by Papkootparout, the Indian Pluto, who rushed on them in a rage, with his warclub raised; but, presently relenting, changed his mind, and challenged them to a game of ball. They proved the victors, and won the stakes, consisting of corn, tobacco, and certain fruits,

which thus became known to mankind. The bereaved father now begged hard for his son's soul, and Papkootparout at last gave it to him, in the form and size of a nut, which, by pressing it hard between his hands, he forced into a small leather bag. The delighted parent carried it back to earth, with instructions to insert it in the body of his son, who would thereupon return to life. When the adventurers reached home, and reported the happy issue of their journey, there was a dance of rejoicing; and the father, wishing to take part in it, gave his son's soul to the keeping of a squaw who stood by. Being curious to see, she opened the bag; on which it escaped at once, and took flight for the realms of Papkootparout, preferring them to the abodes of the living.

"The woman tempted me and I did eat." Eve and the squaw have much to answer for.

The Five Nations recognized still another superhuman personage, no doubt a deified chief or hero. This was Hayawentha, or Hiawatha; who, when the Iroquois were rent with dissensions, whispered into the ear of Daganoweda, the Onondaga, that the cure for their ills lay in union. The counsel was followed, the tribes buried the hatchet, and the ensuing confederacy took rank as the most powerful native organization in the New World, with the possible exception of the Aztec League in old Mexico.

Still other fancies described the many precautions to be taken, in journeying to the land of the blest. They must cross a river on a single pole, laid across as a bridge, and carry all their wicked deeds in a bundle on their backs; if the bundle was too heavy, the unfortunate bearer was apt to stumble and fall into the river, whose rapid stream swept him along into the dreary regions of Papkootparout, under whose dominion he must forever remain. Infants, and persons very old and infirm, were naturally supposed to be unable to pass the bridge, but if they were of good behavior before death, the Master of Life took pity on them and kindly helped them over.

After the death of a Saulteur Chippewa, his body was dresseed in the usual manner while alive, propped up in the center of the wigwam, with his weapons beside, and the friends and relatives gathered around, and addressed the dead in turn, something after the following manner:

"You still sit among us, brother, your person retains its usual resemblance, and continues similar to ours, without any visible deficiency, except that it has lost the power

of action. But whither is that breath blown, which a few hours ago sent up smoke to the Great Spirit? Why are those lips silent, that lately delivered to us expressive and pleasing language? Alas, every part of that frame which we lately beheld with admiration and wonder, is now become inanimate. We will not, however, bemoan thee as if thou wert ever lost to us, or that thy name would be buried in oblivion. Thy soul yet lives in the great Country of Spirits, with those of thy nation who are gone before thee; and though we are left behind to perpetuate thy fame; we shall one day join thee. With the respect we bore thee while living, we now come to tender thee the last act of kindness in our power to bestow; that thy body might not lie neglected on the shore, and become a prey to the beasts of the woods, or the fowls of the air, we will take care to lay it with those who are gone before thee; hoping at the same time, that thy spirit will feed with their spirits, and be ready to receive ours, when we also shall arrive at the great Country of Souls."

In short speeches somewhat similar to this, did they address their departed friends. Should the place of death be some distance from the place of interment, and the person died during the winter season, they wrapped the body in skins, and laid it on a high stage built for the purpose, or in the branches of a large tree, till spring arrived. They then carried it, together with all those belonging to the same nation, to the general burial place, where it was interred with proper ceremonies.

Should the deceased die in summer, at a distance from the general burying-ground, and it was found impossible to remove the body before putrefaction, they burned and scraped the flesh from the bones, and preserving the latter, buried them in the manner described.

In ancient times, a grand burial feast was held once in ten or twelve years by each nation. Then the war club was laid aside, and all who would, gathered to pay the last marks of respect, and insure the souls of the departed their final entry into the realms of bliss. It was the Jesuit Brebeuf who first described them as seen by him in 1636 at the Huron town of Ossossane, and Parkman gives us an elaborate description of the Indian funeral rites in his "Jesuits in North America." Chippewa tradition points to the lower Tahquamenon Falls, and Skull Cave, in Michilimackinac, as former scenes of the Feast of the Dead; nor is evidence wanting that the Great Cave below

St. Anthony's Falls on the Mississippi was once the grand burial place of the River tribes. The coming of the white settlers to the head of Georgian Bay has disclosed, in the heart of the forests, under the axe and the plough, huge pits, close packed with skeletons and disjointed bones, mixed with weapons, copper kettles, beads and trinkets.

Let us take up our course with the Chippewas on one of these solemn occasions. From all directions they come staggering to the Rapids with the bones of their dead. At Bowating the corpses are lowered from their scaffolds, and raised from their graves, while the budding trees give up their ghastly winter's fruit. Their coverings are removed, and the bodies claimed by relatives, who proceed at once to remove what remains of flesh from the bones. These, after being caressed and wept over with many lamentations, are tenderly wrapped in robes and furs. It is the belief of the Indians that a second soul still resides within them; not to be released until the due performing of the last sacred rites of the Great Feast.

The hideous and odorous relics are now arranged in a long row on the shore, and the mourners betake themselves to a funeral dinner. Here, as the food is gravely passed around and eaten, famed orators recount the virtues of the deceased and bewail their loss in rounded periods, while many of the hearers give themselves over to the most extravagant expressions of grief. This ceremony concluded, the entire assembly embarks above the rapids, all the war and hunting canoes for miles around being impressed into service, and piled high with the bony bundles of the dead. Straight for the mouth of the Tahquamenon they steer, over the black bar, and up nearly to the foot of the first fall, where, three hundred years later, wandering autumnal hunters will kick up metal kettles, bits of bone, and arrowheads, wondering how they came to be here in such numbers in the heart of the virgin forest.

Here, within sound of the fall, has been prepared a great pit, ten feet wide, thirty feet long, and six to eight feet deep, and lined throughout with robes of the finest beaver skin. To the edge of this pit the bones are brought, and piled around, while another feast is prepared, and another series of panegyrics delivered by loud-voiced chiefs. After this, copper kettles and other articles of the greatest possible value are placed in the center of the pit as a sacrifice to the deceased, and the more costly or valuable the offering, the greater is considered the piety of the

bereaved relative. Then, at a given signal by the head chief, the bodies remaining entire are deposited in a row in the pit by braves appointed for the purpose, after which the disjointed bones of the balance are thrown in a malodorous rain around and upon them, and evenly arranged with hands and poles. Only when the pit has been covered with earth and stones, may we take our departure in peace, conscious that the last sacred duties have been well performed, and that the spirits of the dead are now entitled, through our efforts and attention, to a sure abode in the Country of Souls.

Some of these pits when opened have been found to contain more than a thousand dead. Weapons of different kinds, stone or clay pipes, copper ornaments, glass beads and other trinkets are found in great profusion. A few of the Georgian Bay pits contain articles of aboriginal Mexican fabric, proving ancient traffic relations over a vast extent of territory. In nearly every case are found articles of European workmanship, from which ethnologists infer that the Feasts of the Dead did not date back to a long period before the arrival of the whites.

It was at one of these funeral feasts held by the Hurons that the Jesuits first became acquainted with the Chippewas; which in time led to the establishment of a mission at the foot of the Rapids at Bowating.

The Indian had not one or two Manitos, but a thousand. He spiritualized all Nature. Every tree, rock, river, star, and wind had a spirit. The thunder was an angry spirit; the milky way was the path of spirits. The four cardinal points were spirits, the West being the oldest and the father of the others by a beautiful girl, who one day permitted the West Wind to blow upon her. They had legends of windigos, great giants and cannibals, and little tiny sprites and fays who haunted the woods and the cataracts of Bowating and Tahquamenon. The Nibanaba mermaids, half fish and half human, dwelt in the waters of Lake Superior. The raccoon was once a shell lying on the lake shore, and vivified by the sunbeam. The Indian name of the raccoon, Aisebun, means "he was a shell." The brains of the wicked adulteress, whose skull was beaten to pieces against the rocks as she tumbled down the cataract, became the whitefish.

The old Saulteur Chippewas at Bowating propitiated their fishing nets, and persuaded them to make great catches of fish, by marrying them yearly to two young

girls of the tribe, with formal and solemn ceremonies. As it was indispensable that the brides should be virgins, mere children were chosen. "This," said the Indians to the white newcomers, "may appear absurd to you, but did not the Spirit of the net appear to our fathers, saying that he had lost his wife, and must have another, equally as virtuous? Did we neglect these ceremonies, or provide a girl not immaculate, we would catch no more fish."

The fish, too, no less than the nets, required propitiation; accordingly they were addressed every evening from the banks at the foot of the Rapids; and being duly complimented and flattered, were exhorted to come and be caught, with the assurance that the utmost respect would be shown to their bones. This oration was made according to specified form; and while it lasted the whole party except the orator were required to lie on their backs, and refrain from speaking a word.

In the olden days, no good Chippewa ever wantonly stepped upon or touched any of the big boulders in St. Mary's Rapids. These stones were considered as sacred, containing as they did a living spirit of flesh and blood within their thin hard shell.

Sugar Loaf, on Mackinac, is easily the best example of Manito worship in the North country. This rock has been the object of superstitious reverence by thousands of Chippewas, Hurons, Ottawas, Potawatomes and Sioux for hundreds of years; and even the hot-blooded Mohawks and Senecas are said to have laid down their arms and knelt in fear before its peculiar formation. It was considered the abode of the one Great Spirit; here he dwelt in impenetrable dignity and majesty; and received at the foot of his dwelling the offerings of his red children. So sacred was the ground that it is only in comparatively modern times that we read of its being inhabited; tradition tells us that formerly it was left to Manito alone. His devotees brought their sacrifices from the mainland; stepped ashore with awe and trembling, and carried their votive offerings to the Rock; and after a short supplication to the deity lost no time in leaving a place of such dread solemnity. The bones of the greatest of the chiefs, their wives and children, were deposited on the Island, to rest forever under the immediate protection of the Keeper of Souls; and it was only with the arrival of the scoffing paleface that disillusion came.

Long before the French appeared at Bowating, there

stood, at about the present location of the Bingham avenue bridge, a Manito tree. This tree, a large mountain-ash, gave forth, on calm and cloudless days, a sound like that produced by distant rolling war-drums, and was consequently regarded as the local residence of a spirit, and deemed sacred.

The Indians made votive offerings to the spirit of the tree, and a large pile accumulated at its base. At length the tree blew down during a violent storm, but the Indians continued their offerings until 1822, when a detachment from old Fort Brady cut a wagon road from the post to the hill, and the tree, being in the way, was broken up and thrown aside, the practice thus coming to an end.

Almost upon the site of the Chippewa County court house, there was formerly a limestone boulder of huge dimensions, one side of which was covered with Indian inscriptions and picture-writing. The stone was clearly regarded as a Manito's dwelling by the ancient Chippewas, tradition informing us that many worshipped there. When the contract was placed for the construction of the court house, Judge Steere, recognizing the value of the stone as an historical and ethnological landmark, made arrangements with the contractor to carefully guard this boulder from desecration. It was hoped and thought that so interesting a specimen of Indian veneration would be saved to the future; but in the absence of the contractor, some of his men built a fire against the stone, and cracked off the face showing the inscriptions. It was afterward broken up and used for building purposes, or the pieces buried.

On the premises of a Ridge street home in Sault Ste. Marie there is a peculiar stone about six feet square, which it is said was once venerated by the Chippewas as the home of a Manito. The stone bears no glyphs, but the Indians say it was once much larger than at present, and was considered by their ancestors as the abode of a Spirit to whom they prayed.

Our Chippewas also had a high regard for their totems, or family signs. Every nation of Indians was divided into bands or tribes, and as each nation had a symbol by which it was distinguished from others, each tribe also had its badge or "totem," by which it was denominated. Thus the early Chippewas at Michilimackinac and vicinity assumed, appropriately enough, the Turtle totem; the Saulteur Chippewas the Crane and the Owl; a third band

was represented by a Rattlesnake; a fourth by the Wolf, etc.

The Five Nations had eight totems, or great family signs, as follows: the Beaver, Bear, Deer, Snipe, Heron, Hawk, Tortoise and Wolf.

The word totem seems to be derived from the Algonquin word for "Town." It appears that the inhabitants of a town, or village, were considered originally as of the same family, or family name; and consequently all employed the same badge or mark. The symbol became the evidence of consanguinity, hence the importance of totems; they denoted the family branch or clan. The meanest among them had his totem, was acquainted with its honorable traditions, took a decent pride in his ancestry, and measured up as closely as possible to the greatest of his clan. The wife never took her husband's mark, but retained that of her family.

By these totems they were enabled to leave letters or marks on their way as they travelled through the forests, conveying intelligence by which any other of their acquaintances passing by, could immediately tell who they were, and whither they were going. The traveller simply took a piece of birch bark, and with a coal or a sharp knife designed thereon his totem, that of his wife and any other persons in the band, the number of males and females of each totem, drawing each according to his importance. This writing was fastened to a pole or tree trunk, and pointed in the direction they were going; if it were summer, he left beneath a handful of green leaves, which would, from their withered appearance, give a pretty good idea of the time his party passed. If any of the family had died lately, he was represented without a head, or laying on his side.

Considering their ignorance of astronomy, time was very rationally divided by the Indians. They counted their years by winters, or, as they expressed themselves, by snows.

Some of them, including the Chippewas, reckoned their years by moons, and made them consist of twelve lunar months. When thirty moons had waned, they added one, which they termed the lost moon, and then began to count as before.

Each month had with them a name expressive of the season, for instance, March they called the Worm Moon, because at that time the worms quit their retreats in the

bark of the trees, wood, etc., where they sheltered themselves during the winter.

April was termed by them the Month of Plants, May the Month of Flowers, June the Hot Moon, and July the Buck Moon. August, the Sturgeon, or Nahma Moon, because in that month they caught great numbers of fish.

September, the Corn Moon, because in that month they gathered in their Indian corn.

October was the traveling Moon, as at that time they left their villages and travelled toward their winter hunting places.

November, the Beaver Moon, for in this month the beavers began to take shelter in their houses, having laid up their provisions for the winter.

December, the Hunting Moon, because at that time they were busied in pursuit of their game.

January, the Cold Moon, as it generally froze harder, and the cold was more intense than in any other month.

February they called the Snow Moon, because more snow fell during this month than any other in the winter.

When the Moon did not shine they said it was dead, and its first appearance they termed its coming to life again.

They made no division of weeks, but days they counted by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon; and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun.

Their sole knowledge of astronomy consisted in being able to point out the North Star, by which they regulated their course when traveling in the night.

They reckoned the distance to other places, not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which appeared to be about twenty English miles.

Some interesting accounts of ancient feasts have come down to us through the Jesuit Relations. One in particular was mentioned as taking place in a Huron village on a huge scale, four bear and twenty deer being served to the hungry multitude from thirty large kettles. The invitation was simplicity itself, there were no cards; merely a stentorian summons—"COME AND EAT;" to refuse was a grave insult, and might entail, a little later, another invitation to "COME AND BE EATEN!" so you may imagine that regrets were few and acceptances the order of the day. The fortunate and hungry guest took his dish and spoon, and proceeded forthwith to the banquet. Each one hailed his taciturn host with a hearty "Ho!"

as he entered, and took his seat (on his heels) with the rest. Etiquette bade the host refrain from dining with his friends. He advanced to the kettles and announced in a loud voice to the assembly, the contents of each kettle in turn; and at each proclamation the company responded, "Ho!" Then the squaws filled the diners' bowls, and they fell to with the greatest of good will. Again and again the dishes were filled and emptied; if the host wished to honor some specially favored guest, he fished from the pot a dainty bit, and inserted it between the teeth of the recipient with his greasy fingers; meanwhile the coarse and merry jests went round, and there was singing, laughing and smoking galore. To fail to clean up one's portion was the height of ill-breeding, no matter how many times the squaws replenished the bowls; your true gentleman finished the last morsel with affected delight, even though his eyes were starting from his head with repletion. Were a feaster unable to perform his full part, it was not entirely bad form to hire another to aid him; otherwise he must remain to the end of the gorge.

No great ceremonial feast of the Northern Chiefs was complete without a dainty dog stew; and in fact at many of the great councils, they seldom made use of any other kind of food. A new Chief made every endeavor to provide plenty of good fat dogs at his first feast, going to any expense to get them, as they were considered a great delicacy.

One of the officials of a northern Indian Agency was invited by a certain chief to attend the wedding of his daughter. The officer was, to his regret, unable to be present at the festivities. The Indian laconically described the function subsequently, in order to indicate what the agent had missed. "Heap dog," said the Chief, "and plenty pie."

The following is a curious account of a "Feast of the Sun," in a Sioux village in 1804:

At daybreak, an old man harangued throughout the village; soon after appeared twelve robust young men with their heads in bladders, bodies bare, painted half way with vermillion and white earth, the emblems of punishment and pardon united in the same person. These guardians of the peace entered into every lodge, giving instructions for good behavior. The women were directed to go to the woods for branches to cover the Medicine

lodge, while the men were occupied in arraying themselves.

When all were ready, the men walked into the lodge with their pipes and drums, the women went with kettles and dishes full of the best of things to prepare for the feast. At the door of the lodge, the vessels were aired over a blazing fire made of certain hay or weeds selected for the occasion, and ample offerings were made to the Sun. When the eating part was over, the remainder of the day was joyfully spent in innocent recreation, smoking, dancing, etc.

On the following morning, several young men placed themselves in a row on the ground, face downward; an old man holding an arrow approached them and with the barb of it pierced a hole at the shoulder blades of each, through which he passed a pin of hard wood about four inches long and half an inch thick. To this pin he fastened a cord of eight yards in length at the end of which were tied seven bull's heads or more, according to the repute of the warrior. Such as had killed some of the enemy and taken scalps, had a human skull fixed to each breast and a scalp fastened a little below their eyes, with a wand in the right hand, to which was also fastened a scalp. But such as were not so successful in war were not distinguished by so many ornaments; they had not the honor of dragging so many bulls heads after them, and their wands, in lieu of scalps, were graced only with eagle tails. These young warriors were entirely naked, but painted white.

When the old man had finished this first part, the young warriors started up and moved forward, but the bulls heads which they trailed, having their horns entangled, rendered their progress slow and painful. One, however, who was more loaded than the rest, rushed through the crowd, unmindful of all obstacles which stood in his way, and soon gained his destination in the Great Lodge, where he was received by a multitude of spectators with shouts of applause. The others would fain have followed his example, but their hearts failed them; they often leaned on their wands.

As the warriors arrived at the lodge, all the heads were thrown on a high beam, and their weight serving as a counterpoise raised the bearers from the ground. In this position they were suspended like so many criminals upon a gibbet.

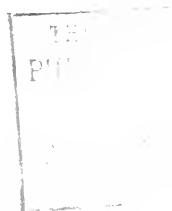
In the meantime, spectators of all sexes united in singing, dancing and beating their drums, while the old man approached the principal hero and asked him what he was disposed to offer to the Sun, so that the Sun might continue to shine upon him with kindness. "I shall give to the Sun," said he, "in order that he may shine upon me with kindness, two strips of flesh from each of my arms, beginning at my shoulder blades and finishing at my wrists; I shall also give to the Sun one of my fingers, and shall allow you, moreover, to imprint with a red hot iron an emblem of the Sun upon my breast."

The same question was put to each of the others, who were fifteen in number, but they were much more moderate in their devotional donations. They contented themselves with giving a finger or a slice of flesh respectively.

The old man, who was provided with the necessary instruments for the execution of his duty, began his operations with the boldest of the "heroes." He began by cutting on the shoulders two circles, from which he raised two strips in parallel lines down to the wrist, then the little finger of the right hand was cut off at the second joint, and then a bit of a bridle was introduced, red hot, and applied to the breast until the flesh in a large circle rose into a hard crust. All this time, the sufferer as well as his companions on trial were hanging suspended from the beam of the lodge by the cords through the incisions in their shoulders, their feet at some distance from the ground, and unable to stir during the operation. The noise of the spectators was very great; if the sufferers complained, they could not be heard.

As soon as each had undergone the pains he had imposed upon himself, he was relieved from his elevated station at the beam, and allowed to return from where he came, still dragging his original equipage of heads, until he placed the whole where he found them, and where fit persons were stationed to untie and receive them.

When the wooden pins were taken out of the shoulders, an old woman sucked the blood from the wounds, which she stuffed with a preparation made with her teeth from a certain root for the purpose. Then the suffering "hero," or whatever we may choose to call him, took his strips of flesh and his finger joint, placed them in a neat little bag, with which he hastened to the outside of the village to deposit it as an offering to the Sun, singing a lamentable dirge as he went.





VIEW OF FORT MACKINAC

To make a fire for lodge or feast, the ancient Chippewa took two pieces of wood, one soft and dry, the other hard. A cavity was made in the soft piece, and the hard one brought to a point, so as to fit the cavity. The soft piece was then held between the knees, and the hard one turned swiftly between the hands, in the manner of a drill. This usually brought results in about ten minutes.

The primitive Indian's fish-hooks were made of barbed bone lashed to a strip of wood. His lines were made of strips of sinew tied together; or of plaited wire-grass, and occasionally of human hair. He constructed his nets of rushes, and more rarely of hide thongs.

A conveniently shaped tree branch provided him with a war-club, reinforced with a stone inserted through the heavy end, and bound with thongs. His rude hatchets were of stone, and of course extremely dull. A trimmed wand of hickory, and a stout deer or moose sinew for string, provided him with a fair offensive weapon for the largest game to be brought down with stone-headed arrows.

Formerly turtles existed in great numbers at the Sault Rapids, Waiska Bay, and in the Tahquamenon River. The Indians at Brimley say they were very plentiful there, and big enough to walk off with a good sized lad on their backs. Excellent bow strings for small bows were made from strips of turtle neck, the same being cut off as close to the body as possible and hung in the sun to dry, with a stone tied to the lower end to draw it out. When thoroughly dried, the neck was cut into thin strips, which surpassed the finest sinews in toughness and resiliency.

In common with other Indian nations, the Chippewas were fond of painting their faces and bodies, using for the purpose vermilion, white and blue clay, charcoal or soot, mixed with grease or water. With these mixtures they daubed themselves freely in bars and patches; rudely enough on the body and limbs, but carefully and according to prescribed rules on the face, where red and black colors mostly predominated. Sometimes an extraordinary dream led them to tattoo their arms and breasts with rude figures of the sun, moon, an eagle, snake, etc.

If an Indian discovered that a friend was in danger of being intercepted and cut off by one to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious, he did not inform him in plain and explicit terms of the danger he ran by pursuing the

track near which his enemy lay in wait for him, but he would first coolly ask him where he was going that day; and having received his answer, he would with the same indifference tell him that he was informed that a dog lay near the spot, and might probably do him a mischief. The hint proved sufficient, and his friend avoided the danger with as much caution as if every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

The highest compliment a Chippewa could possibly pay to a white man, was to say that he was in every respect like one of themselves. However, no one could aspire to that honor who had not a tolerable knowledge of their language and customs.

Henry R. Schoolcraft was deeply versed in the Chippewa language, and it is to him and to Bishop Baraga that we are largely indebted for our knowledge of the same. This language was sweet and musical to the ear, with its soft inflections and lengthened vowels.

Brother is a common expression of kindness; father, of respect; and grandfather is a title of great respect. The name "bad dog" is an unpardonable insult and used very sparingly. A mother's term of endearment to her child is "my little bird." Chippewa children were never scolded, menaced or threatened. When two friends met after a long absence they shook hands and exclaimed, "We see each other."

Carver says that the Chippewa tongue prevailed over a larger extent of territory than any other dialect; that the chiefs of every tribe dwelling about the great lakes or to the westward of these on the banks of the Mississippi, with those as far south as the Ohio and as far north as Hudson's Bay, consisting of more than thirty different tribes, spoke this language alone in their councils, notwithstanding each had a peculiar dialect of its own.

The French name for Lake Huron was "Mer Douce," or Placid Sea.

Several Algonquin-Chippewa words have taken their lasting place in the English language. Such are "Canada," a word used by the Algonquins and some of the Iroquois to signify "our home;" "Caucus," bearing the same meaning in the Indian dialect as it does in English—a place where free men meet to discuss the political issues of the day, a very good mother-American word.

The name "Puck," it is quite certain, is derived from "Pan-puck-e-wiss," a mischievous sprite or fairy, who

spent his days in playing fantastic tricks on mankind and other Manitos. What is more natural to suppose, than that some globe-trotting trader took this name home to Shakespeare, who embodied it in his "Midsummer Night's Dream?" Or to that genius who invented the cheerful game of hockey?

Those who care for etymology will be interested in the term "Wabeno," the name of a society of Chippewas who held their councils at night. They invoked the spirits, and claimed knowledge of occult arts. The term is from "Wabun," daylight, and the name might be expressed in English, "Daylighters," or those who danced till daylight. There are still many Wabenos in the city by the Rapids.

Note the cynical touch in "The Chippewa Girl:"

OJIBWA QUAINCE.

(The Chippewa Girl.)

Aun dush ween do we nain,
Gitchee mo-ko-maum aince;
Kahzah wah do mood,
We ya ya hah ha, we ya ya hah ha!

O maw we wah ne,
We mah jah neid de,
Ojibwa quaince un ne,
We ya ya hah ha, we ya ya hah ha!

Koh ween, goo shah, ween ne,
Keesh wan zhe e we ye,
O gah, mah we mah zeen.
We ya ya hah ha, we ya ya hah ha!

Mee goo shah ween e goo,
Ke bish quah been ah de;
Che wah nain ne mah de,
We ya ya hah ha, we ya ya hah ha!

Translation: What is the matter with the young Long-Knife? He crosses the strait with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Chippewa girl preparing to leave the

place, he sobs for his sweetheart because she is going away, but he will not sigh for her long: As soon as she is out of sight he will forget her!

The suffix -ing or -ong denoted the locative of all proper nouns. Thus, Bowating, "the place of the Rapids;" Munising, "the place of the island;" Munoskong, "the place where wild rice grows;" Ishpeming, "the place of the high ground;" Manitowaning, "the dwelling place of Spirits."

The Chippewa name for Detroit was Weweatuning, "the place of the turning channel."

Chicago, means in the Illini dialect, "the place of the wild onion," also "the skunk-infested place." The suffix -ong has been shortened here to -o.

The root of this word is derived from "a bad smell." He who denies the prophetic art to our Indian forbears, must never have visited the stockyards.

In Ontonagon, the final -g only has been dropped from the suffix. The word means "the place of the dish," having reference to the loss of a valuable dish by a chief's wife in the sands of the river, also to the terrific fuss he made about it.

Iroquois, 'the people of the long house,' so called from the size and extent of their wigwams. Some of the Jesuits mention Iroquois dwelling places one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Lake Ontario takes its name from an Iroquois derivation, meaning "a beautiful prospect."

Lake Erie is named after the Indian Erie Nation, exterminated by the Iroquois.

Lake Huron takes its name from a French exclamation, "Les Heures!" (The Wild Boars!) used by them on first seeing the Algonquins of this vicinity; these savages shaving most of the head, except one tuft straight on top, causing a fancied resemblance to a wild boar.

Lake Michigan. The word is of Chippewa derivation, meaning "large lake," or "place of the large lakes." Mee-sheegong, would be close to the ancient Chippewa pronunciation.

Lake Superior's name needs no comment, its appellation is fitting and proper. It was formerly called by the French Lac Traci, after the French minister of that name. The Indians called it Gitchi Igomee, "the big water."

The following is a Sioux song or chant:

Mech accoowah eshtaw paatah negushtawgaw shejah

menah. Tongo Waukon meoh woshta, paatah accoowah. Hopiniyahie oweeh accoyee meoh, woshta patah otah toh-injoh meoh teebee.

Literal translation: "I will rise before the sun, and ascend yonder hill, to see the morning light chase away the mists, and disperse the clouds. Great Spirit, give me success! And when the sun has descended, lend me, O Moon, light sufficient to guide me back with safety to my tepee, laden with deer!"

The Saulteur Chippewa children often amused themselves with little chants of various kinds, accompanied by shouts and wild dancing. Here is one frequently sung in the evening at the Rapids:

Wau wau tay see,
Wau wau tay see,
E mow e shin
Tshe bwau ne baun—e wee!
Be eghaun—be eghaun—ewee;
Wa wau tay see,
Wa wau tay see,
Was sa koon ain je gun,
Was so koon ain je gun.

Literal translation: Flitting white fire-fly, waving fire fly, give me light before I go to bed; give me light before I go to sleep. Come little dancing fire-bug; come, little flitting fire-beast; light me with your bright flame, your little candle!

A Chippewa girl of River St. Marys, Paig-wain-e-osh-e, (Eagle Driven by the Wind), accompanied her father to a council of French and Indians at Montreal about 1760, and while there, formed an attachment for a young Algonquin. This attachment was mutual, and gave rise to the following song:

Ia indenaindum
Ia indenaindum
Ma kow we yah
Nin denaindum we.
Odishquagumee.

Ah, me! when I think of him! When I think of him,
my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Pah bo je aun
Ne be nau be koning
Wabi megwissua
Nene mooshain we,
Odishquagumee.

As I embarked to return, he put the white wampun
around my neck—a pledge of truth, my sweetheart, my
Algonquin!

Keguh wejewin
Ain dah nuk ke yun
Ningee egobun
Nene mooshain we.
Odishquagumee.

I shall go with you, he said, to your native country; I
shall go with you; my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Nia! nin de nah dush
Wassahwud gushuh
Aindahnuk ke yaun
Ke yau ninemooshai wee
Odishquagumee.

Alas! I replied, my native country is far, far away, my
sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Kai aubik oween
Ain aube aunin
ke we naubee
Ne ne mooshai we
Odishquagumee.

When I looked back, when we had parted—he was still
gazing fondly at me; my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Apec nay we ne bow
Unishe bun
Aungwash agushing
Ne ne mooshai we
Odishquagumee.

He was standing on a fallen tree, that lay close to the
water; my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Nia! indenaindum
Nia! indenaindum
Ma kow we yuh
Nin de nain dum we
Odishquagumee.

Ah, poor me, when I think of him, when I think of him, my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Whoever, says Schoolcraft, has heard an Indian war song, and witnessed an Indian war dance, must be satisfied that the occasion wakes up all the fire and energy of the Indian's soul. His flashing eye, his muscular energy, as he raises his war-cry; the whole frame and expression of the man, demonstrate this. And long before it comes to his turn to utter his stave, or portion of the chant, his mind has been worked up to the most intense point of excitement; his imagination has pictured the enemy, the ambush, and the onset; the victory, and the bleeding victim writhing under his prowess; in imagination he has already stamped him under foot, and torn off his reeking scalp; he has seen the eagles hovering in the air, ready to pounce on the dead carcass as soon as the combatants quit the field.

CHIPPEWA WAR SONG.

O sha wan ong
Un dos e wug
Pe na se wug
Ka baim wai wa dungig.

Tod ot to be
Pe na se
Ka dow we a we yun.

Ne wa be na
Ne ow a
Ne wa be na
Ne ow a

Na bun a kum ig
Tshe ba be wish em ug
In do main em ik
Man i to
Sha wa nem id.

Wa go nain e win
A be yun ah
Wa wos is se we yun.

Ne ma je e yeh
Ne me je a yeh
Ne me kun a he yeh
Ge zhigh neen wa tin
Hoh! Ne Man i to netai बातun o win.

In beginning this song, the warrior's eyes are uplifted to the clouds, he sees the warlike birds approaching from the south, and hears their raucous screams on the still air. He wishes to change into a bird, that he may have its fleetness to pursue his enemies. He now rises supreme to all thoughts of fear ("I cast away my body," a high boast of personal bravery); and appeals to the Great Spirit for extraordinary power, beseeching him for all the might of the morning sun. He upbraids those of the warriors who are holding back, and do not join in the dance—that is, enlist in the war. He declares his full purpose to fight, and ends with a wild exhortation to advance on the enemy.

The following beautiful version of the above is by Hoffman:

CHIPPEWA WAR SONG.

Hear not ye their shrill piping screams on the air?
Up, Braves, for the conflict, prepare ye, prepare!
Aroused from the canebreak far south by your drum,
With beaks whet for carnage the Battle Birds come!

Oh, God of my Fathers, as swiftly as they
I ask but to swoop from the hills on my prey;
Give this frame to the winds on the prairie below,
But my soul—like thy bolt—I would hurl on the foe!

On the forehead of Earth strikes the sun in his might;
Oh, gift me with glances as searching as light;
In the front of the onslaught to single each crest,
Till my hatchet grows red on their bravest and best.

Why stand ye back idly, ye sons of the Lake?
Who boast of the scalp-locks ye tremble to take;

Fear-dreamers may linger, my skies are all bright;
Charge, charge on the war-path, for God and the Right!

The annals of the Chippewas reveal some curious freaks of nomenclature. The fanciful names of the Indians are puzzling to one not knowing the reason for them; but the explanation is very simple. The Indian father, or other near relative, named the child after some phenomenon of nature happening about the time of its birth; or in commemoration of some unusual occurrence among the people or animals in the vicinity of the lodge; or, most commonly of all, he "dreamed for a name," that is, at the time of the happy event, he selected a name for the child, based upon one of the fantastic dreams that the Indians constantly experienced, and that exerted so tremendous an influence on their daily lives.

Thus, among the prominent Chippewa chiefs, we have Kish-ke-nick, the Cut Hand; Gitchi Mokomaum, the Long Knife; Mo-ko-maum-ish, the Bad Knife; Aisence, the Little Clam; Wai-so-win-de-bay, the Yellow Head; Ken-ne-be-cano, the Cub Skin; As-se-ke-nack, the Blackbird; Waub-ojeeg, the Whitefisher; Shingaba Wossen, the Stone Image; Shewabiketon, the Jingling Metals; Way-ish-kee, the First-Born Son.

The Indian Agency records show many such fancifully named Chiefs of other nations coming and going at the Sault in the early part of the last century. Such are Chac-o-pee (the Six) from St. Croix; Mon-o-mon-ca-she (the Rice Maker), and Muck-wak-wut (Satan's Ball in the Clouds), both from Green Bay; Ash-keb-ug-ge-co-ash (the Flat Mouth), Leech Lake; Ma-gis-san-i-ek-way (Wampum Hair), Little Neebish; Mis-co-mon-e-tos (the Red Devil, his father must have had a prophetic dream), Sandy Lake; Mizzye (the Catfish), La Pointe; and Me-ta-kos-ses-gay (Good Tobacco), from Snake River. The leading chief on the British shores of St. Mary's in Johnston's time was Shingwaukonce (the Little Pine), whose name has been perpetuated in the beautiful home for Indian children at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

"Dreaming for a name" has been mentioned. The Hurons and Chippewas were ruled by their dreams. Brebeuf tells us: "If a Chief orders one thing and a dream another, the Chief might yell his head off in vain. They fished and hunted according to ghostly directions as im-

parted to them in slumber; they related their dreams in council, and the others were duly impressed thereby; their songs and games were ordered according to visions; in a word the dream was the most high god of the Indians."

Fancy yourself a missionary among a savage people addicted to such beliefs as this. If a brave dreamed last night that he had killed you, he would be out bright and early this morning, looking for you with his little sharp tomahawk. Truly there must have been a cheerful element of zest and uncertainty in the lives of the early missionaries.

Much could be said of the several kinds of dances which the Indians used on different occasions; as the Pipe or Calumet dance; the War dance; the Marriage dance, and the dance of the Sacrifice.

The pipe of peace was of the same nature as a flag of truce among Europeans and was treated with the greatest respect and veneration. It was termed by the French the Calumet and was about four feet long. The bowl of it was usually made of red marble and the stem of light wood curiously painted with hieroglyphics in various colors and adorned with feathers of the most beautiful birds.

Whisky was the bane of Indian life. It made courteous, strong and dignified warriors quarrelsome, weak and childish. It deprived them of their native vigor, nobility and gentility. It sapped their vitality and rendered them a prey to disease. It corrupted their morals and integrity; it took away the virtue of their women; and destroyed their families. Most of them had not the requisite self-control to resist the white man's vices and his fire-water. But for drunkenness and its attendant evils, the American Indian could have attained to civilization and become an integral part of the great Republic.

But time presses, and we must say goodbye to our wild and free friends of the North. It was impossible that two systems of government so diverse as the Indian and American should co-exist on the same territory. Leave them in peace; their proud spirits want no sickly sentimentality. They took the country by force; by force it was taken from them. "Might makes right" was good Indian law; it is ours also, only smeared with the thin veneer of expediency. Perhaps some day we shall have to defend our birthright, who knows? When that time comes, may Gitchi Manito arm us with the bravery of the Chippewas, and with more good fortune.

We may consider Waub-ojeeg the White Fisher as a type of his race. Kind as Nature is kind; cruel as Nature is cruel; tinctured with the all-pervading psychology of the woods; a true son of the forest and the sky; clansman of the Owl, and as wise and farsighted as he; a good husband, a kind father, a very human kind of man.

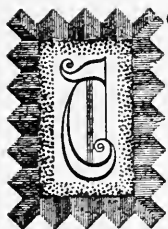
What sayest thou, O Phantom Chieftain with thy shadowy band?

“White Man, Greeting! We, near whose bones you stand, were Chippewas.

The wide land which now is yours was ours.

Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb!”

CURIOUS TALES.



TO-DAY there came a story teller to the village; a minstrel of the Chippewas. The evening is bitter cold, but within the wigwam burns a cheery fire; let us enter and take comfort with him. Do you perceive, in the fitful glare of the fire, the young men tossing the square diced bones, and amusing themselves with idle badinage; the wrinkled old warriors, bearing the scars of battle; the grisly shrivelled squaws, doomed to a life of hardship; the wanton damsels, decked in traders' cloths; living a present life of license and ease, but who will be like these others all too soon? A little more wood on the fire, please, and kick out those restless imps of dogs. So; it is quiet now, and our wandering minstrel has some curious tales for us. We shall hear of Prince Charming, and the wicked old magician, of conquering virtue and defeated vice. Bye and bye, on the other side of the world, a paleface named Grimm will write just such tales as these, for the white children of the Great Spirit. A live coal there for the minstrel's pipe, and we'll be off to the realms of fancy.

Listen; he is recounting the tale of

MISHOSHO, THE MAGICIAN OF THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

In an early age of the world, when there were fewer inhabitants on the earth than there are now, there lived at Bowating an Indian man who had a wife and two children. Hidden in the woods near the rapids, it was not often that he saw anyone out of the circle of his own family. Such a situation was favorable to his pursuits of hunting and fishing, and his life passed on in uninterrupted happiness, until he found reason to suspect the affection and fidelity of his wife.

This woman secretly cherished a passion for a young hunter whom she accidentally met in the forest, and she lost no opportunity of inviting his approaches; she even planned the death of her husband, whom she justly concluded

would certainly kill her, should he discover her infidelity. But this design was frustrated by the alertness of the husband, who having come to suspect her, resolved to watch her narrowly to ascertain the truth before he should determine how to act. One day he followed her stealthily at a distance, and hid behind a tree. He soon beheld a tall and handsome brave approach his wife and lead her away into the depth of the wood.

The husband, now convinced of her crime, thought of killing her the moment she returned. In the meantime he went home and pondered on his situation. At last, after many struggles with himself, he came to the determination of leaving her forever, thinking that her own conscience would in the end punish her sufficiently; and he relied on her maternal feeling, to take due care of the two boys, whom he left behind.

When the wife returned she was disappointed not to find her husband in the lodge, having formed a plan to murder him. When she saw that day after day he returned not, she guessed the true reason of his absence. She then returned to her lover and left her two hapless boys behind, telling them she was going only a short distance, and would soon return; but she was secretly resolved never to see them more.

The children, thus abandoned, had consumed the food that was left in the lodge, and were compelled to quit it in search of more. The eldest boy possessed great intrepidity, as well as much affection for his little brother, frequently carrying him when he became weary, and gathering for him all the wild fruit he saw. Thus they plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, soon losing all traces of their former habitation till they were completely lost in the wilderness.

The elder boy fortunately had with him a knife, with which he made a bow and arrows, and was thus enabled to kill a few birds for himself and his brother. In this manner they lived some time, still pressing on southward, they knew not whither. At last they saw an opening through the woods, and soon were delighted to find themselves on the margin of a broad lake.

Here the elder boy busied himself to pluck some of the pods of the wild rose for his brother, who in the meantime amused himself with shooting arrows into the sand. One of them happened to fall into the lake; the elder brother, not willing to lose his time in making others,

waded into the water to reach it. Just as he was about to grasp the arrow, a canoe passed him with the swiftness of lightning.

An old man sitting within it seized the affrighted youth, and placed him in the canoe. In vain the boy supplicated him, saying, "My grandfather," (a general term of respect for old people), "pray take my little brother also; alone I cannot go with you, he will die if I leave him." The old magician, for such was his character, only laughed at him. Then giving his canoe a slap, and commanding it to go, it glided through the water with inconceivable rapidity. In a few minutes they reached the habitation of Mishosho, standing on an island in the center of the lake (Mackinac).

Here he lived with his two daughters, and was the terror of the surrounding country. Leading the youth up to the lodge, "Here, my eldest daughter," said he, "I have brought you a young man who shall become your husband." The youth beheld surprise in the countenance of the girl, but she made no reply, seeming thereby to acquiesce in the command of her father. In the evening the youth overheard the two daughters conversing. "There again!" said the eldest daughter, "our father has brought another victim under the pretense of giving me a husband; when will his enmity to the human race cease? How long shall we be forced to witness such sights of horror and wickedness as we are daily condemned to behold?"

When the old magician was asleep the youth told the eldest daughter how he had been carried off, and forced to leave his helpless brother on the shore. She advised him to get up and take her father's canoe, and using the spell he had observed the magician use, it would carry him quickly to his brother, that he could carry him food, prepare a lodge for him and return before morning. He followed her directions in all respects; and after providing for the subsistence and shelter of his brother, told him that in a short time he would come to take him away; then returning to the enchanted island, resumed his place in the lodge before the magician was awake. Once during the night Mishosho awoke, and not seeing his son-in-law, asked his eldest daughter what had become of him. She replied that he had merely stepped out, and would return soon; and this answer satisfied him. In the morning, finding the young man in the lodge, his suspicions were completely

lulled, and he said, "I see, my daughter, that you have told me the truth."

As soon as the sun arose Mishosho, thus addressed the young man: "Come, my son, I have a great mind to gather gull's eggs. I know an island where there are great quantities, and I wish you to help me to gather them."

The young man, who saw no reasonable excuse for refusing, got into the canoe. The magician gave it a slap as before, and bidding it go, in an instant they were at the island. They found the shore covered with gull's eggs, and the island surrounded with those birds. "Go, my son," said the old man, "go and gather them while I remain in the canoe." But the young man was no sooner ashore than Mishosho pushed his canoe a little from land and exclaimed, "Listen, ye gulls, you have long expected something from me. I now give you an offering, fly down and devour him." Then striking the canoe, he darted off and left the young man to his fate. The birds immediately came in clouds around their victim, darkening all the air with their numbers, but the youth, seizing the first gull that came near him, and drawing his knife, cut off its head. In another moment he had flayed the bird, and hung the skin and feathers as a trophy on his breast. "Thus, he exclaimed, "will I treat every one of you that approaches me. Forbear therefore and listen to my words. It is not for you to eat human flesh. You have been given by the Great Spirit as food for men, neither is it in the power of that old magician to do you any good. Take me on your backs and carry me to his lodge, and you shall see that I am not ungrateful." The birds obeyed, collecting in a cloud for him to rest upon. They quickly bore him to the lodge, where they arrived even before the magician. The daughters were surprised at his return, but Mishosho behaved as though nothing extraordinary had happened. On the following day he again addressed the youth, "Come, my son," said he, "I will take you to an island covered with the most beautiful pebbles, looking like silver. I wish you to assist me in gathering some of them. They will make handsome ornaments and are possessed of great virtues." Entering the canoe, the magician made use of his charm, and they were carried in a few moments to a solitary bay in an island, where there was a smooth sandy beach. The young man went ashore as usual. "A little farther," cried the old man, "Upon that rock you will get some fine ones." Then pushing his

canoe from the land, he exclaimed, "Come, thou great King of Fishes, thou hast long expected an offering from me. Come and eat up the stranger I have put ashore on your island." So saying he commanded his canoe to return, and was soon out of sight. Immediately a monstrous fish poked his long snout from the lake, and moving toward the beach, he opened wide his jaws to receive his victim. "When," exclaimed the young man, drawing his knife, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, "When did you ever taste human flesh? Have a care of yourself! You fishes were given by the Great Spirit for food to men, and if you or any of your tribe taste men's flesh, you will surely fall sick and die. Listen not to the words of that wicked old magician, but carry me back to his island, in return for which I will give you a piece of red cloth." The fish complied, raising his back out of the water for the youth to get on it, then, taking his way through the lake, he landed his burden safely at the island before the return of the magician. The daughters were still more surprised to see him. Thus he escaped a second time from the snares of their father, but the old man maintained his usual silence. He could not, however, help saying to himself, "What manner of boy is this, who thus ever baffles my power? His good spirit shall not however always save him. I will entrap him tomorrow,"—and he laughed aloud.

The next day the magician addressed the young man thus; "Come, my son, you must go with me to procure some young eagles. I wish to tame them. I have discovered an island which they frequent in great numbers." When they reached the island, Mishosho led the youth inland, till they came to the foot of a tall pine, upon which the nests were. "Now, my son," said he, "climb up this tree and bring down the birds." The young man obeyed, and when he had with great effort got up near the nests, "Now," exclaimed the magician, addressing the tree, "Stretch forth yourself to heaven and become very tall," and the tree rose up at his command. Then the old man continued, "Listen, ye eagles, you have long expected a gift from me. I present you this boy, who has the presumption to molest your young. Stretch forth your claws and seize him." So saying he left the young man to his fate and returned home, but the intrepid youth, drawing his knife, instantly cut off the head of the eagle who menaced him, and raising his voice, he cried, "Thus will I



A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT FROM THE HEIGHTS, MACKINAC ISLAND

deal with all who come near me. What right have ye, ye ravenous birds, to eat human flesh? It is because the cowardly old magician has told you to do so. He is an old woman! See! I have already slain one of your number; respect my bravery, and carry me back to the lodge of the old man that I may show you how I shall treat him!"

The eagles, pleased with the spirit of the young man, assented; and clustering around him, formed a seat with their backs and flew toward the enchanted island. As they crossed the lake, they passed over the old magician, laying half asleep in the bottom of his canoe.

The return of the young man was hailed with joy by the daughters, but excited the anger of the magician, who taxed his wits for some new mode of ridding himself of a youth so powerfully favored by his good spirit. He, therefore, invited him to go hunting. Taking his canoe, they proceeded to an island, and built a lodge to shelter themselves for the night. In the meantime the magician caused a deep fall of snow and a storm of wind, with severe cold. According to custom, the young man pulled off his moccasins and leggings, and hung them before the fire. After he had gone to sleep, the magician, watching his opportunity, got up and taking one moccasin and one legging, threw them into the fire. He then went to sleep. In the morning, stretching himself out, he arose and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he exclaimed, "My son, what has become of your moccasin and legging! I believe this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear they have been drawn in and consumed." The young man suspected the true cause of his loss, and attributed it rightly to a design of the old magician to freeze him to death during their hunt, but he maintained the strictest silence; and drawing his blanket over his head, he said to himself, "I have full faith in my good spirit, who has preserved me thus far, and I do not fear that he will now forsake me. Great is the power of Manito and he shall prevail against this wicked old enemy of mankind." Then he uncovered his head, and drawing on the remaining moccasin and legging, he took a coal from the fire, and invoking his Spirit to give it efficacy, blackened the foot and leg as far as the lost legging usually reached. Then, rising, said he was ready for the morning hunt. In vain the magician led the youth through deep snow and through frozen morasses hoping to see him sink at every step. In this he was doomed to feel a sore disappointment, and they for the

first time returned home together. Taking courage from this success, the young man now determined to try his own power. Having previously consulted with the daughters, they all agreed that the life of the old man was detestable, and that whoever would rid the world of him, would be entitled to the thanks of the human race. On the following day the young man thus addressed the magician, "My grandfather, I have often gone with you on perilous expeditions, and never murmured. I must now request that you accompany me. I wish to visit my little brother and bring him home with me." They accordingly canoed north past the great cape into the upper lake, where they found the boy in the spot where he had been formerly left. After taking him into the canoe, the young man again addressed the magician, "My grandfather, will you go out and cut me a few of those red willows on the bank; I wish to prepare some Kinni-Kinick"—(smoking mixture).

"Certainly, my son," replied the old man, "what you wish is not so very hard. Do you think me too old to get up there?" And then the wicked old fellow laughed aloud. No sooner was the magician ashore than the young man, placing himself in the proper position, struck the canoe and repeated the charm, "Ne Chemaun Pal!" and immediately the canoe flew through the water on its passage to the enchanted island. It was evening when the two brothers arrived, but the elder daughter informed the young man that unless he sat up and watched, keeping his hand upon the canoe, such was the power of their father, it would slip off from the shore and return to him. The young man watched steadily till near the dawn of day, when he could no longer resist the drowsiness that oppressed him, and suffered himself to nod for a moment; the canoe slipped off and sought the old man, who soon returned in great glee. "Ha, my son," said he, "you thought to play me a trick; it was very clever, my son, but you see I am too old for you." And then he laughed again that wicked laugh.

A short time afterwards the youth, yet not discouraged, again addressed the magician, "My grandfather, I wish to try my skill in hunting. It is said there is plenty of game on the mainland not far off. I have to request you will take me there in your canoe." They accordingly spent the day in hunting, and night coming on, they set up a lodge in the woods. When the magician had sunk into a

profound sleep, the young man got up, and taking a moccasin and legging of Mishosho's, from where they hung before the fire, he threw them in, thus retaliating the old man's artifice upon him. He had discovered by some means that the foot and leg were the only part of the magician's body which could not be guarded by the Spirits who served him. He then besought his Manito to cause a storm with a cold wind and icy sleet, laid himself down beside the old man, and fell asleep again.

Consternation was in the face of the magician when he awoke in the morning and found his moccasin and legging gone. "I believe, my grandfather," said the young man with a smile, "that this is the moon in which the fire attracts; and I fear your garments have been drawn in and consumed." And then rising and bidding the old man follow, he began the morning's hunt. Frequently he turned his head to see how Mishosho kept up. He saw him faltering at every step, and almost benumbed with cold, but encouraged him to follow, saying, "We shall soon be through the wood, and reach the shore," but still leading him in round-about ways to let the frost take complete effect. At length the old man reached the shore, where the deep woods were succeeded by the border of smooth sand, but he could go no farther; his legs became stiff, and refused all motion, and he found himself fixed in the spot; but he still kept stretching out his arms, and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment he found the numbness creeping higher and higher; he felt his legs growing like roots, the feathers on his head turned to leaves; and in a few moments he stood, a huge and crooked tree, leaning toward the water. And there he stands today, at L'Arbre Croche, for all the world to see.

The young man, getting into the canoe, and pronouncing the spell, was soon transported to the island, where he related his history to the daughters. They applauded the deed, and agreed to put on mortal shapes and become the wives of the two young men, and forever quit the enchanted island. They immediately passed to the mainland, where they all lived long and no doubt were happy ever after.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN.

A Chippewa chief at the Rapids had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had arrived at that age when the Chippewas thought it proper to make the long and final fast; which was to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity were to depend, and who formed the character to great and noble deeds.

This chief was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great among his tribe; and to this effect he thought it necessary that his son should fast a much longer time than any of those persons celebrated for their uncommon power or wisdom, and whose fame he envied.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony for the important event; after he had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down on a clean mat in a little lodge expressly prepared for him, telling him at the same time to bear himself like a man, and at the expiration of twelve days he should receive food and his father's blessing.

The youth carefully observed these injunctions, lying with his face covered, with perfect composure, awaiting those spiritual visitations which were to seal his good or evil fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly to encourage him to perseverance—expatiating on the renown and honor which would attend him through life, if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To these exhortations the boy never replied, but lay still without a murmur till the ninth day when he thus addressed his father: "My father, my dreams are ominous of evil. May I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time make a new fast?"

The father answered: "My son, you know not what you ask; if you rise now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer; you have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire; you know it is for your own good."

The son assented and covering himself up close, he lay until the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. But the same answer was given by the old man,

who, however, added that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, and lay like death. No one could have known he was living, but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

The next morning, the chief, elated at having gained his object, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself; he stooped to listen, and looking through a small aperture, he was more astonished when he saw his son painted with vermilion on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying at the same time: "My father has ruined me as a man, he would not listen to my request, he will now be the loser, while I shall be forever happy in my new state, since I have still been obedient to him. He alone will be a sufferer, for the spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go!"

At that moment the father, in despair, burst into the lodge, exclaiming: "My son, my son, do not leave me;" But his son, with the quickness of a bird, had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched upon the highest pole, a beautiful Robin Redbreast. He looked down upon his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him he should always love to be near man's dwellings—that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant sprightliness and joy he would display—and that he would ever strive to cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he had expected—and that although no longer a man, he would ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.

THE CHIPPEWA ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

In former times, when people were very numerous upon the earth, it happened that the sun ceased to give light or heat. An unremitting fall of snow threatened to annihilate every living creature on the earth; the tops of the loftiest trees were already almost buried in the drifts, and it was with great difficulty firewood could be obtained.

In order to discover the cause of this dreadful phenomenon, a party of Indians agreed to go upon discoveries,

and after having marched for many days without observing any difference in the climate, discovered a squirrel's nest. In those days squirrels were endowed with sense and reason, besides the gift of speech. The travelers told him their sufferings arising from the sun having been stolen from them, and asked his advice. The squirrel bade them lodge nearby until he should dream. This dream lasted some days, and on awaking he told them that a great she bear was withholding the sun from them.

Upon this information, they determined to go in quest of the bear, and requested the sagacious squirrel to accompany them. After great fatigue, they arrived in a beautiful country which the bear inhabited with her two cubs. They soon discovered her cave with the two cubs, she being fishing at the lake not a great way off. The travellers' attention was soon attracted by a long cord suspended from a cloud and tied to a piece of wood which lay upon the top of the cave. Upon this cord, at certain distances, there were a number of bags neatly laced with leather, and which seemed to contain something mysterious and precious.

The prudent squirrel averred that no time should be lost in prosecuting their search, as the mother bear might arrive soon, and that an explanation should be extorted from the cubs concerning the line and the bags thereon. Accordingly, assuming a savage look, they entered the cave with bended bows and arrows couched, and threatened the cubs with instant death if they did not reveal their mother's secrets. The terrified cubs promised to comply. "The first bag upon that line, what does it contain?" "Snow," replied the large cub. "The second?" "Rain." "The third?" "Thunder." "The fourth?" "The stars." "The fifth?" At this question the cub refused to speak, but the adventurers, presenting their daggers and arrows at his breast, intimidated him, and he very reluctantly answered that the fifth bag contained the sun.

Upon this, the wise squirrel commanded to come to his assistance a pike, a loach, and a mouse. "Quick," said the squirrel to the two fish, "go and bring the bag containing the sun: and you, my little mouse, go upon the other side of the lake and nibble the bear's paddle half through, so it will break when she forces it in paddling: you are little and she will not perceive you."

The loach was very slow in his movements, but the pike

soon ascended and untied the bag. Half way down he met the loach coming up, and jeered him for his tardiness. The mouse, after executing her task, returned at the same time, and the pike was cutting the bag with his teeth when the bear made her appearance on the other side of the lake, and seeing strangers at home, came paddling along with all possible speed, when, to her surprise, her paddle broke. The pike by this time had made a hole in the bag, and to the unspeakable joy of our travellers, out flew the sun, the appearance of which entirely disconcerted the bear. She shook the earth with her howlings, threw herself into the water, and made the best of her way to shore. Here, revenge being out of her power, as the travellers had fled, she bethought herself of her expiring influence over the sun, and while she had yet some power over him, she was prudent enough, before it was too late, to command the sun to show himself to all the earth, that every one might enjoy his powerful influence.

But to return to our exulting friends. They soon found themselves plunged into the depths of despair; for they had not proceeded many days on their way home, when they were threatened by a deluge arising from the impression that the heat of the sun made upon the snow. The waters increasing more and more, they redoubled their pace in order to get to the summit of a very high, rocky mountain. Unfortunately only two of them, a man and his wife, reached the top, all the rest were drowned in the waters. On the summit of this mountain were gathered two of every living creature, male and female, that dwell upon the earth; and many of the drowning people had the sagacity to transform themselves into fowls of the air and retire to this place.

The waters continuing a long time, these creatures were reduced to great extremities for want of food. It was at length proposed by a duck to dive into the waters in an attempt to find ground. Accordingly the duck plunged first, but soon made his appearance upon the surface of the waters, and only served as a laughing stock to his companions. The loon proceeded next, but found nothing. The buzzard dived, and remained until his strength was exhausted, but his efforts were also unsuccessful.

After remaining some days inactive, they again dived, and the buzzard alone, after appearing upon the surface in a seemingly lifeless state, had his bill full of earth,

showing that the waters were decreasing. In short, the waters dried upon the earth; but their situation was deplorable, as they could scarcely find roots even for their subsistence.

As soon as the earth was fairly dry, the birds flew out in search of food. At that time all the species were white. The waukon bird, the duck, and the kingfisher alighted on the beach at Vermilion, where they found a pure white crow. The waukon bird trailed his wings in the red cinnabar on the shore, and admired his reflection in the still waters of the lake. "Look at my feathers," said he to the others, "am I not beautiful? Would you not wish to have wings like mine?" "Hold your tongue," said the crow, "with your crooked bill; is not white handsomer than any other color?" The others argued with him to consent, but he continued to jeer, which so exasperated the rest that each took a burnt coal in his mouth and blackened the crow all over, and he has remained black to this day.

The man and his wife left the hill upon the recession of the waters, and, having become the parents of several children, made their food on such animals as they could kill in the chase. Furthermore, he made an agreement with the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air (for he was afraid that some of them would assume their former shape and become enemies to him and his family), to retain every one his present form; and he on his part agreed not to assume any other form or likeness, nor deter them from wandering wheresoever they chose; and both parties agreeing, they separated, and have remained so to this day.

THE WINDIGO.

A band of Chippewa hunters, encamped during one of their expeditions at the entrance of the Gap au Diable, in St. Mary's river, were awakened several nights in succession by the loud snarling and barking of a dog. As they had no dogs with them, then endeavored to catch him by following the sounds, but they never even so much as caught sight of him, by daylight. For the snarling creature was a Windigo, a monster in human form, who employed every artifice to entice the curious and unwary

stranger to his habitation at the foot of the precipice, close to the water's edge, where he killed and ate those unfortunate enough to fall into his hands.

By such devices, he succeeded in enticing two of the hunters away from their lodge and killing them. The remaining hunter, suspecting that something very extraordinary had befallen his friends, roamed along the river in quest of them, and happened, without being observed, to espy the cannibal wizard.

He saw that he was like other men, except that he had behind a long tail like a dog's. The monster himself generally remained at the top of the precipice in the day time, directly over his habitation; and when any human being happened to approach him, he suddenly attacked and rolled him down the precipice, his wife giving the finishing blow to the unfortunate, after which the victim was served up as food to the two Windigos.

The Chippewa discovered himself to the monster, who accosted him in a friendly manner, and bade him approach. The Chippewa asked him what he was doing at the top of the hill, barking like a dog. "I was but exercising my lungs," said the Windigo, "in the fresh morning air." And at the same time he secreted a huge stone between his body and his bear skin shirt. Not having his belt girted about him, however, the stone dropped at his feet, and the Chippewa, observing this, and being by that time at close quarters, furiously attacked the monster, and tumbled him down the precipice. The wife, unsuspecting, and being near sighted with age, fell upon her husband and put an end to his existence, which the Chippewa no sooner perceived than he descended the hill and approached the old woman, who dissembled her sorrow, and asked him whence he came. "I am a wandering hunter," he told her. "Oh, there is a deer," she suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the ridge above her, and drawing forth a sharp pointed bone to stab him if he should lift his eyes upward. But the Chippewa, suspecting her treachery, and equally quick at subterfuge, said quickly, "Look behind you," and as she turned, he crashed her brains upon the rocky wall with his club. Thus were the two horrible Windigos slain by the Chippewa hunter, who proved himself a benefactor to mankind by removing the wretches who had slain so many of his kindred.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

There was once a beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have married a young brave of the Chippewas. From the hour of her death, there was no more peace or joy for him; war and hunting lost their charms, for his heart was already dead within him, and he laid aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path leading to the Land of Souls, and he determined to follow it. At first he hardly knew which way to go. There was a tradition that he must go southward, but for a while, he could see no change in the face of the country. There was snow on the ground, and piled high on the thick trees and bushes, but at length it diminished, the forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and almost before he was aware of it he found himself in the midst of spring. The dark clouds of winter rolled away from the sky, he saw flowers new-blown, and heard the songs of birds; and knew that he was going the right way. At length he spied a path, which led him through a grove to a forest lodge, at the door of which stood an old man whose deeply sunken eyes shone with fiery brilliancy.

"My son," said he, "I have expected you. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since. Do you see yonder gulf, and the wide blue plains beyond? It is the Land of Souls; you stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he bade the lad farewell, and the freed traveler bounded forward with the lightness of wings. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. He noticed that his passage was not hampered by trees or other objects, as he appeared to walk directly through them. They were in fact but the souls or shadows of material trees, and he knew that he was in a land of shadows. Finally he came to the shore, where he found a canoe of shining

white stone which he immediately entered and pushed off; when, to his joy and surprise, on turning around, he beheld the object of his search in another white canoe directly alongside. They crossed the gulf together, discerning through the clear waters, heaps of beings who had perished in crossing, and whose bones were strewn on the bottom of the gulf. Soon they leaped ashore in that happy land of the blessed. Here the very air was food, and they wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. Here all was balmy spring; there was no war and no death; no hunger and no icy winds. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever with his beloved, but soon he heard the voice of the Master of Life whispering on the soft breeze: "Go back to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties you are to perform, and for which I made you, are not yet finished. Return, accomplish the duties of a good man, and you will be the ruler of your tribe for many a year. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate; when he surrenders your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you will afterwards rejoin the spirit which you must now leave behind. She will be here awaiting your return, as young and beautiful as when I first called her from the land of snows."

The voice ceased, and the young warrior awoke. For he had been beguiled by a dream, and was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

A CHIPPEWA SALOME.

About the middle of the 17th century, there lived with her people on the shore of Lake Huron, a young Indian girl of extraordinary beauty, named Oon-yay. Although she had for suitors nearly all the young men of her tribe, she favored none, and her apathy became a subject of general discussion among the young men of the village. They held a secret council, and finally determined that all would withdraw their claims in favor of the War Chief of the tribe; in order that the object of so much competition might not fall to some more fortunate rival not connected with their band.

The Chief at first objected, on the ground of disparity of age, and the futility of any further advances on his part. He was assured that he was still a sturdy and handsome man; and was reminded that women are naturally capricious and wilful, and rarely need more than the skillful touch of flattery to influence them most favorably. Accordingly the Chief painted and arrayed himself as for battle, adorning his person with great care, to aid him in this species of warfare, with which he was not so familiar as that in which he had acquired his reputation; for he knew more about stone arrows than love darts, and his dexterity in the management of hearts had been displayed rather in making bloody incisions than tender impressions. His retainers pledged themselves to the accomplishment of any vow that the willful beauty might impose on him or themselves, at the surrender of her handsome self.

In short, the Chief sallied forth, proposed after the blunt fashion of a man of war, and was conditionally accepted; but what the nature of this condition was, Oon-yay refused to tell him, until he had pledged the sacred word of a warrior to accept her terms, and called down the vengeance of the gods of evil upon his head in case his pledge was broken. The vow having been taken, she told him to bring her the scalp of a neighboring Chief, who, for some reason she would not reveal, was the object of her bitter hatred.

The Chieftain saw too late that he was committed. He besought her to reflect that this man was his bosom friend, that they had eaten and drank and grown up together; he remonstrated with her on the utter infamy of such an action, and the execration that would forever pursue an act so accursed. She told him in reply either to redeem his pledge, or consent to be proclaimed for a lying dog, and then left him.

Not more than an hour had passed, when the infuriated Chief entered the neighboring village with blackened face, tomahawked and scalped his friend, and rushed homeward shouting the scalp-whoop. His person could not be distinguished in the darkness, but he was challenged by a warrior to whom he gave his name, purpose, and an assurance of defiance. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the long, mournful scalp-whoop of the avengers was resounding through his own village, and the unfortu-

nate Chief soon paid with his life the forfeit of his treachery.

A desultory and bloody conflict ensued for three days and nights; at the end of which time the beseiged villagers fled for their lives. The town was completely sacked and destroyed, and the miserable Oon-yay herself perished amid a scene of indiscriminate slaughter and desolation.

MAS-KWA.

Mas-kwa was a great hunter, loving the chase exceedingly, and pursuing it daily. One evening when returning home from the hunt, he was informed by his two sons that they were very lonesome, their mother being in the habit of leaving them alone daily. Mas-kwa said nothing, but watched his wife closely, and became convinced of her amour with a stranger who met her frequently in the woods. He came upon them suddenly, slew them both, and buried the bodies beneath the fire-place in his wigwam. Then bidding his boys farewell, he left forthwith a place of such horrid recollections.

The boys were sojourning alone in the lodge, when shortly after, ten men entered one day and inquired for Mas-kwa. The boys replied that he was absent hunting. The men searched the lodge and discovered the bodies beneath the fire place, tied together and bloody. Immediately suspecting Mas-kwa, they set forth in search of him, but he, expecting pursuit, entered a large hollow tree, and climbing to its top, he passed on through, and took his flight upwards toward the sky. His pursuers traced him, followed him as far as the tree, and into the sky, determined to kill him. Meanwhile the boys left the lodge and traveled southward, being accompanied by the spirit of their mother, and sustained by supernatural food from the skies. Sometimes they heard their father's voice, urging them to be of good cheer, and warning them that they were being pursued by the shade of the mother. To aid in their escape, he told them to throw away an awl they were carrying and immediately there grew up behind them a thick and almost impassable hedge, which the mother could scarcely get through, tearing away her whole body and leaving only the head to follow. Later the boys also threw away a hone which they carried, the

hone becoming a high, mountainous and rocky ridge, which may be still seen on the north shore of St. Mary's River, and which presented a terrible barrier to the weary head, which still followed, but now with horrid imprecations on the head of the elder boy, whom it wished to murder. Finally the boys came to the River, and the fishing place of the Rapids, where the spirit of Mas-kwa came to them in the form of a wood-pecker, telling his sons that he had been overtaken by his pursuers, and his mortal body bereft of life. Then the boys looked to the south shore of the river, and saw, in the midst of the rapids, a crane standing on a rock, and besought him to carry them over the Bowating, or place of the rapids. The crane stretched out his long neck, permitted them to climb on his back, and landed the boys in safety upon the south shore.

The murderous mother-head arrived at the Rapids very shortly after, and requested the crane to carry her over also; the crane agreed, although he knew she was a wicked woman; telling her to get upon the crooked part of his neck, and to touch no other part of his body. She rolled upon his back, but when half way over the rapids, she inadvertently touched his head, and the crane, angry at her breach of faith, tumbled her whirling down to the Rapids, where the head burst asunder upon the rocks, and the brains therein immediately became the large and tender whitefish. "These," said the crane, "shall be abundant in these rapids and in the straits below henceforth and forever, remaining to feed my children the Indians to all succeeding generations."

The boys married two women from the east, brought them by the patriarchal crane, and before many years there was a numerous population at Bowating, so that it was necessary to establish new villages at Garden River and St. Josephs.

About this time, a spirit in the form of a man descended on a ladder from the sky to the village of Bowating. He requested some of the Indians to accompany him on a visit to the celestial regions, but through fear they refused. He gave them rules and laws, as coming from Gitchi Manito himself; taught them to love one another, and be charitable and hospitable, and told them they must exercise thrift and honesty in their dealings with others, and not covet their neighbors' property. He instituted the grand met-ay-we-win dance, observed annually at Bowating for many years. Finally he told

them that at the end of time, it would snow continuously for five years, winter and summer; after which it would rain incessantly for as many years more, following which ten years of fearful drought would ensue, the earth finally becoming so dry that it would take fire spontaneously, burning off its outer shell until it attained the first created earth and waters. Then would all good Indians arise from the grave to enjoy a new earth, filled with an abundance of all manner of living creatures, but the bad Indians would continue to lament their fate in the cold and dreary regions of the underworld.

THE MAGICIAN OF MANITOULIN.

It happened that the Ottawas, who formerly lived on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, were driven from there far west to the Mississippi, by their relentless enemies, the Iroquois. But the magician Maswein remained behind at the falls of Kagawong, a beautiful spot that had been deemed from the earliest times the abode of spirits. His object was to act as a sentinel for his countrymen, and keep a watch on the Iroquois, that he might give timely information of their movements; and incidentally, commune with and learn from, the Manitos of the place.

One day he arose very early, leaving his two boys asleep, and started for the hunt in the thick woods back of Kagawong. At length he came to the borders of an open plain, from which, while he was walking across, arose out of the earth a man of small stature, wearing a red feather upon his head. He greeted Maswein with great cordiality, invited him to smoke, and proposed a wrestling bout. Maswein, nothing loath, acceded; they fell to, and Maswein threw his man, who to his great astonishment immediately vanished. Upon looking closely at the earth, into which he appeared to have sunk, Maswein perceived a crooked ear of mondamín, or Indian corn, with a hairy red tassel at the top. "Now," said the speaking ear—for a voice came from it—"take off my covering, pull off my body from the spine on which I grow, scatter the grains along the edge of the plain, and return to this place after one moon."

Maswein did as directed, and came alone at the expir-

ation of a month to the wrestling-ground. He found, to his surprise, the plain filled with the tiny shoots and blades of new-grown corn. In the place where he had thrown the cob, he found pumpkin vines growing luxuriantly. Carefully attending the crop during the summer, in the fall of the year he plucked the corn and gathered some of the pumpkins, upon which the voice again addressed him, saying, "Maswein, had you not conquered me in wrestling, these gifts had not been yours. Henceforth you shall never be in want of my body, and it will be nourishment for the human race." Thus did the Indians receive the boon of corn.

You must know that, in those days, Manitoulin and the neighboring islands were certainly enchanted. Once upon a time when Maswein was laying down, he heard voices speaking, one of which said, "This is Maswein, and we just get his heart." "How can we get it?" asked another. "He is asleep," said the first; "put your hand in his mouth, and pull it out that way." The puck, or fairy, for so he was, thrust his fingers in Maswein's mouth, who promptly bit them off. The spirits flew away and he was not further molested, but when he examined the fingers, he found them to be nothing less than long wampum beads. Next morning, on going down from the fall to the shore, he saw a canoe on the beach; and discerned two occupants, one of whom had lost his fingers. On looking closer he saw that they were the fairies and had been turned into stone. He took these stone images out of the canoe, and set them up near the fall. The canoe was filled with wampum, and pipes, and curious things of exquisite workmanship, all of which Maswein took ashore and concealed in a cave near the fall. As he passed the fairy images with his arms filled with wampum, one of them spoke: "Thus will the Ottawas' canoes be filled hereafter, when they pass along this coast, although now your people have been driven away by the cruel Iroquois." Secreting his treasures safely, he resolved to visit his people far away on the Mississippi. To a common traveller this would be a journey of a moon, but Maswein easily flew there in a night; found them sleeping, took them softly in his arms, and brought them to his camp at the fall. When they awoke, their astonishment knew no bounds, and was only exceeded by their delight at finding themselves in their son's lodge, on their native island, and surrounded with abundance.



OLD CHURCH, MACKINAC ISLAND

Maswein built them a lodge near the fall, provided it with cooking utensils, and with corn and pumpkins from the plain, telling them how the precious gift had come. He also told them of the precious cargo of the fairies' canoe, and invited them to take all they needed therefrom. But one thing seemed necessary to complete the happiness of his father, whom he observed looking regretfully at his empty tobacco pouch. "My father," said he, "you shall have this necessity and comfort within two days,, I promise you. My enemies, the Bear Nadowas, at Penetanguishene, shall supply me, I swear it."

As winter was coming on Maswein set out on the ice forthwith, and although the distance was forty leagues, he reached it the same evening. The Nadowas saw him coming with the speed of lightning, and were aghast at his boldness, inviting him to rest at their lodges, but he thanked them, and made a fire near the shore. Later they visited him, and found that he desired some tobacco for his father. They collected a quantity of it, and gave it to him, but later formed a plot to kill him in the night. By his supernatural arts, however, he solved their plans, and when they came, bent on murder, he was awake and ready. He killed six of them one after another, took all the tobacco from their smoking pouches, and as the dawn appeared, he set out for his father's lodge, which he reached with incredible speed, and was soon spreading out his trophies before the delighted old man.

The magician, his father and mother, and his two boys, lived long and happily at the beautiful fall, basking in its music by day, and falling asleep to its dreamy lullaby by night. Their descendants have ever been noted for their fine crops of grain; afterwards many of his people came back to their old home on Manitoulin, and it was from their industry in cultivating corn, and their proficiency in selling it, that this tribe were called "Ottawas." (traders).



N the North there are many islands, but only one Island.

When the great glaciers from the North had melted away, and the waters had subsided from the riven and wounded land, Gitchi Manito descended and took up his abode in the Chapel of the Pictured Rocks, on the shore of Lake Superior. But his unruly servant, the North Wind, sweeping afar on the mighty lake, constantly intruded upon the meditations of the divinity in his creviced abode, and the thundering rollers shook the strong foundations of his dwelling. He soared aloft, and, poised on spreading pinions, he surveyed with telescopic eye the far-spread planet beneath; searching the beauty spots of earth for a place suited to the habitation of a god; and sinking slowly through the ambient air, he passed through the gray and rounded Arch into the temple of the Sugar Loaf; there to reign in majesty over his red children for centuries to come.

Indeed, for aught poor mortals can tell, it was he who called the Island into being for his special purpose. Do we not know that the Chippewas once fished over its very site? And that once upon a time a blinding fog hung upon the Straits for the space of three suns, and that when it arose, there loomed the Island, full-panoplied and beautiful, with all its trees and flowers in bloom? Surely it was then the Great Spirit came. For a long time the Indians durst not venture near, but at last they came timidly, with canoes filled with wampum and offerings to propitiate the god, and honor his new home. And he was gracious unto them, and filled their waters with fish, and their hunting-grounds with game; he tipped the tongues of their chiefs with silver, and made their warriors unconquerable in battle. Truly it was a golden age, until the white man came.

Be it known to all pale-faces that Gitchi Manito cannot abide the white men. Their scoffings and scornings, their contempt for his ancient rites, their ways of living, their fire-water, these things are not acceptable in his sight. So,

with the coming of the Europeans, he left his sacred shrine in sorrow and anger, and flew to the distant regions of the north, where he dwells for a space in the flaming tongues of the Aurora Borealis.

But think not that the whites will finally prevail. As the god took flight from his Island temple, he stamped his foot on the high plateau, and caused a great seam to open in the limestone, extending down to an unmeasured depth, and known to the islanders and tourists of our day as The Crack. When the Great Spirit has completed his mighty spells The Crack will widen and deepen as the days go by, and finally, at his command, a great storm will come, and the Island will split and fall apart, sinking once more, and forever, beneath the waters of the Straits.

The Indian name "Michilimackinac" has two significations, either of which will suit the most fanciful. First and foremost it means "The Great Turtle," an idea derived from the shape of the Island or the attribute of its ancient god, who was often invoked under that appellation. Or, as Schoolcraft, a man profoundly versed in Chippewa lore, tells us, it signifies "the place of the dancing fairies." Do you know the legend? Let the bald facts of history await our pleasure, while we recount the pleasing tale of

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Of the ten daughters of a northern Chippewa chief, all grown to womanhood and all renowned for beauty, Owee-nee was the youngest. The other daughters married, one by one, warriors suited to their age and rank; but the fair Oweenee chose for her mate a certain Osseo, old, palsied, and very poor. Her apparently more fortunate sisters lamented her fate, and did not cease to jeer her choice; but she said: "He is my good husband, and we will see in the end who has been the wisest." (As the sequel proves, she must have had a goodly share of womanly intuition).

Not long after her marriage, all the sisters and their husbands were invited to a great feast in the forest. As they strolled singing along the woodland path in the summer twilight, they saw through the trees the faint glimmering of the Evening Star; and as its soft beam glanced upon the eyes of Osseo, he murmured softly: "Pity me,

my father!" But as he stumbled along the sisters said among themselves, "Poor old dotard! what a blessing it would be if he would fall and break his neck, so that sister could get a younger husband!" Presently they came to a great hollow log lying near the path; and Osseo, who was of the turtle totem, stopped short, uttered a peculiar cry, and plunged into the log, from which he emerged at the other end, to the astonishment of all the company, as a sprightly and handsome young man. And how more than astonished were they, when they beheld Oweenee change before their very eyes into an old and decrepit woman, bent almost double with age!

You may imagine that these transformations gave the party plenty of subject for conversation, but Osseo treated his wife with even more tenderness than before, and insisted on everyone's attending the feast, which their host told them on arrival was given in honor of the Evening Star. Osseo, as he seated himself, gazed through the open door toward the sky, and presently a voice came to him, saying: "My son, I have seen your affliction and I pity your wants. Giants, windigos and conjurors walk abroad upon the earth; every night they lift up their voices to evil, and every day they cast misfortune in the hunter's path. You have long been their victim, but you shall be such no more, for the spell you were under is broken, and your evil genius is overcome. By my strength I have cast him down, and by that strength I will draw you unto the stars, where you may partake of the feasts I have prepared, and bring your friends with you.

"As for the food before you, it is enchanted. It was I who provided it, and exchanged it for the viands of your host. It is endowed with magic power to give immortality to mortals and to change men to spirits. The woman who eats of it will lose her mortal form and put on that of a beautiful bird clothed with shining feathers; she will dance and not work, sing and not cry.

"My beams shine but feebly upon your lodge, but they have the might to transform it into a silver bower, with the lightness of the skies and the colors of the clouds. Come, then, and dwell no longer on earth; my power is at its height this very hour; delay not—it is the voice of the Spirit of the Stars that calls you to celestial happiness!"

When these faint tones fell upon the ears of the expectant Osseo, his companions fancied they heard far off music, or the boughs of the pines rustling in the breeze. As the

feast began, the lodge rose gently, silently, through the evening air, brushing the tree-tops as it passed; its sides of bark and skins transforming themselves the while into a fabric of shining and burnished metal; and soon the wooden bowls were changed to silver, and the earthen pots to wampum; and now the sisters gave over their human forms and appeared as stately and gorgeous birds. Only Owee-nee, dumb with wonder and surprise, kept her earthly garb and shape, and her enfeebling years. Now they came close to the Evening Star, and as the sparkling lodge slowly descended, Osseo gave again that long and mournful cry, the invocation to the Turtle, and in the twinkling of an eye, the youth and beauty of his wife returned, she appeared clothed in beautiful raiment, and even the cane she had carried was changed into a curving plume. And with her change, the lodge settled gently down upon the Evening Star.

Here the King came forth to meet them with a joyful welcome, greeting Osseo, who was at the head of his band of spirits and birds, and said: "Osseo, my son, know that pity was shown to you because of the contempt of your wife's sisters; who laughed at her ill fortune, and ridiculed you while you were under the power of that wicked spirit; but thanks to the Master of Life, you overcame him at the log in the forest. Enter my palace with your friends, and be at ease."

Osseo and his wife took up their home in the Evening Star, living most happily in their delightful abode, and were blessed with a son, who greatly resembled his father. He was very quick and bright, and wished to learn the art of hunting, which he had been told was much practiced below. His father made him a bow and some arrows, and he began unfortunately to practice upon the birds circling about, who are neither more nor less than his own aunts, transformed by the magic food. His first arrow transfixed the breast of one of the sisters, who sank down dying on the ground before him.

The moment her blood dripped on the surface of the pure and spotless planet, the auspicious charm was broken, and the boy fell down, down through the clouds upon a high and beautiful Island, situated at the head of two enormous lakes. As he glanced upward he saw following him his aunts and uncles, in the guise of birds and spirits; and also the silver lodge with his father and mother. Soon it rested on one of the highest cliffs along the shore, and

here they all took up their residence, resuming their natural shapes, but much reduced in size. As a mark of homage to the Evening Star, they never failed, on every pleasant evening during the summer season, to join hands and toss up their heels in a wild and merry dance along the top of the bluffs. Oftentimes the Indians, on moonlit evenings, saw these pucks, or little men, and named them Mishinemokinong, or the Turtle's dancing fairies, and the Island is called after them to this day.

And you, my friend, if you be gifted with a little *imagination*, may see that shining lodge, if you will walk along the foot of the bluffs on some balmy summer evening when the moonbeams flood the pinnacles of the rocks; nay, if you make due preparation, you may even hear their elfin music floating on the still air, or, *mirabile dictu*, make prisoners of some of this fairy tribe. To catch the spirits, take some.

What's in a name? A great deal in that of the Island; a recognition of its unusual and striking limestone formations; its peculiar shape as seen from above; its grotesque and weird, and sometimes sublime mirages; its surpassing beauty in the long summer days; and its subtle suggestion of the supernatural to the active imagination of the Indian.

The airy fabric of tradition is sometimes raised on a solid base of fact; and it is not impossible that a primeval seismic disturbance resulted in the upheaval of Mackinac. The ancient Jesuit maps show, in the strait toward St. Martin's, an islet of a few acres. over the site of which there is now a fathom of water; indicating a settling of the lake bed in that vicinity. There is of course a possibility that an alluvial formation formerly existing there was washed away by strong currents, or shaved by drifting ice. The existence of the Island, however, would seem to be due not to volcanic action, but rather to the subsidence of the lake waters, which may have been gradual for thousands of years. In the cemetery on the plateau, and from the base of Fort Holmes to the beach in front, rounded lake pebbles are found two or three feet beneath the surface, all arranged as on the lake shore. There were probably four periods of the watery decrease, as we find as many distinctly marked terraces before we come to the present water level, each bearing the undulating line of aqueous formation.

Hardly less fanciful than the Indian tales is the theory of Ignatius Donnelly that the enormous basins of the Great Lakes were scooped out of the earth by collision with a comet, whose central impact was in Superior, grinding up the rock to the depth of a thousand feet or more, and whose fragmentary recoil formed the other great lakes. The theory conveys the comforting thought that the comet left us all his substance; consisting of rock, iron, copper, etc., and will therefore be unable to intrude again in such an unceremonious way.

It was the ever active and enterprising French who first penetrated to this wild and remote region, following the lead of Cartier and Champlain. It was the former who, in 1534, searched the inlets and bays of the St. Lawrence in the quest of that mythical fresh water passage to China; and who left behind him a lasting monument of the then prevalent notion of a northwest passage to Cathay, in the name of "La Chine," bestowed by him upon the noted rapids in the St. Lawrence nine miles above Montreal.

In Cartier's time the Algonquins were strong in the neighborhood of Quebec (Algonquin "Kebec," a high rock or cliff). They were in close alliance with the Wyandots, who roamed the shores of the St. Lawrence as far down as the island of Anticosti. Champlain supplied them with firearms and sent them with great success against the Iroquois at first. Afterwards the Iroquois obtained guns from the Dutch at Albany, and turned the tide of battle; defeating the Wyandots in a great battle near Quebec, and later, the Algonquins; of whose number the Chippewa tribes withdrew to the upper peninsula, the Hurons to Georgian Bay, and the Ottawas to Manitoulin and afterward to L'Arbre Croche and Grand River. The Wyandots took flight to Lake Huron, the vicinity of Old Michilimackinac, and finally to the Detroit River. With occasional modifications, due to roving habits and tribal feuds, the Indians maintained these positions for some time after the coming of the whites.

Along the rivers and streams of the Saginaw Valley, may still be found the bones and weapons of the long-forgotten Sauks, exterminated by the Chippewas and Ottawas in 1619-20. At one time the Sauks occupied a large part of the Lower Peninsula, extending from Thunder Bay nearly to the Detroit River; and from Lake Michigan, or the Lake of the Illini, to River St. Clair. An active

and war-like people, they carried their forays to the Straits of Mackinac, Green Bay, and beyond; nor is evidence wanting that their rude fleets braved the Lakes to the confines of the Hurons, and even of the Iroquois beyond Ontario.

It was in the second decade of the seventeenth century that the surrounding tribes to the north and west called a council at Michilimackinac. Here the pipes of the allies went around; the Great Spirit was invoked with all the ancient rites; and the utter extermination of the Sauks having been determined upon, the war-canoes of the assembly embarked upon Lake Huron. The red stained war-club had passed between the hostile tribes years before; and a formal declaration of hostilities was held superfluous, a sudden and swift attack being much more to the point.

The doomed villages of the Sauks occupied situations on the Saginaw River, where now stand West and South Bay City; the main encampment of the nation being on the west bank. Their adversaries canoed by night up the west shore of the Bay; concealing themselves by day in the adjacent forest fastness. Continuing their advance, they arrived at a place called Petobegong (Tobico, the place of wild ducks), a few miles above the mouth of the river. Here they divided their forces, part of their number crossing the bay at night to attack the east village; while the main body crept upon the principal Sauk encampment on the west bank.

According to Indian custom, they rushed in at dawn. The Sauk warriors, taken by surprise, offered but a feeble resistance, and the butchery was soon over. A few survivors escaped across the river, where the eastern village, thoroughly aroused by the yells of the combatants, was already enduring a fierce attack from the second division of the allies. Notwithstanding their favorable position for defence, the disheartened Sauks were again defeated with fearful slaughter; and their scalps soon decorated by scores the blood-smeared attire of the northern warriors. A small number fled to the eastern wilderness; while a shattered remnant of the once powerful tribe sought a temporary respite on Skull Island, a few miles up the river. And it was but temporary; for while the allies had left their canoes at the Bay, a night or two of bitter cold provided ice for crossing in pursuit; and tradition says that the rounded islet was literally soaked in the blood of the forlorn and despairing Sauks.

A bevy of twelve women alone survived the massacre; and lest they should raise up children for vengeance thereafter, a council of the allies sent them as slaves to the Dacotahs, far beyond the Mississippi.

The conquering Chippewas usurped the land; but, troubled by the wailing ghosts of their victims, who still came by night to their old haunts along the Saginaw, they removed from the scenes of so ghastly a carnage to the banks of the Kawkawlin, (meaning, the river where pike are plentiful), where some of their descendants may be found to this day.

The story is known to every schoolboy in the thriving city by the river; and many a time in the company of boyish companions I have rowed up the stream to Skull Island, where we fought all over again the historic battle of long ago; and were rendered supremely happy by the finding of a stone arrowhead or the yellow tooth of a long-dead warrior Sauk.

In 1609 Champlain, with a few Algonquin scouts, penetrated to the beautiful lake that bears his name; and in a skirmish with a foraging party of Iroquois he shot two of their leaders. The student of history may indeed marvel at the slight threads upon which have hung the destinies of nations; and this instance, insignificant in itself, was fraught with tremendous consequences to France, Great Britain and the New World. From that very hour dated the deadly enmity of the Five Nations for the French, and their burning craze for vengeance; and the deed of Champlain gave to the English the aid of the boldest, most active and resourceful red warriors on the American continent.

In 1611 Champlain marked the site of a military post and trading station at Mount Royal (Montreal), and proceeded on his historic journey to Lake Huron, holding ever in his mind the haunting idea of the China Passage, which was to give his beloved France supremacy over the trade of the East. That route he did not discover, but he gained for the first time a faint idea of those enormous water courses which he held for the King of France. It was, however, a great disappointment to him when he dipped his hand into the limpid waters of the lake and found them fresh, instead of salt, as he had hoped.

But while Champlain was strengthening his feeble trading posts along the St. Lawrence as best he could, cultivating friendly relations with the Algonquin tribes,

and bringing over Jesuit priests for their conversion, the English were waxing strong along the shores of the Atlantic. When, in France, the Huguenot Rochelle rebelled against the crown, Charles of England espoused their cause, and sent out three ships against Quebec, under the command of Kirke; who, in 1628, destroyed the little French fleet coming to the succor of Champlain. A year later he was forced to surrender to the English; and we find him in England shortly after, beseeching Charles to restore Canada to the French, which he did, for a monetary consideration, in 1632.

With the restoration of the French, their Algonquin friends again descended the river to trade with them as of yore; and Champlain, still thinking of China, sent his interpreter, Jean Nicolet, with them on their return, in a last attempt to find that elusive passage. In 1634, then, Nicolet passed through the Straits of Michilimackinac on his way to Green Bay, as related elsewhere in this volume, and was probably the first white man to view the Island and its environs. He returned the following year, a short time before the death of Champlain.

Not long afterward, the Iroquois, not feeling strong enough to attack the hated French in their strongholds, advanced upon their Huron allies with fearful slaughter, torturing and often eating the Hurons and their Jesuit missionaries wherever they were to be found. Many were the bloody scenes enacted around Georgian Bay, and the fiends of hell must have groaned in envy as their Iroquois compeers filled the sobbing throats of Huron mothers with gory morsels from the bodies of their tormented children. Many of the Hurons and Ottawas fled westward and found a temporary refuge in the vicinity of Michilimackinac and Green Bay.

Some of the fearful details of that war, as transmitted to us through the Jesuit Relations, are well-nigh unbelievable. The Hurons met with an occasional success in their encounters with the ferocious enemy, and did not fail to extract a savage pleasure from the agonies of their captives. On one occasion they took a hundred Iroquois prisoners, among them the chief Ononkwaya, and distributed them among their villages for torture and feasting. Even in the hour of death the Iroquois leader baffled his enemies, who considered it an augury of disaster if no cry of pain could be forced from their blood-drenched victims. After his baptism by the Jesuits, who would have saved

his life if they could, he was bound to a stake upon a low scaffold and a scorching fire built beneath him, just close enough to roast him by slow degrees, and permit the delighted Hurons to witness his agony for hours. But they could not elicit so much as a moan from him, for he had wrought himself into an ecstasy of fury that rose superior to pain; and when his executioners, thinking him nearly dead, tore his reeking scalp from his head, he burst his bonds with a superhuman effort, snatched a flaming brand from the fire, and drove the yelling devils from the scaffold!

Here he held them all at bay, enduring a rain of stones and live coals from below, until a false step threw him to the ground, where his captors seized him and cast him full into the fire. He leaped out and upon them instantly, covered with blood, cinders and ashes, and brandishing a blazing branch in either hand. Before so terrible a sight they fell back cowed, and he rushed toward the town, as if to set it on fire. In a trice a warrior tripped him with a pole, and flung him headlong to the earth, where they fell upon him, cut off his hands and feet, and again tossed him into the fire. Again he rolled himself out, crawling forward on his knees and the stumps of his arms, glaring upon his enemies with such unutterable ferocity that they recoiled once more; till, seeing that he was helpless, they knocked him over and cut off his head, and hastened to feast upon the body of so courageous an adversary. It was this same chief whose severed hand was thrown to the Jesuits, as related in another chapter.

One would think that the never ending wars of the Iroquois had soon wiped out entirely the comparatively small numbers of their warriors, even though they were victorious in every battle; and such would certainly have been the case, had they not resorted to the expedient of adopting many of their prisoners, especially the youths, who grew up as loyal members of the Five Nations, and often exceeded the native born Iroquois themselves in committing atrocities upon their former relatives.

It was Vimont who said, in relating the misfortunes of the Hurons, that the Iroquois ate men with as much appetite and more pleasure than hunters eat a boar or a stag.

It was about 1650 that the so-called Tobacco Nation of Ontario were compelled to fly; having held out as long as possible against the Five Nations. They made their way northward, and settled upon the Island of Michilimacki-

nac, where they were joined by some of the Ottawas; and being again attacked by their enemies, they moved to Green Bay and thence to the Mississippi; where the poor human shuttlecocks were found by the Sioux and driven back to Chequamagon on the south shore of Lake Superior. Here they had respite for but a short time; the Sioux searching out their retreat, and driving the remnant of the Nation down the St. Mary's and past Detour to St. Ignace, where they were ministered to by Marquette. The greater part of them later removed to the vicinity of Detroit and Sandusky, where their descendants have come down to our time as Wyandots; who are thus derived from the early Hurons, or that part of them called the Tobacco Nation.

We find, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the restless Radisson and the sagacious Perot sojourning for a season in the vicinity of the Straits. No doubt many French voyageurs and traders came and went, leaving no annals to posterity, but living the free life of the woods and occasionally intermarrying into the Indian tribes.

The Chippewa chief Saugemau should be mentioned here, as the traditional account of his doings fits in perfectly with the slaughter of the Iroquois on St. Mary's River and in the Illini country; and clears up a celebrated mystery of the Island. It was in 1658 that the combined bands of Saugemau and Ningaubeon had driven the Sioux from Point St. Ignace and Round Island; coming from Manitowaning at the eastern end of Manitoulin in Georgian Bay. Two years later they again canoed westward, Ningaubeon turning at Detour with his warriors and paddling up the River to the Sault; and Saugemau continuing straight ahead, going first to what is now East Moran Bay, at the head of Lake Huron, and afterward around the Point to West Moran Bay in Lake Michigan. Saugemau soon located his Sioux enemies at old Michilimackinac on the south shore of the Straits, and lost no time in driving them down Lake Michigan.

Returning, he smoked the pipe with a friendly tribe at Cross Village or L'Arbre Croche; and continuing on to Moran Bay, he found there some two hundred Iroquois encamped, a temporary truce having been declared, and permission having been given for their encampment by the sub-chief of Saugemau.

In the following spring, Saugemau called his warriors together and once more assailed the Sioux who were lingering down the lake. Returning triumphant at the head

of his forces, he quarreled with the Iroquois over their murder of an Ottawa or two, attacked them and defeated them and drove them over to the Island, where they hid in the then unknown Skull Cave. The warriors of Sauge-mau were unable to find them after a careful search, and concluded that the Iroquois had transformed themselves into spirits and flown away; the supernatural reputation of the Island aiding them in arriving at this decision. As for the Iroquois, they no doubt perished in the cave; and many years later, when Alexander Henry was hidden by his Indian brother in that snug retreat, he found it full of dead men's bones, concerning which the Indians of his time knew nothing.

It was not in the nature of the Five Nations to let their kindred go unavenged; and they promptly sent north a punitive expedition to exact vengeance. Saugemau meanwhile had allied himself with the Indians of Green Bay, and when the Iroquois appeared before his fort at the latter place, he repulsed them with loss. Half their number ascended the St. Mary's and were annihilated at Bowating, while the balance sallied down the western lake to the land of the Illini. We will let the ancient chronicler tell what happened in his own words:

"The Iroqueuse embarqu'd upon the River Mississippi and were discover'd by another little Fleet that was sailing down the other side of the same river. The Iroqueuse cross'd over immediately to that island which is since call'd Aux Rencontres. The Nadouessiss, i. e., the other little Fleet, being suspicious of some ill design, without knowing what People they were (for they had no Knowledge of the Iroqueuse but by Hear-say); upon this Suspicion, I say, they tug'd hard to come up with 'em. The two Armies posted themselves upon the Point of the island, where the two Crosses are put down in the Map; and as soon as the Nadouessiss came in sight, the Iroqueuse cry'd out in the Illinese Language, Who are ye? To which the Nadouessiss answer'd, Somebody; And putting the like Question to the Iroqueuse, receiv'd the same Answer.

"Then the Iroqueuse put this Question to 'em, Where are you a going? To hunt Beeves, reply'd the Nadouessiss. But pray, says the Nadouessiss, what's your Business? To hunt men, reply'd the Iroqueuse. 'Tis well, says the Nadouessiss, we are Men, and so you need go no farther. Upon this Challenge the two Parties disembark'd, and the Leader of the Nadouessiss cut his Canows to pieces; and

after representing to his Warriors that they behov'd either to conquer or die, march'd up to the Iroquese; who receiv'd 'em at first Onset with a Cloud of Arrows; But the Nadouessis having stood their first Discharge, which kill'd 'em eighty men, fell in upon 'em with their Clubs in their Hands, before the others could charge again; and so routed 'em entirely. This Engagement lasted for two hours, and was so hot, that two hundred and sixty Iroquese fell upon the Spot, and the rest were all taken Prisoners. Some of the Iroquese indeed attempted to make their Escape after the Action was over; but the victorious General sent ten or twelve of his Men to pursue 'em in one of the Canows that he had taken; and accordingly they were all overtaken and drown'd. The Nadouessis having obtain'd this Victory, cut off the Noses and Ears of two of the cleverest Prisoners; and supplying 'em with Fusees, Powder and Ball, gave 'em the liberty of returning to their own Country, in order to give their Country-men to understand, that they ought not to employ Women to hunt after Men any longer."

There is no record extant of Marquette's first year at the St. Ignace Mission. It is quite certain that he wintered on the Island when he first came down with the Tobaccos; and in 1671 we find him building a chapel at St. Ignace. He lost no opportunity of collecting all possible information concerning the western country from the Indians; preparing himself like a good general for the advance into the wilds. The following extracts are taken from one of his letters written from St. Ignace to the Reverend Claude Dablon, superior of the missions of the Jesuits in New France:

My Reverend Father:

The Hurons called Tionnontateronnons, or the Tobacco Nation, who compose the mission of Saint Ignace at Michilimackinang, began last summer a fort near the chapel, in which all their cabins were enclosed. They have been assiduous at prayer, have listened more willingly to the instructions that I gave them, and have acceded to my requests for preventing grave misconduct and their abominable customs. One must have patience with savage minds who have no other knowledge than of the devil, whose slaves they and all their forefathers have been; and they frequently relapse into those sins in which they have been reared. God alone can give firmness to their fickle minds, and place and maintain them in grace, and touch

their hearts while we stammer into their ears. * * *

As the savages have vivid imaginations, they are often cured of their sickness when they are granted what they desire. Their medicine-men, who know nothing about their diseases, propose a number of things to them for which they might have a desire. Sometimes the sick person mentions it, and they fail not to give it to him. But many, during the winter, fearing that it might be a sin, always replied with constancy that they desired nothing, and that they would do whatever the black gown (Jesuit) told them. * * *

I did not fail during the autumn to go and visit them in their fields where I instructed them and made them pray to God, and told them what they had to do. I also made frequent and regular visits to them—especially those who, owing to their advanced age, come not to the chapel. A blind woman, who had formerly been instructed by Reverend Father Brebeuf, had not during all those years forgotten her prayers; she daily prayed to God that she might not die without grace, and I admired her sentiments. Other aged women, to whom I spoke of hell, shuddered at it, and told me that they had no sense in their former country, but that they had not committed so many sins since they had been instructed. * * *

I baptized this year twenty-eight children. One of them who left Sainte Marie du Sault without being baptized—as Reverend Father Henry Nouvel had written to me, in order that I might attend to it—fell ill without my knowing of it. But God permitted that, while I was instructing in my cabin two savages of note and of intelligence, they asked me whether such and such a child who was very ill was baptized. I proceeded thither at once, baptized it, and it died the following night. Other children have also died, who have gone to paradise. Such are the consolations that God sends us, and that make us consider our life the more blessed, the more wretched it is.

God has aided in a special manner the Hurons who went to hunt; for he led them to places where they killed a great number of bears, stags, beavers and wild-cats. Several bands failed not to observe the directions that I have given them respecting prayers. Dreams, to which they formerly had recourse, were looked upon as illusions; and if they happened to dream of bears, they did not kill any on account of that; on the contrary, after they had had recourse to prayer, God gave them what they desired.

This, my Reverend Father, is all that I can write to your reverence respecting this mission, where men's minds are more gentle, more tractable, and better disposed to receive the instructions that are given them than in any other place. Meanwhile, I am preparing to leave it in the hands of another missionary, to go by your reverence's order and seek toward the south sea new nations that are unknown to us, to teach them to know our great God, of whom they have hitherto been ignorant.

At the beginning of winter, Joliet, despatched by Governor Frontenac and his Intendant Talon, arrived at St. Ignace and greeted Marquette with the news of their joint appointment to the proposed exploration of the Great River. Among the occupations of the winter was the preparation of a map from the crude descriptions furnished by the Indians, to serve as a sort of guide-book on their journey.

Praying the Virgin Mary to protect him throughout his voyage, and promising her to name the mighty stream Conception, if found, Marquette embarked with Joliet and five men May 17th, 1673. A small stock of Indian corn and dried meat comprised their store of provisions, as they anticipated no difficulty in procuring more when needed. (Marquette did indeed apply the promised name on his map of the river, which has borne many other appellations as well; of which the poetic and striking "Mississippi," "Father of Waters," alone survives).

The first tribe they met, the Menominees of Green Bay, tried to dissuade them from their venture; telling them of cruel animals who would swallow them down at a mouthful. They promised to be on their guard, and proceeded to the portage of the Fox River, let down their canoes into the Wisconsin, and on June 17th reposed on the swelling bosom of the Father of Waters.

Now to determine whether he would lead them to the Gulf of California and the Western Sea, and prove the true route to that long hoped-for and despaired-of passage to China. Down the river they paddled for two weeks, and found a friendly Indian chief who had traded with the French; who presented them with a Calumet, or peace-pipe, which was to serve as a passport to other tribes below, and would guarantee them a welcome; savage etiquette teaching that misfortune would come to anyone violating its message of good will. Desiring to do them



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND



SUGAR LOAF, MACKINAC ISLAND

honor, the chief prepared a luscious dog stew, of which you may believe they partook as sparingly as possible, at the same time acknowledging his friendly wishes. In his anxiety to please them, he himself placed choice morsels in their mouths, blowing upon the tit-bits to cool them before feeding them to his guests. This was the very height of Indian courtesy, unless, indeed, a chief might offer his wife to an honored stranger.

Farther down the river the two friends found high rocks covered with rude and monstrous drawings and carvings, the same being venerated by the Indians in the vicinity. Being certain that they were now well within the confines of the devil's own country, Joliet and Marquette crossed themselves, and prayed to the Virgin and the saints to render these demons powerless for harm.

Proceeding past the mouths of the Missouri and Ohio, they found the climate growing perceptibly warmer, and the northern evergreens giving way to wild rice and canebrakes, while clouds of mosquitos beleaguered them by day and night. Soon they came upon Indians bearing guns manifestly of Spanish manufacture, and were informed by them that the ocean was only a few days distant. When they arrived at the mouth of the Arkansas, the Indians there entertained them with dog feasts and speeches of welcome, and Marquette spoke to them in the Illinois language through an interpreter.

Information imparted to them here made it plain that it would not be wise to proceed farther. They now knew that the river flowed not into the Pacific, but the Gulf of Mexico; that unfriendly savages thronged its mouth; and that they were daily risking capture by the Spaniards; who, though being co-religionists, would not brook the intrusion of the French into their territory. Discretion said return, while yet there was time; and two months from the time of leaving St. Ignace, and one month from the discovery of the Mississippi, they turned their canoes northward, ascending the Illinois and Des Plaines Rivers, whence they crossed the portage to Lake Michigan and proceeded to Green Bay, where Marquette remained to preach to the Indians, while Joliet returned to the East; where, almost in sight of his final destination, his portfolio of papers, including his journal, was lost in the St. Lawrence.

From start to finish the two companions had travelled twenty-seven hundred miles, mostly through virgin terri-

tory; explored two great water routes leading to the Mississippi, and that great river itself to within seven hundred miles of the gulf. And finally they had settled once for all the location of its mouth; in territory, alas, claimed by the Spaniards, and far from the western ocean of their dreams.

Meanwhile a distressing dysentery had fastened itself upon the Jesuit, but he held steadily to his labors at Green Bay until the late fall of 1674, when he departed for the present site of Chicago at the lower end of the lake, the rough voyage having an exhausting effect on his weakened frame. Here he spent the winter in a rude cabin, and planned to spend the following summer in the north, where he was sure the invigorating climate would benefit him. The disease, however, had made such inroads that he was not able to complete the journey northward, and his men, seeing that he was about to die, entered the mouth of a little river afterward known as the Pere Marquette, and had hardly taken him ashore before he expired on its banks, in May, 1675.

Two years later a band of Tobaccos who were hunting in the vicinity of the little river, found Marquette's grave, scraped the remaining flesh from his bones, and brought them to the mission of Fathers Nonvel and Pierson at St. Ignace, where they were re-interred with fitting ceremonies in a vault beneath the tiny church. In 1706 the commandant Cadillac having removed the military post to Detroit and taken most of the Indians with him, the Jesuits abandoned the St. Ignace mission, burned their buildings and returned to Quebec. Marquette's bones remained beneath the ruins, and there is little evidence that the departing priests considered his explorations of any particular importance at that time.

The place where the chapel had stood was covered with spruce and brush, and remained so for one hundred and seventy years. The Indians of our time said that their grandfathers had told them that their ancestors spoke of a place facing on the beach fronting Moran Bay, where a large black cross formerly stood. In 1877, this land, then owned by Mr. Murray, was cleared for planting purposes, and the stone foundation of an ancient building discovered. Upon further careful examination a grave was found, containing pieces of birch bark and human bones; there being little doubt that the latter comprised all that was mortal of Jacques Marquette.

There were plain evidences that the remains were disturbed at some period long past, their scattered condition leading to the conclusion that parts of the skeleton had been appropriated by the Indian sorcerers or medicine-men who might covet them as powerful "medicine" for use in their incantations. Thus some of the bones of Marquette might have been carried for decades in the witch-bags of the conjurors, to be lost and forgotten in the heart of some far-off forest.

The citizens of St. Ignace have marked the site with a stone monument placed in a handsome little enclosure known as Marquette Park, looking out upon the Bay; and the great State of Michigan has named for him a railroad, a river, a county, and a city rightfully claimed by its people as the most beautiful in the State.

Concerning Marquette there has been written a great deal of mawkishness; which he himself would surely condemn could he but read it. He stands forth pre-eminently as an honest and pure-minded man, alert, brave, and enterprising; doing his very best as God gave him light; and a man of whom Michigan may well be proud.

The misfortune of Joliet robbed him of the laurel wreath for the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi; but the Governor bestowed upon him the immense island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and there he lived until 1691, when his island was taken by the British and he and his family made prisoners. He was afterward released, and died in 1700; and later generations are according him equal honor with Marquette as an explorer.

About the time that Marquette left St. Ignace on his long voyage, the French couriers des bois established the first Fort Michilimackinac on the hill overlooking the Bay of St. Ignace. The stockade has long since crumbled away, but the outlines of the enclosing trench may still be seen by the curious visitor. It is worthy of note that the ancient name Michilimackinac applied equally in the early days to what is now St. Ignace, to the entire Island, and to that point of the lower peninsula which marks the narrows of the Straits.

The discoveries of Marquette and Joliet struck fire to the keen mind of Robert Cavelier de La Salle, who deserves to rank with Ney as the "bravest of the brave." Truly, if ever a man struggled courageously through a thousand discouragements, that man was La Salle. You

will do well to study his life, if only to learn how he rose superior to heart-breaking misfortunes that make your petty troubles look like flimsy trifles. From the hour he read Marquette's account he dreamed of nothing else but that mighty interior with its millions of arpents of fertile soil, watered by the Mississippi and its branches, and waiting only for the pioneering white man, whom he determined should be French instead of Spaniard or English.

If La Salle had preferred gain to glory, he need but have remained at Fort Frontenac, where he had been established by the Governor, and where he was making a fortune every year in trade with the Indians. With the sanction of Frontenac, he sailed for France, where he obtained letters patent from the King for his enterprise, and returned with his lieutenant, Tonty, whose energy and address La Salle said made him equal to anything. He found Father Hennepin, his chaplain at the fort, eager to accompany him. Tonsured and bearded and mighty of frame, Hennepin tells us of his zeal for souls, but admits his passion for travel and his burning desire to visit strange lands.

In 1678 they set forth for the Niagara River, at the mouth of which they constructed the first of the Forts Niagara. A portage around the Falls was necessary, and was accomplished with great labor. Their little boat went on the rocks below, but they saved her anchors and cables and dragged them up the heights, and Hennepin took up his portable altar on his back. He has furnished us with the earliest known description of the Falls, which he tells us were six hundred feet high; and no doubt they looked higher than that to the weary toilers before their task was completed. He also speaks of a narrow lateral fall to the west of the Horseshoe, which has since ceased to exist.

The winter was occupied in building above the Falls the famous "Griffin," the first vessel of any size to sail the Upper Lakes. She carried five small cannon, and her bows bore a figure of the mythical griffin, in honor of the knightly escutcheon of Frontenac. Among her party was the Fleming priest Ribourde, a man of wealth and position in his native country, doomed to die at the hands of the Iroquois on the distant prairies of the Illini. Above the site of Detroit, then uninhabited save by wandering Indians, they crossed a little lake, and named it Sainte Claire; nearly went down in a furious storm while cross-

ing Saginaum Bay; and soon floated in that tranquil Bay whence Marquette and Joliet had set forth a few years before.

Fifteen men had preceded La Salle up the lakes to trade for him and make preparation for him at the Illinois. He found four of these at Michilimackinac; Tonty captured two more who had deserted to Sault Ste. Marie; and several who had remained faithful were discovered at Green Bay, where they had collected a large quantity of furs. La Salle's commission permitted his trading in buffalo skins alone; there being no intention of allowing him to interfere with the northern beaver and other fur trade; but he scrupled not to load the Griffin with the peltries and send her to Niagara. She was never heard of again, and the "floating fort" which was the wonder of the Indians no doubt rests forever with her crew in the watery deeps of Lake Huron.

Meanwhile La Salle and Hennepin proceeded to the head of Lake Michigan, thence up the St. Joseph River and across to the Kankakee and the Illinois, where he built the fort Crevecoeur (heartbreak). In 1680 he departed for Canada to obtain new supplies for his proposed expedition down the Mississippi; sending Hennepin up the same stream on a voyage of discovery. La Salle crossed the lower peninsula of Michigan; and upon arriving at Niagara not only learned of the disappearance of the Griffin, but of his ship from France, laden with twenty thousand livres worth of goods destined for him. His creditors had attached his property, several of his loaded canoes had been lost in the St. Lawrence; and to crown all, a letter came from Tonty at Crevecoeur, stating that nearly all the men there had deserted, taking most of the supplies with them.

Such crowding misfortunes were enough to discourage an angel from heaven; but Robert Cavelier de La Salle was no ordinary man. Surely these French voyageurs of old were mighty men of renown. There was but one thing to do; start anew; succor Tonty and conquer the Mississippi. 1680 found him again at Michilimackinac, where he had great difficulty in procuring provisions from the Indians, whom his enemies had incited against him. Hastening on, he found his fort destroyed, Tonty gone, and the Indian village near by ravaged by the Iroquois, who had butchered its occupants and left their skulls to bleach on the river banks.

La Salle wintered on the St. Joseph, where he was attacked for a time with snow-blindness. In the spring of 1681 he found some Fox Indians from Green Bay, who told him that Tonty was safe among the Potawatomes, and that Hennepin had passed through their country on his return from the headwaters of the Mississippi. Upon his return to Michilimackinac he found there the heroic Tonty, who had narrowly escaped execution at the hands of the Iroquois.

Once more he returned to Canada, and once again this man of iron set forth from there with indomitable courage. This time he was successful, and the sixth of April, 1682, the turbid Father of Waters vomited his canoes forth on the billows of the Gulf. And here, three days later, he took formal possession of the country of Louisiana, with a high sounding proclamation, in the name of Louis the Great, much the same as his countryman De Lusson had done at Sault Ste. Marie eleven years before.

In 1682 he was back at Michilimackinac, and in September he wrote to a friend in France: "I should like to return to Quebec to meet the new Governor, but my presence is absolutely necessary in the place to which I am going. I pray you, my dear sir, to give me once more all the help you can. I have great enemies, who have succeeded in all they have undertaken. I do not pretend to resist them, but only to justify myself, so that I can pursue by sea the plans I have begun here by land."

Called a madman by his enemies, La Salle was in his heart an idealist of the highest order; foreseeing himself successful, and bending every energy to make his dreams come true. He accuses himself of timidity, and says: "I never write letters except when pushed to it, a defect of which I shall never rid myself as long as I live, often as it spites me against myself." Some people would say that this was no defect, but a mark of the highest wisdom.

The next five years were occupied with attempts at colonization in the new territory; explorations in various parts of the south, extending well into the present State of Texas; partial successes and bitter disappointments; a dark and harrowing tale, ending with the murder of La Salle by some of his treacherous followers in March, 1687. Those who would pursue a detailed account of his adventures may find them in the sonorous and marching pages of the master Parkman.

It was the Spanish who discovered the Mississippi, and

La Salle passed above the sleeping De Soto on his voyage to the Gulf. The Spaniards made no use of their discovery, however, and it was Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle who fairly opened the great river to the white world; and the latter bestowed a lasting name upon what afterward became a great purchase and a great State.

I am tempted to insert here an interesting little story of the descendants of the Comanches with whom La Salle hob-nobbed in Texas. It is given by Colonel Dodge, in his entertaining book, "Our Wild Indians:—"

"A band of Comanches once camped near Fort Chadbourne, in Texas. Some of the officers were decidedly 'horsey,' owning blood horses whose relative speed was well known. The Comanche chief was bantered for a race, and, after several days of manoeuvring, a race was made against the third best horse of the garrison, distance four hundred yards.

"The Indians wagered robes and plunder of various kinds, to the value of sixty or seventy dollars, against money, flour, sugar, etc., to a like amount. At the appointed time the Indians 'showed' a miserable sheep of a pony with legs like churns; a three-inch coat of rough hair stuck out all over the body; and a general expression of neglect, helplessness, and patient suffering struck pity into the hearts of all beholders. The rider was a stalwart buck of one hundred and seventy pounds, looking big and strong enough to carry the poor beast on his shoulders. He was armed with a huge club, with which, after the word was given, he belabored the miserable animal from start to finish. To the astonishment of all the whites, the Indian won by a neck.

"Another race was proposed by the officers, and after much 'dickering,' accepted by the Indians, against the next best horse of the garrison. The bets were doubled; and in less than an hour the second race was run by the same pony, with the same apparent exertion and with exactly the same result.

"The officers, thoroughly disgusted, proposed a third race and brought to the ground a magnificent Kentucky mare, of the true Lexington blood. The Indians accepted the race and not only doubled bets as before, but piled up everything they could raise, seemingly almost crazed with the excitement of their previous success. The riders mounted, and the word was given. Throwing away his club, the Indian rider gave a whoop, at which the sheep-

like pony pricked up his ears and went away like the wind, almost two feet to the mare's one. The last fifty yards of the course was run by the pony with the rider sitting face to his tail, making hideous grimaces and beckoning to the rider of the mare to come on!

"It afterwards transpired that the old sheep was a trick and straight-race pony, celebrated among all the tribes of the south, and had lately won for his master six hundred ponies among the Kickapoos of the Indian nation."

But what of our burly friar Hennepin? In the first account of his travels while La Salle was still living, he gave an account of his travels up the Mississippi. In a later account, *after* the death of La Salle, he stated that he had also descended the river to its mouth, which last he could not possibly have done in the time previously unaccounted for. In an attempt to take the honor from La Salle, he involves himself in a mass of contradictions that refute themselves.

Ascending the Mississippi in April, 1680, Hennepin and his companions were captured by the Sioux, and most of their supplies and gift trinkets confiscated. Their captors took him up the river to the neighborhood of the present site of St. Paul, and struck inland to the Sioux villages. Here Hennepin was adopted as a son by an aged Indian, which relieved him from the apprehension of death; he treated the sick and baptized an ailing child; preached to the Indians with little success, and was scandalized beyond measure when one of his adopted brothers stole his priestly vestments and wrapped within them the bones of a deceased friend.

Soon a buffalo hunt was announced; and Hennepin and his companions left the village at Mille Lac with the Indians and proceeded to the Mississippi; and the whites were permitted to descend the stream in search of traders whom La Salle had promised to send. On the way, they passed the Falls of St. Anthony; now seen for the first time by Europeans; and taking their name from the lips and pen of Hennepin. Full a century and a half were to pass before St. Paul and Minneapolis, the City of the Waters, were to be established here.

At the junction of the Chippewa, they joined a party of Sioux hunters and pursued the chase down the river; returning after a successful trip to learn that five "Spirits," or Europeans, had been seen in the neighborhood.

These proved to be Greysolon Du L'hut and four French companions. Lake Pepin took its name from one of these.

The travelers greeted each other cordially, and a great feast was made in their honor by the Sioux. The whites and Indians parted with mutual expressions of good-will, the former departing for Green Bay and Michilimackinac, at which latter point they arrived safely and spent the winter. Here Hennepin speaks of the Jesuit Pierson, also a Fleming, who skated with him on the lake, or fished with him through a hole in the ice. In the spring Hennepin went down to Quebec, departing thence for Europe, where he died some years later.

In the meantime, the population of St. Ignace de Michilimackinac had been augmented by numerous bands of Ottawas and Chippewas moving westward before the Iroquois, the number of Indian residents exceeding five thousand in all in 1680, scattered loosely along the beach and around the point. They clustered more thickly in the neighborhood of the mission churches on Moran Bay and above, at the Rabbit's Back, a rock of peculiar shape about three miles from the Point; and also in the shadow of the Fort on the hill, where the redoubtable Du L'hut held forth during the brief periods when he was not scouring the forests.

In 1686, Du L'hut, under orders from Governor Denonville, constructed Fort St. Joseph, near the present site of Fort Gratiot at the lower end of Lake Huron. In 1687 he was fighting in the Seneca country and in 1689 we find him stemming the torrent of the Iroquois invasion near Montreal. In 1695 he took command at Fort Frontenac, and died in 1709, regretted by all but the Iroquois as a brave man and a true son of France.

We are indebted to the Baron La Hontan for a breezy account of his travels in the North in 1688-90, the same being published in London in 1735. As copies of the edition may still be had at a little under one hundred dollars, I trust you will provide yourself with one, as you will find it very interesting.

Let us see what he had to say about some of the points known to us.

"As for the Water-fall of Niagara; 'tis seven or eight hundred foot high, and a half League broad. Towards the Middle of it we descry an Island that leans towards the Precipice, as if it were ready to fall. All the Beasts that cross the Water within half a Quarter of a League

above this unfortunate Island, are suck'd in by Force of the Stream; And the Beasts and Fish that are thus kill'd by the prodigious Fall, serve for food to fifty Iroqueuse, who are settled about two Leagues off, and take 'em out of the Water with their Canows. * * *

"In the Mouth of the Illinese Lake we met the Party of the Hurons that I mention'd before; and four or five hundred Outaouas, who were bound home, after having spent the Winter in hunting of Beavers upon the River of Saguinan (Saginaw).

"Missilimackinac, the place I am now in, is certainly a Place of great Importance. It lies in the Latitude of forty-five Degrees, and thirty Minutes; but as for its Longitude, I have nothing to say of it, for reasons mention'd in my second Letter. 'Tis not above half a League distant from the Illinese Lake, an Account of which, and indeed of all the other Lakes, you may expect else-where. Here the Hurons and Outaouas have, each of 'em, a Village; the one being sever'd from the other by a single Pallsadoe: But the Outaouas are beginning to build a Fort upon a Hill, that stands but 1,000 or 1,200 Paces off. This Precaution they were prompted to by the Murder of a certain Huron, call'd Sandaouires, who was assassinated in the Saguinan River by four young Outaouas. In this Place the Jesuits have a little House, or College adjoining to a sort of a Church, and inclos'd with Pales that separate it from the Village of the Hurons. These good Fathers lavish away all their Divinity and Patience to no purpose, in converting such ignorant Infidels: For all the length they can bring 'em to, is, that oftentimes they'll desire Baptisms for their dying Children, and some few superannuated Persons consent to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, when they find themselves at the Point of Death.

"You can scarce believe, Sir, what vast Sholes of white Fish are catch'd about the middle of the Channel, between the Continent and the Isle of Missilimackinac. The Outaouas and the Hurons could never subsist here, without that Fishery; for they are oblig'd to travel above twenty Leagues in the Woods, before they can kill any Harts or Elks, and 'twould be an infinite Fatigue to carry their Carcasses so far over Land. This sort of White Fish in my Opinion, is the only one in all these Lakes that can be call'd good; and indeed it goes beyond all other sorts of River Fish. Above all, it has one singular Property, namely, that all sorts of Sauces spoil it, so that 'tis always

eat either boil'd or broil'd, without any manner of Seasoning."

When the Algonquins and Ottawas settled, a few years before La Hontan's arrival, at Point St. Ignace, there came with them a celebrated Wyandot chief, Adario, or The Rat, who was fated to play a most important part in the destinies of the country; and who, it would seem, has never received fitting attention in the consideration of the early history of Michilimackinac. His doings have, it is true, been incidentally chronicled by LaHontan and Parkman; but it remains to be pointed out that he developed at Michilimackinac a plot which resulted in averting the contemplated peace between the French and the Iroquois, and was materially instrumental in bringing the English to the northwest country, with the direct result of lifting, or at least hastening, the latter into sovereign power over a vast territory.

La Hontan and Adario became very good friends; and to the former we owe an account of the ruse which had so tremendous an effect on the future of the entire country.

In 1688 the French and Iroquois were still very much at outs, but Governor Denonville was adopting a more conciliatory policy, and made the offer to Big Mouth, the Onondaga chief, to return some Iroquois prisoners taken at Fort Frontenac. This offer being agreeable, Big Mouth appeared at Montreal for a preliminary parley; a declaration of neutrality was inscribed; and promises made by the Onondaga that within a short time ambassadors from all the villages of the Five Nations would come to Montreal and conclude a general peace, much to the satisfaction of the French.

But the Michilimackinac chief Adario, whom Charlevoix pronounced the ablest Indian the French ever knew in America, turned all their cake to dough. Originally ousted from the St. Lawrence by the Iroquois, he dreaded above all things a peace between the latter and the French, which would leave his savage enemies free to attack him again in his northern retreat. A firm ally of the French, on the understanding that they would protect him and wage unceasing war against the Five Nations, he realized his danger should a truce occur. Richelieu himself never planned anything more wily than the ensuing scheme of Adario.

He had sallied from Michilimackinac with a few war-

riors in the summer of 1688 against his foes, and had proceeded as far as Fort Frontenac, where the French commandant informed him that Denonville was in hopes of concluding a peace with the Iroquois, and that a deputation of the latter was even then enroute to Montreal to draw up a treaty. The news confirmed his fears, but dissembling his thoughts, he left the fort as if to return home, saying, simply, "it is well."

But he shaped no course for Michilimackinac; instead, having secretly learned the course of the deputies, he hurried around to the Salmon River, then called La Famine, where they must pass. In four or five days they came, headed by the chief Decanisora, and they had no sooner disembarked than the ambushed northerners fired upon them, killing many, and wounding and taking the rest prisoners. They were much surprised at this apparent act of perfidy, and still more astonished when Adario informed them that it was Denonville himself who had sent him out to intercept an Iroquois *war-party*. It was then that they assured him that they were on an errand of peace; whereupon Adario affected to grow mad with rage against Denonville, declaring that he would be revenged on him for making him a tool in committing so fearful an act of treason.

"Go, my brothers," he cried, with imprecations against the Governor, "you are free! Although our nations are at war, I send you home again. The French Governor has made me commit so black an action, that I shall never be easy till the Five Nations have taken a full revenge!"

The ambassadors replied to this in friendly terms, being deceived by his apparent sincerity; and he dismissed them with ample presents, to return boiling with rage against the French. One of their number he kept, to take the place of one of his warriors lost in the ambuscade. Then, embarking, he flew with his little force to Michilimackinac; where no news of the intended peace had yet arrived. Here he delivered to the French his single captive; and they, to keep alive the old enmity between the Algonquins and the Iroquois, led him out and shot him, paying no heed to his protestations of deputyship.

The crafty Adario had still another arrow in his quiver. Going at night to an old Iroquois prisoner in the village, he led the astonished captive down to the beach, placed him in a canoe already provisioned, and said:

"My friend, you have seen what the cruel French did to

your brother, whom I tried to save; but whom they have taken from me and wantonly shot. My heart is filled with grief to think they have murdered my captive, to whom I had promised his life and whom I wished to protect. Go then, my brother, you are free; escape to your own country and tell your people how the ferocity of the French has overcome the intended kindness of Adario!"

Thus the cunning chief fanned anew the flame of discord between the French and the Iroquois, at a time when it was about to expire; and more than that, he laid the foundation for a peace between his own people and the dreaded enemy. The rage of the Five Nations when their bleeding deputies returned was increased to a steaming fury when the lone captive appeared from the Straits.

Every schoolboy knows the rest of the story. Denonville waited in vain for the coming of the ambassadors, and when he sent for information, the Iroquois vouchsafed the explanation that Sir Edmund Andros, the English Governor of New York, had desired them to wait a little with the negotiations.

Like a clap of thunder came their pre-determined reply to New France, when, on the fourth of August, 1688, the Iroquois landed in the night at La Chine, and gave over the French to the most horrible massacre in the annals of Canada. For two months the settlements along the St. Lawrence lay prostrate under the invaders; and butchery succeeded butchery till the remaining French grew wild with fear. The news spread far and wide among the Indians of the Upper Lakes; and at least nine of the tribes in the vicinity of Michilimackinac hastened to make their peace with the Iroquois, sending messages with wampum and gifts.

Thus did the stratagem of a northern savage play a tremendous part in the annals of the time. The rapid ascendancy of the English dated from the hour of Adario's plot; and the seemingly trifling ambush in the woods paved the way for the crushing defeat of the Plains of Abraham. The dice-box of history records few stranger throws than the intrigue of Adario, a resident of Michilimackinac; and the cunning of The Rat has perhaps altered the destinies of the North and of us all.

Just how Adario managed to retain the good graces of the French thereafter is not very plain to us. However, he does not appear to have been molested, and it is probable that later he settled at Detroit with many of his na-

tion. It is certain that the Wyandots and Iroquois made up their differences in great part, and that the former dwelt long beside the river; where they had great influence among the lake tribes, and bequeathed their name to a thriving suburb of the great city.

Before we say goodbye to so brainy a savage, it will be interesting to touch upon his sage talks with La Hontan, as reported by the latter at Michilimackinac. Call these interviews apocryphal or fictitious if you will; is it not probable that so shrewd a personality might have decided views on the philosophy of living? Thus:

The Savage call'd Rat, whom I have mention'd so often in my Letters, has said to me several Times, that the only Thing in the World that vex'd and disturb'd his Mind, was the seeing Men wage War with Men. Prithce, my Brother, said he, do but look; our Dogs agree perfectly well with the Iroquese Dogs, and those of the Iroquese bear no enmity to Dogs that come from France. I do not know any Animal that wages War with others of its own Species, excepting Man, who upon this Score is more unnatural than the Beasts. For my Part (continues he) I am of the Opinion, that if the Brutes could think and Reason, and communicate their Thoughts, 'twould be an easy Matter for them to extirpate the Human Race; For, in earnest, if the Bears and Wolves were but capable of forming a Republick, who could hinder them to draw together a body of Ten or Twelve thousand, and to fall upon us? If such a Thing should happen, what defence can we make? They would scale our Villages with the greatest Facility imaginable, and after the pulling down of our Huts devour ourselves. Could we in such a case undertake a Hunting Expedition, without running the risque of being torn in pieces? We should then be reduced to live upon Acorns and Roots, without Arms, and without Cloaths, and to run the perpetual Hazard of falling into the Clutches of these Animals. Their Strength and Nimbleness would sink all Opposition from us, and command us to yield. Let us conclude therefore, my dear Brother, that this Reason which Man boasts so much of, is the greatest Instrument of his Misery; and that if Men were without that Faculty of Thinking, Arguing, and Speaking, they would not imbarque in mutual Wars as they now do, without any regard to Humanity or sacred Promises.

On being reproached by La Hontan for his lack of knowledge of the true God, Adario replied:

Dost thou believe we are void of religion, after thou hast dwelt so long among us? Dost thou not know that we acknowledge a Creator of the universe, under the title of Great Spirit or Master of Life, whom we believe to be in everything and unconfined as to limits? That the Great Spirit has made us capable of distinguishing good from evil, to the end that we might observe Justice and Wisdom? We know well that tranquillity and serenity of soul pleases the great Master of Life, and that he abhors trouble and anxiety of mind, because it renders men wicked.

We believe that we shall go to the Country of Souls after death; but we have no such apprehension as yourselves, of a good and a bad mansion after this life, provided for the good and bad souls; for we cannot tell whether everything that appears faulty to man is so in the eyes of God. The Jesuits allege that out of five or six hundred sorts of religions there is only one that is the good and true one, and that is their own; out of which no man shall escape the fire that will burn his soul to all eternity. This is their allegation, but when they have said all, they cannot offer any proof for it.

And why do you not live up to the commandments of this your so true religion? Your merchants say, when they bargain with us for beaver skins: "My goods cost me so much; 'tis true as I adore the Almighty! I lose so much by you, 'tis as true as that God is in heaven!" But I do not find that they offer him the sacrifice of their most valuable goods, as we do after we have bought them from them, when we burn them before their faces.* And as for working on holy days, I do not find that you make much difference between holy days and work days; for I have frequently seen the French bargain for skins on your holy days, as well as make nets, gamble, quarrel, and commit a hundred other extravagances. 'Tis a common thing among you that upon the least accident you clap your hands to your swords and butcher one another. And as for your fasts, I must say they are very comical; you eat of all sorts of fish till you burst again; you cram down eggs and a thousand other things, and yet you call this fasting. In fine, my brother, you do make large preten-

*Note—La Hontan avers that in one day fifty thousand crowns worth of goods were burned by the Indians at Michilimackinac, as a sacrifice to Gitchi Manito.

sions to faith, and yet you are downright infidels; you would fain pass for wise people, and at the same time you are fools.

I am persuaded that since the Great Spirit is so just and so good, 'tis impossible that his justice should render the salvation of mankind so difficult, as that all of them should be damned that are not retainers to your religion. The Great Spirit requires of us all uprightness of life, love to our brethren, and tranquillity of mind; these duties we practice in our villages while the Europeans defame, kill, rob, and pull one another to pieces in their towns. My friend, never shalt thou see the great Country of Souls unless thou turnest Huron!

Dispassionate reflection convinces us that although Adario claimed to be a Wyandot of the Hurons, he must have been from Missouri.

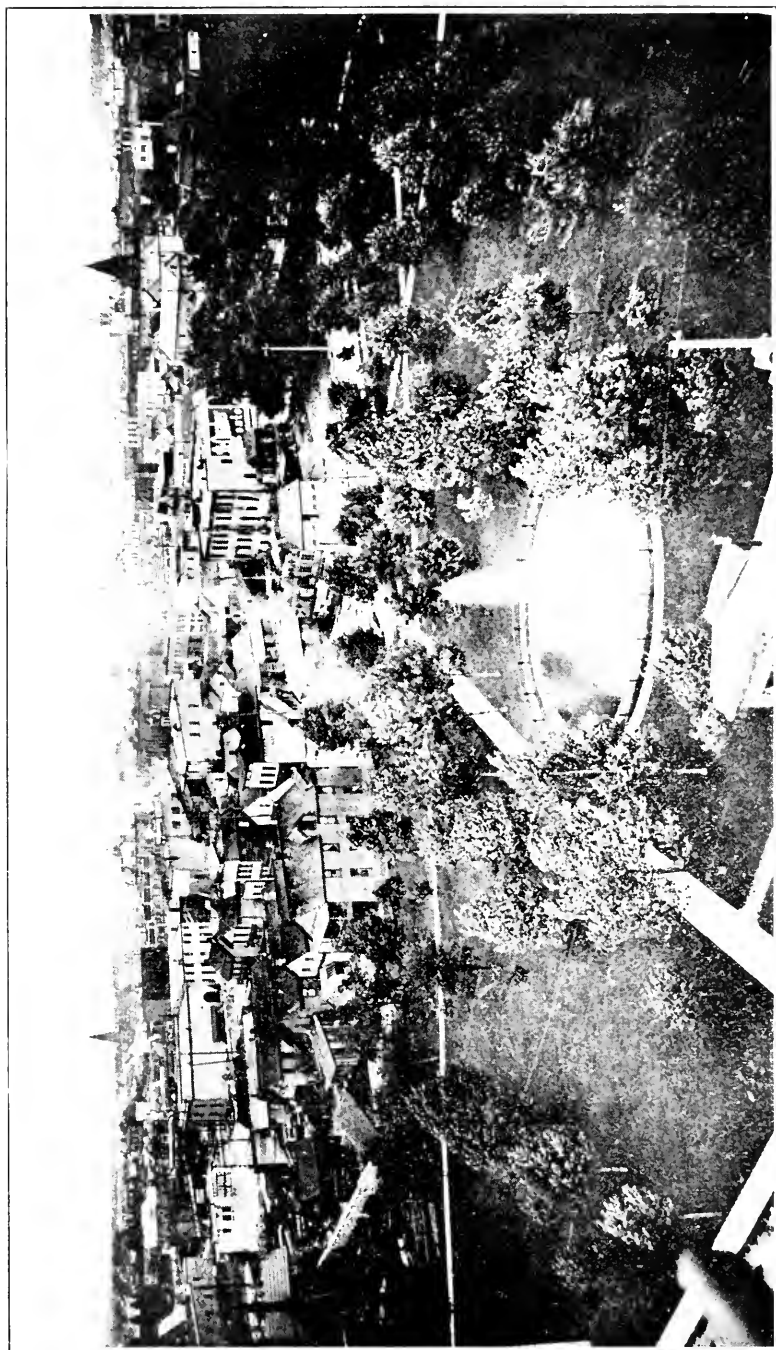
It was in 1687 that La Durantaye, then commandant at Michilimackinac, had captured near there the Dutch trader Rooseboom and taken him prisoner to the fort, where his goods were distributed among the Indians, and whence he was sent prisoner to Quebec with the luckless Englishman McGregory, captured by La Durantaye on his way to Niagara with two hundred French and four hundred Indians. The time was not yet ripe for the English on the Upper Lakes.

At Irondequoit, La Durantaye joined forces with Governor Denonville. Saint-Vallier has described the Michilimackinac Indians on this occasion as "wearing nothing but horns on their heads and the tails of beasts behind their backs. Their faces were painted red or green, with black and white spots; their ears and noses were hung with ornaments of iron, and their naked bodies were daubed with figures of various sorts of animals."

The allied forces advanced against, and destroyed, the great village of the Senecas. But the latter themselves easily escaped; the English espoused their quarrel; and Denonville was glad enough to open negotiations with the Iroquois for a lasting peace, which might have been brought about but for the intervention of The Rat.

In 1690 La Durantaye, together with the Jesuit Carheil, wrote from Michilimackinac to Frontenac, who was back at Quebec, that the tribes around there were at the point of going over to the English, having heard with great apprehension of the massacre at Montreal. Frontenac really had no men to spare, but knowing the impor-





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tance of the post, he sent Captain Louvigny with one hundred and fifty Canadians and six Indians to replace La Durantaye. With them went Nicholas Perrot and a conciliatory letter to the resident Indians.

On their way up the Ottawa they met a band of Iroquois, which they routed; taking one prisoner, whom they gave to the crafty Rat, still at Michilimackinac. The captive was led to the stake and tortured, but as he did not show the usual bravery, they deemed him unworthy to die the death of a warrior, and he was led out and shot.

At this time the straits villages of the Ottawas and Hurons were side by side, separated only by a fence; their dwellings were mostly long arched-roof structures, covered with bark. The colony of French traders curved along the beach, and consisted of log cabins roofed with cedar bark. The Fort was at that time known locally as Fort Buade. Its doors were always kept closed to the Indians during the drinking matches which the traders gave on important occasions. The Indians insisted on being supplied with brandy when bartering their furs, and their orgies frequently ended in murder.

No wonder Frontenac was worried about the post at the straits. There were three years' collections of beaver skins at Michilimackinac, and they simply must be brought through to Montreal, as Canada at this time was absolutely dependent on the fur trade for existence. Forwarded under heavy guard from the fort, two hundred great canoe loads of furs safely descended the Ottawa, and the joy was indescribable when the precious freight was safely landed at Montreal.

In 1694 the celebrated La Mothe-Cadillac replaced Louvigny at Michilimackinac. He found himself presiding over one of the very largest villages in Canada, with two hundred soldiers and six or seven thousand Indians, a Jesuit mission, and a flourishing colony of traders. The Hurons of the village, however, were secretly exchanging wampum belts with the Iroquois, whose envoys came ostensibly as prisoners of the Hurons. Two of these messengers were stabbed by the French, and another was tied to the stake by the Ottawas, burned with red-hot gun barrels, and served up as broth; Cadillac swearing meanwhile that a fate no sweeter awaited any others taken in this manner.

One inducement for the Indians to treat with the Iroquois and English was the procuring of rum at lower cost.

The annals of the time are filled with the liquor question. The priest Carheil, in charge of the mission, did not hesitate to roundly score Cadillac to his superiors. Cadillac tells us: "He (Carheil) told me that I gave myself airs that did not belong to me, holding his fist under my nose at the same time. I came very near knocking his jaw out of joint."

But Carheil says:

"Our missions are reduced to such extremity that we can no longer maintain them against the infinity of disorder, brutality, violence, injustice, impiety, impurity insolence, scorn, and insult which the deplorable and infamous trade in brandy has spread universally among the Indians of Michilimackinac." He describes at length the scandalous conduct of the officers, the drunkenness and gambling of the soldiers and traders, and says the fort had become a place he was ashamed to call by its right name, with swarms of Indian girls resorting to it daily and nightly. He suggested to Frontenac that the mission, however, should not be abandoned, but that the officers and garrison should be withdrawn; and that discreet and virtuous persons should be chosen to carry on the trade at the missions of the Jesuits themselves, and in sympathy and correspondence with the Jesuits.

In reply to this, Cadillac wrote Frontenac that the post should be removed to Detroit, not forgetting to take a parting dig at Carheil: "The Jesuits wish to be masters wherever they are, and cannot tolerate anybody above themselves." But the Jesuit stood manfully by his guns: "What hope can we have," says he, "of bringing the Indians to Christ, when all the sinners of the colony are permitted to come here and give Christianity the lie by an open exhibition of bad morals?"

Hear also the voice of the trader: "If you prevent me from taking good brandy to Michilimackinac, is it that you want the Indians to buy bad rum from the English and the Dutch? If you make the savages go south for rum, by cutting off their supply of brandy, you will throw them into the arms of the Calvinists, and it is your fault if they become heretics!"

But if drinking and gambling were all too prevalent at the Point, Louis XIV. drew the line at blaspheming by his subjects at Michilimackinac and Montreal. Here is the law: It is our will and pleasure that all persons convicted of profane swearing and blaspheming the Name of

God, the Most Holy Being, His Mother, or the Saints, be condemned to the payment of a fine, according to their possessions and the enormity of the oath; if the offense is repeated, a double, triple, or quadruple fine shall be imposed for the second, third or fourth offence; for the fifth time they shall be set in the pillory and exposed to public abuse; for the sixth time the upper lip shall be seared with a hot iron; for the seventh the lower lip shall be cut; and if they still continue to utter oaths and blasphemies, it is our will and command that they have the tongue completely cut out, so that they cannot utter them again.

Thus we see that Connecticut did not have all the blue laws, and that the Puritans were not the only people made moral by law.

There is nothing new under the sun. In one place Cadillac writes: "Besides our garrison, there are many other persons who are residents here only two or three months in the year." Thus, you see, before Detroit had a place on the map, Mackinac was a *summer resort*. And again: "This place is exposed to all kinds of fatigue, the air is penetrating, fish and smoked meat are the principal food of the inhabitants, and a drink of brandy is necessary after eating, to cook the bilious meats and the crudities which they leave in the stomach; without it, sickness will be much more frequent." This was after the King had promulgated a prohibitory law for all of Canada. Michigan prohibitionists think themselves very modern, but the fact is that they are two hundred years behind the French. But the law came a long way short of enforcement; liquor, although contraband, circulated freely; and an attempt was made to avert the scandal by the erection of breweries in Canada, the argument being that "we may expect the vice of drunkenness will cause us no more reproach, by reason of the cold nature of beer, the vapours whereof rarely deprive men of the use of judgment."

But the departure of Cadillac and the garrison for Detroit in 1701 settled the liquor question at Michilimackinac, for he took most of the Indians with him. The latter dreaded the Iroquois, and felt it necessary to remain under the shelter of the French guns. The Jesuits did their best to prevent the removal of their red charges, but without success, and in 1705, with the Iroquois still menacing, they burned their mission and returned to Quebec.

And who could blame them? Not he who knows the import of that old French proverb: "To die is nothing,

but to live in the midst of fire is too much!" Their Indians had departed, and there was nothing to be gained by remaining but a possibility of a lingering death at the stake.

The Wyandots remained at Detroit, but later many of the Ottawas returned to Michilimackinac, and Father Marest resumed the mission. Here also came Louvigny, the old commandant, with a small garrison, and in 1716, when the Green Bay Foxes became hostile, he besieged their fort and returned in triumph to Michilimackinac with six of their leading chiefs as hostages. In 1728 he again proceeded against them, with a thousand Indians and five hundred French, and drove them westward to the Mississippi. It remained, however, for the commandant De Villiers to settle the question with them for all time; which he did in 1730 by wiping them out as a nation.

It was probably about the time of Charlevoix's visit in 1721, or shortly before, that the French and Indians began to establish themselves on the south side of the straits. He found the village at the Point shorn of its former glory, many of its inhabitants having gone to Detroit, and the fur trade having declined in consequence. The English had firmly established themselves at Hudson's Bay, and the tribes on Lake Superior came no more to the straits for traffic. He speaks of the excellent location of Michilimackinac, however, at the junction of the three mighty lakes.

There is record of French trading with the Indians on the southern peninsula shore of the straits in 1714, and it is probable that a stockade was built there at that time. The Indians called this place Peekwutinong and Michilimackinac indiscriminately.

The Frenchmen of the locality, though fewer in numbers, retained all their old dash and verve. A band of voyageurs from Michilimackinac made a descent on the Hudson Bay posts of the far north, where they burned and destroyed at will, and brought home triumphant a number of small brass cannon by way of St. Mary's Falls; afterward setting up the tiny pieces in the fort on the south side of the straits, where in time they came back into possession of the English.

Meanwhile we find the Saulteur Chippewas getting more of a foothold around Point St. Ignace and the trading post at the south of the straits, while the Ottawas established their tribal headquarters farther south on the

shore of Lake Michigan at L'Arbre Croche. The French still held a precarious supremacy in the North, and when the French-English war broke out, Captain Charles Langlade came down the lakes from the straits with a fleet of canoes manned by two hundred and fifty Chippewas and Ottawas. He proceeded up the Maumee and attacked the English at Pickawillany, or Raymond's Fort. The Chippewas renewed their acquaintance with the Iroquois by assimilating a few of the latter with much gusto.

During all these years the trading must still have been good at Mackinac. Varin, the deputy at Montreal, had placed his stepson Le Verrier in charge of the Mackinac trading post, and we read that by sedulous attention to business, he accumulated a huge fortune from the fur traffic at that point.

Although New France had been surrendered to the English in 1760, there was no immediate change at Mackinac. The French remained in peaceable possession of the stockade on the straits, under most friendly relations with the Indians of the vicinity. The soldiers had been withdrawn for service in the east, but traders and trappers were still numerous, and the Chippewas and Ottawas might be counted on for uncompromising hostility to the British, whom they looked upon as interlopers. Langlade was there, and the famous Chippewa chief, Minavavana, friend and counselor of Pontiac.

A man of genius was Pontiac, the most striking figure of his time in the New World. Such a one as he would have ruled his fellow-men in any country, and under any circumstances of life. A mind keen and incisive; courage of the highest order; a prey to high ambition; quick to think and quick to act; possessed of extraordinary executive ability; these were some of the attributes of one of the most uncommon characters in the story of red America. By rare diplomacy he united all the northwestern tribes of Chippewas, Ottawas, and Potawatomes in one great confederacy against the British, and very nearly brought about the overthrow of British supremacy in Michigan and the Northwest. Deserted by the French King, he fought the King's battles for him, and showed him how an Indian could approach unto triumph that he had despaired of.

In 1762 Pontiac called the Chippewas, Ottawas and Potawatomes to a council at the present site of Grand Rapids, and told them of his intention to drive the

red coats into the sea. Here he skillfully contrasted the French with the English; the suavity, generosity and friendliness of the one, with the pride, haughtiness and rapacity of the other. He spoke of their great father, the French King, who was, he said, but sleeping; and would presently arise and take fearful vengeance on his British foes. He outlined to the delighted chiefs his plans of attacking simultaneously the twelve British posts in the west, and so cunningly were his stratagems laid, and so carefully kept secret by his allies, that nine of them succumbed almost without a blow, among them Michilimackinac.

For the details of the massacre at the latter post, we are indebted to the naive and unvarnished story of Alexander Henry, the English fur trader, who was present at the time and barely escaped with his life. Shortly after peace was declared and the country ceded to the British, Henry had set forth from Montreal for Michilimackinac, having heard that the latter was "richer in furs than any other part of the world," and being desirous of trading with the Indians in the new realms of the British King.

Upon arriving at the post with his goods, he was politely informed by the French that he was in danger of his life, and was warned to withdraw to Detroit. This he refused to do, announcing his original intention of trafficking with the Indians under his permit from General Gage.

He describes the fort as standing on the south side of the straits, very close to the water's edge. It had an area of about two acres, and was enclosed with a stockade of cedar pickets. On the bastions were the little brass cannon before mentioned, and within the stockade were some thirty houses and a Jesuit chapel. Here the outfits were prepared for the distant hunting-grounds on Lakes Michigan and Superior, the Mississippi and the Northwest; and here the great bales of furs were assembled and shipped to Montreal.

Most of the French settlers whom Henry found there had once served in the French army; but for a long time there had been practically no military discipline at the post, and its inhabitants were more settlers and traders than soldiers.

It must have been a cheering sight to Henry, when, after these sinister warnings, Minavavana, the Grand Saulteur, and sixty of his braves stalked into the English-

man's lodgings, each with a tomahawk in one hand and a scalping knife in the other. The Chief, a haughty and imposing warrior of fifty, seated himself on the floor with his men, smoked a pipe with great dignity, and finally spoke:

"Englishman, the French King is our father, and we have promised to be his children. How is it that you, his enemy, have dared to venture among us? During our father's nap, you have possessed yourselves of Canada, but when he awakes, what will become of you? He will utterly destroy you!

"In our warfare with you, many of our young men have been killed, and their spirits remain unsatisfied. Satisfaction may come to them in two ways, either by shedding the blood of you who shed theirs, or by *covering their bodies with presents*, and thus removing the resentment of their relatives. Your King has sent us no presents nor entered into any treaty with us, and until he does these things, we must consider the King of France our only father.

"But as for you, you come among us unarmed, to trade and supply us with useful necessities. We therefore regard you as our brother, and you may sleep tranquilly, without fear of the Chippewas. As a token of our friendship we present you with this pipe to smoke. Have you any English milk (rum)? It is long since we have tasted any."

So the peace pipe was passed around, and trouble seemed to be averted for the time being, Henry presenting the Indians at parting with some trifling presents and a little "milk." He proceeded to load his canoes for the Northwest country, when he was again confronted by a band of two hundred Ottawas from L'Arbre Croche, who coolly asked for fifty beaver skins worth of merchandise each, promising to pay for the same "in the summer!"

And they would have taken them, too, had not the long expected detachment of British troops arrived in the nick of time. At the coming of the red coats the Ottawas promptly decamped, and Henry and his fellow traders were free for a time to pursue their plans. Lieutenant Leslie, with three hundred soldiers of the Sixtieth Regiment, took possession of the post, and the English flag floated proudly in the breeze.

Henry spent the winter quietly at the fort, fishing a good deal; and mentions that there were three feet of snow.

In the spring of 1762 he went to Sault Ste. Marie, and the village there so pleased him that he took up his residence with Monsieur Cadotte for the ensuing winter, resolving to learn the Chippewa language. In the course of the summer came a small detachment of troops under Lieutenant Jemette, to garrison the little fort near the Falls.

It is elsewhere related in this volume how the fort was burned in midwinter, and the little detachment forced to proceed to Michilimackinac. Here, at the beginning of May, the commandant, Major Etherington, was warned by the French residents that trouble was brewing among the Indians; but the foolish Major so far discredited their stories that he threatened to send as a prisoner to Detroit the next one who ventured to bring him such a tale.

Meanwhile the Indians were coming in from all surrounding parts, frequenting the fort and disposing of their furs with every appearance of friendship. About four hundred savages, mostly Chippewas, were encamped around the stockade, which enclosed ninety privates and three officers, besides four English merchants and a number of French.

The year previous a Chippewa named Wawatam had dreamed of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother and friend; and upon first seeing Henry he had recognized him as the white man of his vision, and regarded him as one of the family henceforth; sealing the pact with presents and the utmost expressions of good-will. As the sequel proved, it was a lucky dream for Henry. On the second day of June, Wawatam came to him and threw out some slanting hints of coming trouble, after the Indian fashion, but Henry did not catch the drift of his red brother's remarks in time to get away from the massacre.

The fourth of June being the King's birthday, the visiting Chippewas announced that there would be a friendly game of lacrosse, or baggatiway, played from time immemorial by the Indians of North America. It was played with bats and a ball, the former being four feet in length with a sort of racket at the end; the opposing sides knocking the ball toward the opponents' goal, and the game being carried on with great energy and terrific din by all the participants. It was started on the sandy plain immediately adjoining the fort; a multitude of squaws and children wandered about the open gateway or squatted against the palisades; and the soldiers came out in little friendly groups to admire the game. What a fiercely con-

tested game it was! Now here, now there, the naked athletic figures of the Indians darted over the sands; at one moment bunched around the ball, at another scattered in swift pursuit, or screeching like fiends when the sphere soared high in the air.

Suddenly a swinging bat struck the flying ball with a thud, and over the pickets it went, and through the gate poured the savages in hot pursuit. But as they passed the opening, each snatched from his waiting squaw his tomahawk or scalping knife; and the war-whoop shrilled upon the air as the exultant Chippewas fell upon the unwary English. Never was surprise more complete; and from the window of the room where he had been writing, Henry witnessed the fate of Lieutenant Jemette and most of the soldiery. Many of them he saw writhing between the knees of the Indians, who scalped them while yet living; the butchers tore open the breasts of their victims and greedily lapped up their blood, shouting chants of victory the while. Seventy soldiers were killed on that morning, and the rest taken prisoners.

Henry fled to the house of the Frenchman Langlade for succor; where a Pawnee slave woman hid him in the garret. Here, although the Indians scoured the house in their search for him, he lay undiscovered until Langlade's wife stumbled upon him, and insisted upon his being given up to the Indians. Some of them wished to kill him, but he was rescued by his friend Wenniway; and the Chippewas resolved to take him and the other English survivors to the Beaver islands for safe-keeping.

Enroute to the Beavers, however, the Chippewas were ambushed and themselves captured by a party of one hundred Ottawas, who had not taken part in the massacre, and who were very much miffed at not having been invited to the same. The Englishmen found themselves among friends; nay, more, the Ottawas proceeded in their turn to take possession of the fort from the thoroughly surprised Chippewas, who proceeded to hold an indignation meeting over the loss of their prisoners. They made large presents from the fort plunder to the Ottawas, who forthwith condescended to return the prisoners to their Chippewa captors; and the event was celebrated by the murder of seven of them in cold blood.

At this desperate juncture, Wawatam most happily appeared and removed Henry from further danger. His

speech to the Englishman's captors is a typical example of Indian oratory:

"Friends and brothers, what shall I say? You know how I feel! What would you experience if you, like me, beheld your dearest friend, your brother, in the condition of a slave, exposed to insult and the menace of death? Is he not my brother, and as I am your relative, is he not your relative also? Did not you, Minavavana, promise that you would protect him, although you sent me away, fearing I should reveal your secret? Here am I, Great Chief, to claim him at your hands; coming not with empty hands myself, but with gifts to annul a possible claim that any may have on my brother as his prisoner. I await your answer."

To shorten the story, the inevitable pipe was lit up, and Wawatam received his white brother safely back again. He stowed Henry carefully away for the night and proceeded with his dish and spoon to the beach, where a feast had been prepared from the body of one of the murdered whits.

On the ninth of June, the Chippewas, fearing an attack by the British from below, resolved to move over to the Island, and took Henry with them. On the trip over the Straits, it was found necessary to appease a gale of wind by the sacrifice of a dog, which was thrown into the water with feet tied together. At the Island some incoming canoes from Montreal were seized, containing a large quantity of rum. As Wawatam was anxious to take part in the hilarious "drunk" that was bound to ensue, he took his white brother up the slopes to a cave in the hill-side and instructed him to remain within until called for, no matter how long the time.

Here Henry composed himself as well as possible for the night, in what is now known as Skull Cave, and slept well; but when the morning light penetrated the dim recesses of the cavern he was horrified to find that he had slept amid heaps of human bones and skulls, that covered all the floor! Another day and night passed before Wawatam's return, Henry taking to the bushes for his second night's repose, no doubt caring as little for his ghastly couch in the cave as you or I would have done under the circumstances. He found that Wawatam could tell him nothing about the bones within; and a joint examination by daylight led them to believe that a long time before the cavern had actually been filled with human bodies.

Henry himself was inclined to think that the bones were those of prisoners who had been sacrificed and devoured at war-feasts in years gone by.

He took up his residence with Wawatam on the Island, and as Indians were daily arriving from Detroit, where many of them had lost friends or relatives at the hands of the English, it was deemed expedient for him to adopt Indian guise and raiment. Thus attired he went over to the mainland in search of his clerks and furs, and was bitterly disappointed to find that they had vanished utterly. He embarked with his savage brother for the winter hunt in southern Michigan, and in the following spring managed to get over to Sault Ste. Marie, whence he proceeded in safety to join Sir William Johnson at Niagara.

I certainly like this red man Wawatam, who was as good a friend to Henry in his way as Pythias was to Damon. The last object to greet the Englishman's eye as he sailed away from Mackinac was his red brother, standing on the beach with hands uplifted to the sky, praying Gitchi Manito to spare and bless his friend, and bring them again to a pleasant meeting. Do you say that the only good Indian is a dead Indian? Not so, my friend; Wawatam could have taught many of us a lesson in brotherly love and kindness of heart.

In 1764 a peace was concluded with the Indians, and Pontiac buried the hatchet, becoming the recipient of a handsome pension from the British government. He was stabbed and killed by an Indian of his own tribe near the Mississippi River in 1767.

The stockade on the straits was held by the French traders for a year after the massacre, until finally it was taken over by British troops under Captain Howard. With the coming of the English, the Frenchmen for the most part joined the Chippewas on the island.

The way being open for English traders and travelers, Jonathan Carver next appears on the scene. He was the legitimate successor of Nicollet, Champlain, and Marquette, in that he was searching for the passage to China. Listen: "Those who are so fortunate as to succeed (in finding this passage) will reap emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectations. Perhaps they may bestow some commendations and blessings on the person who first pointed out to them the way. These, though but a shadowy recompense for all my toil, I shall receive with pleasure."

Carver left the fort in September, 1766, on a voyage of discovery through the Northwest. He describes the post as a strong stockade, sheltering a force of one hundred men, with separate buildings for the governor and commissary, and other dwellings for the traders.

Pardon me for here submitting Carver's celebrated snake story. The excellent Jonathan himself vouches for its accuracy.

A Menominee Indian, having captured a rattlesnake, found means to tame it; and thereupon treated it as a deity, calling it his Great Father, and taking it with him in a box wherever he went. He had done this for several summers, when he was accidentally met by a Frenchman as he was setting off for the winter hunt. The Frenchman was surprised one day to see the Indian place on the ground the box which contained his god, and opening the little door, give the snake its freedom; admonishing it to return by the time he himself should come back in the May following. As this was but October, the Frenchman opined that the Indian would have to wait a long time for the arrival of his Great Father. However, the Menominee was so confident of the creature's obedience, that he offered to wager Monsieur two gallons of rum that the snake would come at the time appointed and crawl into the box. Agreed, said the Frenchman, and the second week in May both were there to see the outcome. The Indian set down his box and called for his Father, but the snake heard him not, and poor Lo acknowledged that he had lost. But he was not discouraged, and offered to double the bet if the missing god did not come within two days more. This looked like easy money, and was promptly taken up; but *sacre bleu!* on the second day, about one o'clock, the snake arrived and crawled cheerfully into the box, wagging its tail the while in joy at getting back home!

Can you beat it?

Poor Jonathan Carver! He is forgotten now, and yet he was as great a traveller one hundred and fifty years ago as ever were Stanley and Livingston in their day; but there were no newspapers in his time to exploit and laud his travels. How he longed to penetrate to the Pacific, to do what no white man had ever done before! He tramped and canoed over seven thousand miles in the great Northwest, returning to New York exhausted and spent after three years of hardship and exposure, but with inval-

uable charts and papers. In an evil hour he started for London to publish the account of his discoveries; but the British government would not even give him permission to publish his own book of his own travels; and to the shame of Britain be it said, the first great American explorer lingered on in poverty and neglect in the British capital, and died of heart-break and starvation.

In the third decade of the last century, the heirs of Carver filed at the Court House on the Island the following curious deed, a gem in its way, part of the land conveyed therein now being occupied by the great city of St. Paul:

Record B, Folio 96.

Naudowessie Chiefs

to

Jonathan Carver, et al.

Received for record July 16, 1833.

To Jonathan Carver, a Chief under the most mighty and potent George the Third, King of the English and other Nations, the fame of whose courageous warriors has reached our ears and has been more fully told us by our good brother Jonathan aforesaid, whom we rejoice to see come among us and bring us good news from his country.

We, Chiefs of the Naudowessies, who have hereto set our seals, do by these presents, for ourselves and heirs forever, in return for the many presents and other good services done by the said Jonathan to ourselves and allies, give, grant, and convey to him, the said Jonathan, and to his heirs and assigns forever, THE WHOLE of a certain tract or territory of land, BOUNDED as follows, viz.:

From the Falls of St. Anthony, running on the east bank of the Mississippi; nearly southerd as far as the southeast of Lake Pepin, where the Chippeway River joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days travel, accounting twenty English miles per day, and from thence north six days travel at twenty English miles per day; and from thence again to the Falls of St. Anthony in a direct straight line.

We do for ourselves, heirs and assigns forever, give unto the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns, all the said land, with all the trees, rocks, and rivers therein, reserving for ourselves and heirs the sole liberty of hunting and

fishing on lands not planted and improved by the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns.

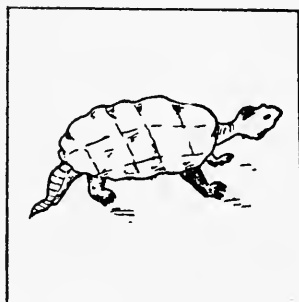
To which we have affixed our respective seals at the Great Cave May the First, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-Seven.

(signed)

HAWNOPAWJATIN.

X

his



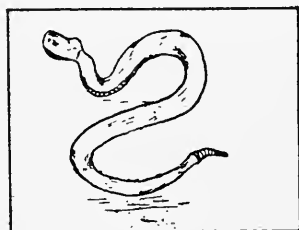
mark.

(signed)

OTCHTONGOOMLISHCAW.

X

his



mark.

Like the ancient Jonathan, many a man has stood at the outlet of Lake Superior and wondered what became of its mighty waters. "Though Lake Superior is supplied by nearly three hundred rivers, many of which are considerable ones, yet it does not appear that one-tenth part of the waters which are conveyed into it by these rivers are carried off at its evacuations. How such a superabundance can be disposed of, as it must be by some means or other, without which the circumference of the lake would be constantly enlarging, I know not." He decided, as has

many a geologist after him, that the waters seeped away through subterranean caverns.

Throughout the War of the Revolution the British garrison remained quietly at the fort; still it did not feel itself safe in the timber stockade on the mainland, and it was decided to move over to the Island. The Indians opposed the transfer, and even threatened the troops; but the commanding officer sent a vessel to Detroit for cannon, and the transfer was effected by midsummer, 1780.

In the following year the Chippewa chiefs deeded their and their nation's rights in the Island to George III. for five thousand pounds. Timber was brought over by boat and on the ice, and a fort wall of stone constructed, some eight feet in height.

In 1783 the Treaty of Paris ceded Mackinac to the American government; but it required a supplementary treaty in 1796 to insure the evacuation of the British troops. All the Indian claims pertaining to the Island and vicinity were taken care of by the United States when another treaty was signed with the various tribes at Greenville, Ohio, in August, 1795; and the Great Republic found herself in full possession of the Island fortress when, in 1796, a company of United States Infantry under Major Burbeck arrived and installed itself in the soldiers' quarters.

Shortly after the fort was constructed, an Indian chief encamped on the shore one night, and when he had fallen asleep, a fairy came to him and beckoned him to follow. His unearthly guide led him to an entrance immediately below the fort gate, whence he passed into a high domed room of vast dimensions, illumined by spectral lights; their brilliancy being increased by reflections from a thousands spars and crystals. At the far end, on a shining throne, sat one who appeared to be the leader of the Giant Fairies, and on either side in a great half circle sat spirits in solemn conclave, judging the fate of the Indians who were led before them. He beheld with interest and fear the deliberations of this dread tribunal, and at break of day was led back to his tepee on the beach; and though he searched with diligence thereafter for the passage to the grotto, neither he nor his friends were able to find it again.

The French and English merchants drove a thriving trade on the Island in the early years succeeding 1800. I think it was a Frenchman of Point St. Ignace who sent over to the Island the following requisition:

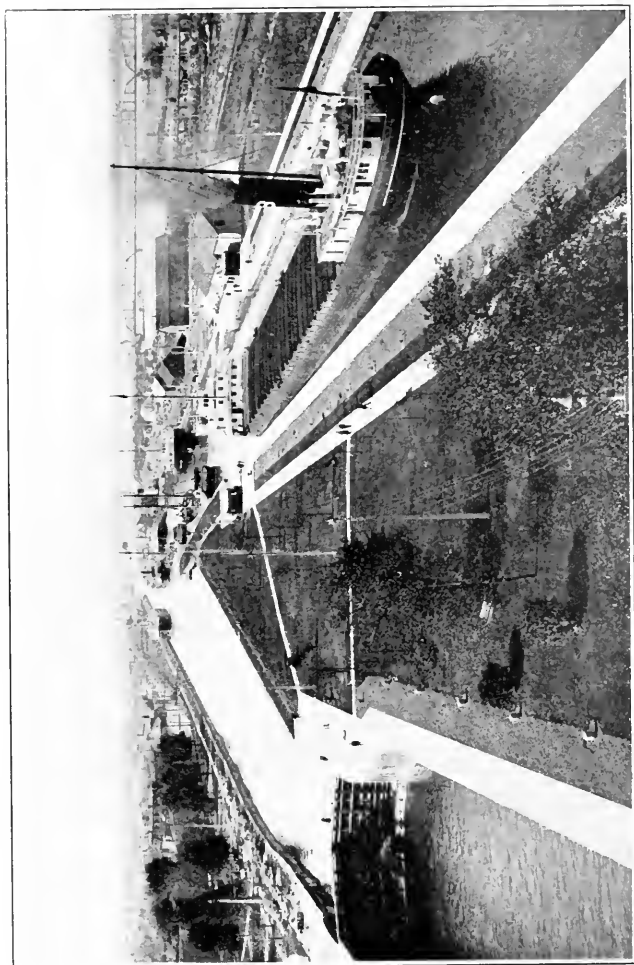
"You will put some shoe on my little families like this, and send by Sam Jameson, the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean, (me), 42 years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean, (she), 41 years; Hermedes and Leonore, 19 years; Honore, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia, and Phyllis, 16 years; Olivia, 14 years; Philippa, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and Eliza, 7 years; Adrian, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Moise, 2 years; Muriel, 1 year; Hilane, he go barefoot. How much?"

Ex-President Roosevelt might find reason to change his views concerning race suicide if he should visit Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie.

The year 1812 found the garrison at the Island fort well prepared for hostilities, and had due notice reached them of President Madison's proclamation of war, it is likely that the American troops would have held their own. They were commanded by the able Lieutenant Hanks, and plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition; but the British force on St. Joseph's Island received the first news of war from the British General Brock, and proceeded against Mackinac without delay. A thousand whites and Indians embarked with cannon and supplies on June 16, 1812, at St. Joseph's; and the early morning of the day following found them disembarking at British Landing, on the opposite side of the Island from the village and fort. An hour or two sufficed to haul the cannon through the woods to the high ground overlooking the walls, and the surprised garrison awoke to find itself under the guns of the enemy; and learned for the first time that war had been declared.

The Americans felt that to fight against such odds was hopeless; the more so as the enemy's ranks included several hundred Indians, who were fervently hoping for a chance at massacre and rapine. At noon a demand for immediate surrender was made; and as a council of the Americans decided that to resist was only to invite butchery, the fort and the garrison were surrendered accordingly. The British agreed not to molest private property, and left the American soldiers free to go on parole; and once more the flag of the lion floated from the battlements.

The key to the North could not be given up without a struggle. In 1814, cheered by Perry's glorious victory on Lake Erie, a fleet of seven vessels set out from Detroit, under command of Captain Sinclair, in the full hope of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF 500 LOCKS

recapturing the fort. Seven hundred soldiers were carried by the fleet, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Croghan.

Unfortunately the attack was first directed against the little fort on St. Joseph's Island, and while this was being destroyed, the British had ample time to get ready at Mackinac. To make sure of the rear, they had thrown up an earthen redoubt on the top of the hill above the fort, at the very place where they had planted their cannon in 1812. This earthwork was named Fort George, and was placed in the best possible condition for defense. The fort below was also filled with Canadian and Indian auxiliaries, and provisioned as well as possible.

When Captain Sinclair arrived before the Island with his little flotilla, he found the heights too strongly fortified to venture a frontal attack. Some desultory skirmishing ensued, and a scouting party was landed on Round Island, where one of the Americans was captured by the Indians. Nothing but quick work on the part of the British commander, McDouall, prevented a cannibal feast.

On the 4th of August, Lieutenant Colonel Croghan disembarked his troops at the bay shore across the Island, following the former route of the British; but this time the Islanders were prepared for battle. At this landing, a good two miles from the fort, the woods were very thick; and the attacking party fell in all directions from the fire delivered by the unseen enemy among the trees. Numerous ravines and thickets made the progress of the Americans very slow; and no sooner was one height gained before another, cannon-crowned, appeared before them. The gallant Major Holmes and Captain VanHorn were killed on the field, and Lieutenant Jackson and Captain Desha fell badly wounded. The soldiers fell into confusion at the loss of their officers, and a retreat to the boats was ordered.

As the vessels' guns could not be elevated sufficiently to fire into the forts, a blockading policy was decided upon. Most of the troops having been returned to the lower lakes, an incursion was made into Georgian Bay, and the British block house on the Severn River shelled and destroyed, along with the schooner Nancy, loaded with supplies for Mackinac. Whereupon the fleet sailed with Captain Sinclair for Detroit, leaving the Tigress and the Scorpion to maintain a blockade of the river and prevent the passing of further supplies.

Great was the dismay at Mackinac, when the captain of the ill-fated *Nancy* arrived and announced the destruction of his vessel and her supplies for the Island. Winter was coming on, and rations were low; and a daring plan was determined upon by McDouall and his stout little garrison. Setting out in open boats, one hundred and fifty men proceeded down the Bay, and on Sept. 3rd, under cover of night, they boarded the *Tigress* and took her after a fierce fight. Ascertaining the whereabouts of the *Scorpion* from their prisoners, with the aid of the captured signal-book they extracted her sting three days later by boarding her at dawn, she having dropped her anchor in fancied security within a few yards of the *Tigress*. The British returned in triumph with their trophies to the Island, where they remained until the evacuation in July, 1815.

The Treaty of Ghent settled, it is to be hoped for all time, the title of Mackinac. The American troops were welcomed back to the white-walled fort, and Fort George above it was re-christened Fort Holmes, in honor of the brave officer who fell at the head of his men, in the charge up the hill from British Landing. Fur-trading and merchandising, which had been sadly hampered by the war, were resumed; and the Island took on the guise of unstinted prosperity. The village was incorporated in 1817, and the postoffice was known until 1825 as Michilimackinac, after that as Mackinac, although the traders had shortened it to the latter appellation long before.

The operations of John Jacob Astor, founder and president of the American Fur Company, have played a prominent part in the history of the Island. It was he who built in 1822 the great warehouses and offices afterward transformed into a modern and comfortable hotel, the John Jacob Astor House. The Company was doing business at the Island before the war of 1812; and that unpleasant event was, for the time being, very detrimental to the trade. After the Treaty of Ghent, however, the traffic took on new life, millions of dollars worth of furs were here assembled, sorted and forwarded to New York, the Company employing four hundred clerks on the Island alone, besides two thousand traders, voyageurs and trappers.

The rivalry of the Mackinac Fur Co., owned principally by Montreal merchants, had operated to the disadvantage of Mr. Astor, but in 1811 he bought it out, and

after the war, his Company was practically supreme in trade throughout a vast stretch of territory.

The wise and patriotic efforts of John Jacob Astor in bringing about a better understanding between the Indian tribes of the Northwest and the American Government, have never been fully appreciated. His Company treated the red men with fairness and justice, and, due largely to this friendly feeling, it was not long before whatever sympathy the Indians retained for the British cause had disappeared. His potent influence was used at all times toward the progress of desirable immigration into the Northwest, and the upholding of the flag and the government.

His expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811, while resulting in a loss to him, was of distinct advantage to the country in establishing the claim of the government to Oregon and the northern boundary of the United States.

From the beginning of the fur trade, the Scotch have always been to the front of operations, and John Jacob Astor's manager at Mackinac was Ramsay Crooks, a Scotchman of education, intelligence, and breeding; and a former merchant of New York City. The old records of the American Fur Company are still extant, in remarkably good preservation, at the John Jacob Astor House on the Island, and the letters of Ramsay Crooks and Robert Stuart, his second in command, are often cited as excellent examples of the fine art of letter writing. One may read them with the keenest delight, and there is one in particular that is so solemn and delicious a roast, and so charmingly written withal, that I wish you to share it with me. And is there another reason, you ask? To be sure; that it may forever stand as a warning to the bibulously inclined.

St. Mary's Falls, 3rd August, 1819.

Mr. Goodrich Warner, Ance.

Sir—It is with no ordinary surprise and pain I learn how very improperly you conducted yourself on the voyage from Mackinac to this place, and whilst here.

I had hoped your good sense would have told you to pursue a very different course, particularly as I had at Mackinac been reluctantly compelled to express to you in very plain terms my abhorrence of your propensity to drunkenness, and my determination not to retain in the employ of the Company any person who, lost to the true feelings of a gentleman, took every opportunity to degrade

himself to the level of the brute creation. You have now attained too ripe an age for the follies and indiscretions of youth to be pleaded in extenuation of your shocking attachment to intemperance, and you must clearly understand that, added to the detestation I personally feel for such profligate practices, my duty to the Company as its Agent will not permit me to continue in its service any one whose habits disqualify him for executing with fidelity the trust reposed in him.

You have pledged the faith of an honest man to consult the interest of the Company at all times and under all circumstances, and to devote your whole time and attention to the faithful discharge of the duties of your station. How far or how well you have heretofore kept your engagements I will leave your own conscience to answer. Your conduct puts it in my power to refuse paying you a single dollar for the last year's services, yet I did not scruple to account for your salary as if you had been a good and upright servant.

Your behavior more than once authorized my denying you access to the Company's table, for you were not fit to be seen with gentlemen, yet I palliated and overlooked your deviation from strict propriety. The veil is, however, at last torn from my eyes, and you now stand before me in all the deformity of an ill spent life. I request you to understand distinctly that unless you give unquestionable proofs of a total reformation, and furnish proper grounds to believe you have altogether abandoned every improper habit, I cannot and most assuredly will not consent ever to meet you again as a gentleman and an honest man. In fact, you must convince me beyond the possibility of doubt that you possess sufficient firmness to resist the allurements of vice in any shape, and will for the future be exemplary in the practice of virtue, else you may rest assured that however painful it may be, it will nevertheless become an imperative duty to hold you up as an example to other young men who might be disposed to follow your devious course, and by discharging you with every mark of ignominy from the Company's service, leave you to the indulgence of your vicious propensities with the wicked and profligate, an outcast from society, a dishonor to your family, and a disgrace to human nature; but if you will listen to my warning voice, give up your pernicious habits, and become in reality a gentleman, I will forgive and forget your past sins, meet you in the spirit of

cordiality, and treat you according to your merits as a man and your ability as a trader.

Mr. Halliday will in all cases instruct you in your duty to the Company and you will govern yourself accordingly. He will I am sure impart to you with pleasure a knowledge of your calling, provided you behave as becomes you, and it will depend wholly on your future industry whether I shall henceforward consider you a valuable acquisition to the Company, or regret that I ever had the misfortune to meet you. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c,

RAMSAY CROOKS,
Agent American Fur Co.

Did the convivial Mr. Warner heed the ponderous warning, and reform before it was "everlasting too late"? That is one of the unsolved mysteries of the North, concerning which history sayeth naught. Some wag has written at the head of this letter the two words "NOTA BENE." (Mark well!)

A modern captain of industry would put it something like this, (by wire): "Cut out the booze or off goes your head!" It is extremely unlikely that the worthy Mr. Crooks ever awoke to the fact, about 4 p. m. of a business day, that he had thirty letters to get off on the 5:20 train.

Even in those early days "corners" in commodities were not unknown. In 1822 we find Robert Stuart writing to John Johnston and Charles Ermatinger at the Sault, offering the high price of thirty-five cents for muskrat skins; "not for any hope of getting but little advance on them, but merely *for the purpose of having control over the market.*" As many as one hundred and thirty thousand muskrat skins were shipped from the Island in one season by the Company, besides innumerable martin, beaver, deer and bear peltries.

In 1826 John Johnston and wife deeded to John Jacob Astor, Ramsay Crooks and Robert Stuart, three hundred and twenty acres of land at the Sault, including what is now Brady Field, for a consideration of \$1,000.00. The entry was recorded by Henry R. Schoolcraft, Judge of Probate.

Johnston's description of the Island village at this time is interesting:

"Before the traders arrived, the (only) street was unoccupied, and dullness and silence reigned unmolested.

Then, when they poured in, the houses were crowded to overflowing; and riot and revelry, festivity and song turned night into day. The excuse pleaded by the traders was their many fatigues, risks and privations during the winter, and their entire exclusion from all society; so that when they again met at Mackinac, where they were sure to see their friends and obtain an ample supply of wines and spirits, they thought themselves entitled to make up for lost time, by making the most of the short interval that elapsed between the sale of their furs, and the repurchase of goods for a new venture. The merchants kept open house for their friends and dependants, and vied with each other in hospitality to strangers. By the beginning of August the traders and trappers had left for the west and north, and tranquillity resumed its normal sway."

The Island was a focusing point for the fur-bearing territory as far west as the head waters of the Missouri. Here came the Indians in throngs, to clutter the beach with hundreds of wigwams, and spend the summer days and nights in feasting and riotous drinking. There were nightly dances at the homes of the inhabitants; everybody was cheerful and happy and had money to spend; and spent it royally as long as it lasted. When his earnings of the previous winter were exhausted, the voyageur set forth into the wilderness with a light heart, sure of a bountiful toll of furs, and looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to his return in the following summer.

Gurdon S. Hubbard, in his "Autobiography," a limited edition of which was printed for private distribution, has left us some vivid pictures of life on the Island and in the vicinity during the incumbency of the Fur Company, for which he was clerk. In his time four companies of American troops occupied the fort on the hill; and the village contained a fixed population of about five hundred, mostly of Canadian-French and mixed Indian blood, whose chief occupation was fishing in summer and hunting in winter. From two to three thousand more Indians frequented the Island every summer.

On one of his trips in a clerical capacity for the Company, Mr. Hubbard was witness of a striking example of Indian vengeance. He calls it the most thrilling incident of his life.

While camping on the Grand river one evening with his men, he was informed that an Indian, who, the year

previous, had killed one of the sons of a local chief in a drunken quarrel, had come to deliver himself up and suffer the penalty according to Indian custom. At the time of the killing of the chief's son, he had several children by a wife of the Manistees, and was very poor; possessing nothing but some wearing apparel and a few traps. Knowing his life would be forfeited unless he could ransom it with articles of value, he departed in the night for the headwaters of the Muskegon, where he had hoped to trap successfully and return thence in the spring.

But his operations failed completely; and the chief, in accordance with Indian law, demanded the life of one of his wife's brothers, as a sacrifice to the spirit of his dead son. A younger brother set forth in search of the murderer, and having informed him of the chief's ultimatum, they returned together to the scene of the crime.

Soon after sunrise the news spread through the camp that he was coming. The chief hastily selected a spot in a valley between the sand-hills, where he placed himself and family in readiness to receive him; while the traders and Indians sought the slopes around, where they might have an opportunity to witness all that should occur. Presently they heard the thump of an Indian drum, and soon after the mournful voice of the Indian chanting his death song; and then they beheld him, marching with his wife and children, slowly and in single file, to the place of his execution, still singing and beating the drum.

When he came before the chief he placed the drum on the ground, and his wife and children seated themselves on mats which had been prepared for them. He then addressed the chief, saying:

"My father, in a drunken moment I stabbed your son, being provoked thereto by his accusing me of being a coward and calling me an old woman. I fled to the marshes, hoping that the Great Spirit would favor me in the hunt, so that I could pay you for your lost son. I was not successful. Here is the knife with which I killed him; by it I wish to die. Save my wife and children. I am done."

The chief received the knife, and, handing it to his eldest son, said: "Kill him." The son advanced, and placing his left hand upon the shoulder of his victim, made two or three feints with the knife, plunged it into his breast to the handle, and immediately withdrew it.

Not a murmur was heard from the Indian or his wife

and children. Not a word was spoken by those assembled to witness. All nature was silent, save only the singing of the birds. Every eye was turned upon the victim, who stood motionless with his eyes firmly fixed upon his executioner, and calmly received the blow without the appearance of the slightest tremor. For a few moments he stood erect, the blood gushing from the wound at every pulsation; then his knees began to quake; his eyes and face assumed an expression of death, and he sank upon the sand.

During all this time the wife and children sat perfectly motionless, gazing upon the husband and father. Not a sigh or a murmur escaped their lips until life was extinct, when they threw themselves upon his dead body, lying in a pool of blood, in grief and lamentation; bringing tears to the eyes of the traders and causing a murmur of sympathy to run through the multitude of Indians.

Turning to a friend nearby, down whose cheeks the tears were trickling, Hubbard said: "Why did you not save that noble Indian? A few blankets and shirts and a little cloth would have done it!" "Oh, my boy," he replied, "we should have done it, we should have done it! It was wrong and thoughtless of us. What a scene we have witnessed!"

Still the widowed wife and her children were clinging to the dead body in tears and grief. The chief sat motionless for a few moments; then he arose and approached the body, and in a trembling voice he said: "Woman, cease your weeping! Your husband was a brave man, and like a brave, was not afraid to die as the rule of our nation demanded. I adopt you and your children in the place of my son; our lodges are open to you; live with any of us; we will treat you as our own sons and daughters, and you shall have our protection and our love." "That is right," was heard from the assembled Indians, and the tragedy was ended.

Mr. Hubbard was present on the Island when Alexis St. Martin was accidentally shot, and aided Dr. Beaumont in caring for him. A charge of shot entered the man's abdomen, nearly killing him; and when the wound healed, an orifice was left through which the action of the stomach on its contents could be plainly observed. Dr. Beaumont's observations of this case were published and became famous the world over, adding a very valuable contribution to the science of physiology.

In 1833 Henry R. Schoolcraft came to the Island as Indian agent from Sault Ste. Marie, continuing in the office until 1841. The Indian Residency occupied very nearly the present site of the George T. Arnold home, and commanded a beautiful view of the straits that was a source of perpetual joy to Schoolcraft. Here he continued to prove himself a steadfast friend of the red man, and pursued the researches into Indian manners and history that have made him celebrated among mankind.

The fisheries of Mackinac compensated its inhabitants in great part for the decline in the fur traffic, and in the middle of the last century it was no uncommon thing to ship east and south a quarter of a million barrels and packages of fish per year, mostly trout and whitefish.

Among the pioneers of Mackinac, whose descendants still remain, were the families of O'Malley, Chambers, Murray, Durkin, Mulcrone, Geary, Hoban, McCarthy, Hogan, McCann, Donnelly, Dowd, Carrigan, McNally, Broghan, Garrity, Early, Gallagher, and Walsh. Your surmise is correct, my friend, the seventeenth of Ireland is something of an event in these parts.

Mackinac Island became a city in 1890, and the corporate limits include the whole of the Island. An act of Congress of May, 1895, turned over to the State of Michigan for use as a State Park, the military reservation and buildings, and the national park on the Island.

The first mayor was Mr. M. G. Bailey, succeeded by W. P. Preston, R. Benjamin, David W. Murray, and the present incumbent, W. D. Chambers.

The occasion may be deemed appropriate for mention of what is probably the most grotesque bit of history in the annals of the American Union; the institution and maintenance of a royal court in the Beaver Islands, in the vicinity of Mackinac. Royal, say you? Surely, my friend, royalty, with all its trimmings.

After the death of Joseph Smith and the dispersion of the Mormons at Nauvoo, in May, 1847, James Jesse Strang, with four others, visited Beaver Island on an exploring expedition. The locality was deemed favorable, and they shortly brought over five Mormon families; and in 1849 there were several hundred of them on the island. There were a few Gentiles there, but they were gradually displaced by the newcomers, who constructed a little village, at first called James, after its founder; the name afterward being altered to St. James. Missionaries were

sent out, and along in 1850 converts flocked there in goodly numbers. St. James was made the permanent headquarters of the church, which, at its annual conference in July, 1850, was re-organized as a kingdom, with Strang as king, apostle, prophet, seer, revelator, and translator. The communal plan was abandoned, and the lands of the church were apportioned among its members; tithes were instituted, and the fund thus created paid the taxes, cared for the poor, and met all general expenses. The Royal Press was established and the Northern Islander printed; a huge tabernacle was erected, laws prohibiting tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor were passed, and the women of the colony were required to wear dresses of knee-length only. Saturday was observed as the Sabbath, and attendance at church on that day was made compulsory.

Polygamy was sanctioned, but was not extensively practiced; the king, however, had five wives, and some of the other leading men three.

Strang's sway was absolute over a colony of two thousand people and he even made treaties with the Indians. Dissensions with the residents of Mackinac arose, and on one occasion Strang was seized and taken over to the Island, where Justice O'Malley sentenced him to a life term in jail for contempt of court, and *added one year* to the term upon Strang's refusal to pay a fine. The sentence was not served out, however, as the king was taken to Detroit on the United States steamer Michigan; where, when tried on a charge of piracy and treason, Strang pleaded his own case and was acquitted.

The king was described as a large and handsome man, with a great air of authority. After his acquittal, he ruled at St. James with a higher hand than ever, until, in 1856, the Michigan again visited his capital; and as he was going down to pay her officers a friendly visit, two disaffected Mormons shot him from ambush and mortally wounded him. After his death, the mainland settlers who had suffered at his hands made a descent upon the island, burned the tabernacle and printing office, pillaged the royal castle and carried off the king's library. The Mormons were given notice to leave the island, and soon there was left but a fleeting memory of the once powerful King Strang.

A thriving city of twenty-five hundred people has succeeded to the fort and Indian village of St. Ignace, incorporated in the year 1883; and her mayors, who have

served her with uniform fidelity and honor to themselves, have been: A. Foley, Michael Mulcrone, O. W. Johnson, James Reid, Wm. Saulson, Martin Jamieson, Michael Chambers, S. Farrell, E. Sherwood, James Connors, John Mulcrone, Thos. F. Madden, J. B. Clark, Eli Brizette, Wm. St. James, E. H. Hotchkiss, P. J. Murray.

Nothing is left of the once crowded fortifications but a grassy bank on the edge of the forest. Across the Point on the shore of Lake Michigan, old moss-covered headstones rest lightly on the voyageurs of long ago; and the bustling little city scarcely gives a thought to the ancient heroes who made the location famous for all time. The people of Mackinac Island are looking forward with much anticipation to the visit of the President in August of this year (1909), when the great statue of Marquette will be unveiled in the park which bears his name.

Do you wonder that the Chippewas made Michilimackinac the home of their Great Spirit? Or that they crowned its physical loveliness with the airy diadems of legendary lore? There are as many legends of Mackinac as there are pebbles on its curving beach. Perhaps, if you wish, I may write some of them down for you at a later date. Shall we read together one more at parting? Let it be

THE LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP.

Centuries ago there lived on the Island of Michilimackinac a renowned warrior named Wawanosh. Chief of an ancient family of his tribe, he united a proper pride of ancestry with the qualities of strength, courage and activity, and the advantages of a handsome and commanding figure. In short, he was in equally high regard as a hunter, a warrior, and an advisor; occupying a foremost place in the councils of the nation and the esteem of its braves.

His life was blessed with an only daughter; and her father was not more celebrated for his deeds of strength than was Lotah for her womanly virtues, her rounded form, her gentle and beaming hazel eyes, and her luxuriant dark and curling hair.

At the age of eighteen her hand was sought by a youth of humble parentage, who was recommended by no other merits than a promise of sturdy manhood, a healthy and cheery personality, a fair share of good looks, and a clear

and flashing eye that shone with the fire of honest love. Do you wonder that these merits appealed to the daughter? She loved him truly in return, but the haughty Wawanosh looked with disfavor on the poor young wooer.

Said the chief to the lad: "You ask me, boy, to bestow on you my daughter, the solace of my age, and the choicest gift from the Master of Life. What have you done to make yourself worthy of her? Where are your scalps, the trophies of victory? Have you ever met your enemies on the field of battle? Where are the furs to prove you successful in the winter hunt? I counsel you to earn a name for yourself before you presume to marry into the blood of Wawanosh!"

The lover departed, depressed but not disheartened. The thought of his mistress warmed his heart and rekindled his ambition; and he resolved forthwith to acquire from the enemy the trophies so sneeringly demanded by Wawanosh. Before ten suns had set, he found himself at the head of a band of youthful warriors; all eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves in battle. Armed with their flint lances, their bows, arrows and war-clubs, and knives of stone or copper, painted and feathered according to the custom of warriors about to go forth to battle, they repaired to the shores of the Straits, to the spot appointed for the war-dance.

Here a level and grassy plain extended along the beach for nearly a mile from the lodge of Wawanosh. Bark wigwams were scattered across the lovely heath; and here and there a solitary pine. Midway between the shore and the swelling hill stood an enormous tree; its top blasted by lightning; but the trunk still erect and vigorous, marking from time immemorial the scene of the war-dance. There the youths assembled; their tall and graceful leader distinguished by the spreading tuft of eagle feathers on his head. With a measured and solemn chant he led his men several times around a bright fire of pine wood blazing on the green; then, suddenly halting, the war-whoop was raised and the dance began. An old man sitting at the foot of the tree beat time upon the drum; while others shook their rattles, and made the woods resound with their yells. Thus the dance was continued for two days and nights.

At length the conjuror uttered his prediction of success, and the warriors filed away to their rendezvous on the confines of the enemy's country. You may be sure

the young leader did not depart without a last meeting with the daughter of Wawanosh. He told her of his great desire and determination to establish a name as a warrior; of his dreams, which had not been propitious; of his invocations to the Great Spirit; and finally, repeating their vows of mutual love and pledging fidelity, they parted.

That parting was final. Two moons later, one of the band came to Lotah's lodge with the sorrowful news that her lover had been wounded on the field of battle by the flying enemy, and had died in the arms of his friends, sending her a last tender message before he expired. From the moment the news came to the daughter of Wawanosh, she pined away by day and by night; giving herself over to tears and bitter lamentations, and refusing to be comforted. Often she sought a sequestered place on the bluff, where she would sit for hours, crooning a little song she had composed in her grief:

THE LOON'S FOOT.

I thought it was the loon's foot I saw beneath the tide,
But no—it was my lover's shining paddle I espied;
It was my lover's paddle, as my glance I upward cast,
That dipped so light and gracefully, as o'er the lake I
passed.

The loon's foot—the loon's foot,
'Tis graceful on the sea;
But not so light and joyous
As that paddle-blade to me.

My eyes were bent upon the wave, I cast them not aside,
I thought I saw the loon's foot beneath the silver tide.
But ah! my eyes deceived me—for as my glance I cast,
It was my lover's paddle-blade that dipped so light and
fast.

The loon's foot—the loon's foot,
'Tis sweet and fair to see:
But oh, my lover's paddle-blade
Is sweeter far to me.

The lake wave, the long wave, the billows swelling blue,
They waft me up and down within my yellow light canoe;

The heaven's pictured in the deep, as swiftly on I speed,
Still 'tis that gleaming paddle-blade that makes it heaven
indeed.

The loon's foot—the loon's foot,
The bird upon the sea—
Ah! it is not so welcome
As that paddle-blade to me.

One day a bird of beautiful plumage appeared to the eager eyes of Lotah as she sat in the accustomed place on the bluff; and as its sweet notes joined with her plaintive song she knew the visitor for the spirit of her departed lover. She now passed much of her time at the lonely rock; fasting, and supplicating the loved shade to take her with him to the Country of Souls. And there, at the foot of the precipice, her father Wawanosh found one evening her lifeless remains, cold in death, but the wan face and glazing eyes illuminated with a smile of recognition and joy.

I stood, at half past four on a September morning* a year or two ago, on the little platform beside the Arch Rock. I had arisen early to enjoy the beauty of the dawn, and as I feasted my eyes on the calm lake, shimmering in the morning sun, the serene and cloudless sky, and the cliffs arising green and white behind me, I felt that I had never viewed a scene more rare and charming. As I turned to ascend the path, I came upon a retired English Army officer, whom I had met at my hotel, and who, like myself, was a nature lover, with an eye to the beautiful. He had stopped off at the Island in July for a day or two's sojourn, and now, in September, he was still lingering under the spell of the Pearl of the North. Said he: "I have trotted around the globe and back again in the pursuit of my duties and the quest of pleasure; I have been privileged to look upon many of the world's fairest scenes; and with the possible exception of the Lake of Como, I know of no locality so lovely as this!"

The Chippewas say: "When Gitchi Manito wishes to honor a man, he receives his bones for burial on his Sacred Island."

To amend: "When God loves a man, he gives him a home on Mackinac."

*Fact.

SAULT STE. MARIE AND ENVIRONS.



TIENNE BRULE, Frenchman, pioneer of pioneers, interpreter for Champlain, may fairly claim to have turned the first leaf in the white man's history of Bowating (Sault Ste. Marie), and consequently, of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the great Northwest.

This intrepid voyageur from the western wilds arrived in Quebec in 1618, after two years wandering in the lake country, having been attracted thither by reports of Indians from eastern Canada, who told him of the copper to be found in this district. He told of the long trip up the Ottawa and across Lake Huron; of a *portage around a mile-long Saut, or rapids*, the outlet of a mighty inland ocean; of reshipping his canoe on Lake Superior; and substantiated his statements with specimens of native copper, which he claimed to have picked up on the south shore of the lake. One of these specimens was afterward carried to France, and was seen by the historian Sagard.

Champlain's map of New France, published fourteen years later, changed the Indian name of the village and falls to Sault de Gaston, after the younger brother of Louis XIII. of France.

A fitting companion to the Father of New France, Brule had already passed through a fiery baptism before venturing into the northern wilds. Sent by Samuel de Champlain as an envoy to the friendly Andastes in 1616, Brule was captured by the Iroquois near the head waters of the Susquehanna, tied to a tree, his beard torn out piecemeal, and his body singed from head to foot with firebrands of pitch pine. One of his captors reached for an amulet hanging on Brule's breast, and the latter warned him, in the Huron tongue, which was very similar to the Iroquois, that the charm, if touched, would bring death to all his torturers. As he spoke, a fierce and sudden thunderstorm swept across the woods, and the superstitious Indians fled in terror. When the booming guns of the air had passed, the Iroquois chief returned, unbound the captive and led him to his lodge, where his wounds

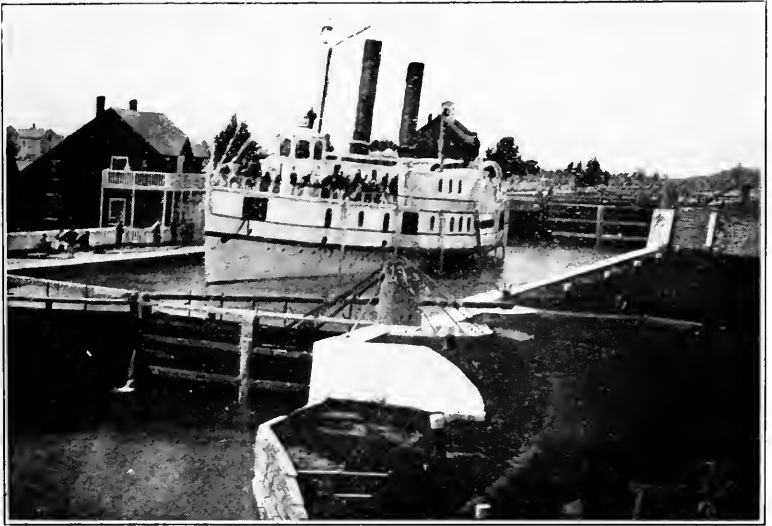
were carefully dressed, and he was treated with all honor. A party of Iroquois were dispatched with him to the borders of their country, left him with the Huron allies of the French, and he returned in peace to Montreal.

Such was one of the experiences of the first white visitor to the North; cruel experiences common enough in the annals of New France. In 1632, three years before his brave leader died at Quebec, Brule was treacherously murdered by a party of supposedly friendly Hurons, on the shore of Mer Douce. (Georgian Bay, near the site of Penetanguishene). Not long after, when the Hurons were mowed down by a devastating fever, they remembered the murdered voyageur, and swore that the specter of his sister was seen hovering above their villages, breathing forth flames and pestilence.

It was the French who blazed the way to European supremacy in the great Northwest. While the English were clinging feebly to the seacoast of New England, Frenchmen were carrying on a profitable barter with the tribes a thousand miles inland; intermarrying with the native races; establishing trading posts and forts at vantage points throughout an enormous territory, and pushing their missionary journeyings to the far distant Sault Ste. Marie.

It has been said that Samuel de Champlain carried his explorations as far as Saginaw Bay, pushing up the Saginaw River and visiting Indians upon its banks. It is true that he explored the Ottawa River route to the west, by way of what is now Georgian Bay, but I find no authentic record of his having penetrated farther west than the east shore of Lake Huron, turning south from there, and passing homeward by the St. Lawrence. Were that report true, the site of what is now Bay City or Saginaw might well claim the honor of being the first point in the great Northwest to entertain a white man; and more especially such a brave and sturdy example as Champlain, the Governor of New France from 1622 until his death in 1635.

In this age of the world, it seems funny to record that in the seventeenth century, Bowating was fully believed to be on the all-water route from France to China. It was toward that hazy and overflowing land of Cathay that Cartier, Champlain and LaSalle set their sturdy prows. "The voyageurs and French explorers have taken a vow never to cease their efforts until they have found either a



OLD STATE LOCK



CAMPING SCENE NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE

THE

BOOK

western or a northern sea, opening the route to China; which so many have thus far sought in vain." (Champlain).

It was with this idea foremost in his mind that Jean Nicolet, a past master in woodcraft and Indian lore, landed at Bowating in 1634. Nicolet may be considered as the first ambassador of New France to the Chinese Empire, having been dispatched by the governor at Quebec to visit the Indians of the Bay des Puants, or Green Bay, and obtain further information of a strange people without hair or beard, who were said to come from beyond the "Great Water" to trade with the people of the lakes. Who could these beardless men be but Japanese or Chinese? A natural question, surely, in the light of such information as was then to be had, and one worthy of prompt investigation.

We do not know that Nicolet tarried long at Bowating. He found an interesting and populous village of Saulteur Chippewas at the foot of the Rapids, but his instructions were imperative; to proceed promptly to his destination in the west. He had taken the Ottawa River route across from Quebec; skirting the head of Georgian Bay, and paddling up through the Devil's Gap to the Rapids. He now proceeded down the river into the straits, passed Michilimackinac enroute, and arrived at the head of Green Bay, where the city of that name now stands, at that time occupied by a village of the Winnebagoes. Upon approaching the town, he sent a messenger ahead to announce his coming, and before landing, attired himself in a flaming robe of Chinese silk, adorned with embroidered birds and flowers. (When you are in China, do as the Chinese do). Then, taking a pistol in each hand, he sallied ashore.

Imagine, if you can, the dramatic effect produced upon the simple Indians by this pale apparition, clad in a fiery rainbow of a gown, with Jovian thunder pealing from his fists! If you had been there, no doubt you would have taken to the timber, just as they did. Some of them never stopped running till they reached the Mississippi. There were none left to welcome the awesome visitor, except one or two old men, palsied with fear and age. These being left alive and unharmed, others took courage and returned, at first with trembling, but afterward with confidence, and as soon as they became convinced of his peaceable intentions they received him cordially and made a

great feast for him. He tarried with them a few days; after which he canoed up the Fox River, portaged over to the Wisconsin, and descended thereon to within three days' journey of the Mississippi. Thence he returned; being warned of hostile tribes below; firm in the erroneous belief that the open sea lay just beyond. In other words, he misinterpreted the Indian term for the Mississippi—"Father of Waters"—to mean that ocean of which he was in quest.

It was in 1642 that the Jesuits Raymbault and the celebrated Jogues found their way to the Soo; some Chippewas having assured them in the year previous, at the Huron Feast of the Dead, that they would be welcome. They found a thriving Chippewa village of two thousand souls at the Rapids; and preached to them on the shore of the River; but Raymbault was very weak and ill, and they returned shortly to Quebec, where he died the same year. About the same time Nicolet was drowned by the overturning of his canoe in the St. Lawrence.

In 1660 came Des Groseilliers, the soldier of fortune, who, with the globe-trotting Radisson, gave an impetus to the negotiations which resulted in the formation of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, familiarly known for two hundred years throughout the North as "The Company."

A singularly unselfish band of men were those Jesuits, numbering three hundred and twenty in all, under the old regime, who labored among the Iroquois and Algonquins from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Chequamagon on Lake Superior. Most of them were educated men, of culture and refinement; some were descendants of noble families; and the contrasts between their homes in France, and the savage haunts of the north, must have been great indeed. Thus, we read of Father LeJeune, who, in order to become better acquainted with savage ways, spent one winter with a hunting band of Algonquins, roaming the wintry forests with them, sharing their hunger and cold and filth; oftentimes on the verge of starvation, again, revolted by their gorging when game was plentiful. "I told them," he writes, "that if dogs and swine could talk, they would use just such language."

Of all this band of men, Jogues, the first Jesuit missionary at Sault Ste. Marie, stands pre-eminent in suffering and fortitude. He had gone to Quebec for supplies, and was returning to the Huron country with two French-

men, Goupil and Couture, and a number of Hurons, when he and his friends were captured by a war party of Iroquois. Couture had killed one of them, and in revenge they gave him a savage beating and chewed off all his finger nails. Jogues and Goupil next suffered the same treatment, and were beaten with clubs till they became insensible.

On Lake Champlain they met another war party, and for their amusement were compelled to run the gauntlet between a double line of braves armed with clubs and thorny sticks. When they fell drenched with blood, they were recalled to life by firebrands applied to their bodies. Couture showed such bull dog courage that his captors, in admiration, adopted him into their tribe, and he was safe from torture thereafter. But Jogues and Goupil were dragged from town to town by the savages, and constantly exposed to the utmost tortures that could be inflicted without destroying their lives. In the interval between tortures Jogues took the opportunity to baptize some Huron prisoners with rain-drops gathered from an ear of corn thrown to him for food. Soon Goupil was killed and Jogues was left alone, but as he showed no disposition to escape, he was allowed a certain amount of liberty, which he spent in baptizing infants and prisoners whenever possible, and in preaching the gospel to anyone who would listen.

Having accompanied a fishing party of Iroquois to the Hudson River, he was seen by the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), and by them assisted to escape to Manhattan, where the Dutch Governor arranged for his passage to Europe. He arrived safely at Paris, where the account of his adventures made a great sensation, and he became the hero of the hour. He was received at Court, and recounted his sufferings to the Queen, who kissed his wounded hands.

You would have thought that he had endured enough, but rest was not to be his. We may picture him standing all scarred and mutilated, before the General of the Order at Paris.

"Father, I have come for orders."

"My son," not unkindly, "your orders are not changed. Go and preach the gospel to the Indians!"

The following spring found him in Montreal, ready to go as a missionary and a peace envoy to the Iroquois country. "I shall go, but never return," he wrote. On his

way he called at Fort Orange, where the kindly Dutch wondered greatly at his venturing again among his enemies. On his first journey, he was received graciously by the Mohawks, and as he expected to return, he left on his departure a small box of clothing and personal effects. This box proved his ruin, the superstitious Iroquois being led to believe by some of their Huron prisoners that it contained the smallpox, or some other frightful evil that might at any moment step forth among them. "For," said the Hurons, "have not the French already ruined our nation by their witchcraft, and brought upon us drought, plague, pestilence, and famine? No doubt the same is being prepared for you."

When Jogues returned a band of warriors immediately seized him, and clubbed him unmercifully, although he reminded them that he came on an errand of peace. The next day a savage approached him from behind and buried a hatchet in his brain. Thus died a singularly pure and unselfish man. He appeals to us on account of the obstacles of nature he had to overcome, as he was by disposition timid, shrinking and unassertive, and frail and weak in body. Lalemant, in the Relation for 1647, says of Jogues: "He felt no aversion against his tormentors, even in the midst of his sufferings. As a mother regards with pity her stricken child, so he looked with an eye of compassion upon his enemies. At other times he called them the rods which God was using to punish his crimes."

Marquette did not hesitate to abandon the mission at Chequamagon when danger threatened; Brebeuf died with bulldog courage under the torture, as became his giant frame; Allouez seems to have been as much politician as priest; but Jogues overcame his bodily and mental weaknesses with a moral courage of the highest order. We may differ from him on points of doctrine, and deprecate his death as a foolish sacrifice, but we cannot deny that he was as brave a man as ever scaled a battlement or died for an ideal.

A paper, highly characteristic of the missionaries and the Indians, and printed by the Jesuits in Paris, has come down to us. It is called "Instruction pour les Peres de Nostre Compagnie," and some of the points are as follows:

"You should love like brothers the Indians with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you in embarking. Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fires at night, for these little

services win their hearts. Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock, that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoes, but you may put them on in crossing the portages. Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not ask too many questions. Bear their faults in silence and be always cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass; and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives and fish hooks. Be not ceremonious with the Indians; take at once what they offer you, for ceremony offends them. Be very careful, when in the canoe, that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your night-cap. There is no such thing as impropriety among Indians. Remember that it is Christ and his cross that you are seeking; and if you aim at anything else, you will get nothing but affliction for body and mind."

Shortly after the death of Jogues, war broke out with awful fury between the Iroquois, and the French and Algonquin allies. Nothing could have exceeded the ferocity of the Five Nations. They swept down the valley of the St. Lawrence, and devoted the Huron tribes to a fearful slaughter. Nor did they spare the French, whose island of Montreal was devastated in two bloody incursions. As for the Huron nation, it was scattered to the winds, and the work of the Jesuits among them went down in blood before the hatchets of the Iroquois, the Jesuits Brebeuf and Lalemant and others being put to death with horrible barbarity.

In 1653 we find the victorious and omnipresent Iroquois butchers swarming across the upper lakes in pursuit of the flying Ottawas and Hurons. The Iroquois were at the very zenith of their fame and power about this time. It seems that at no time the number of their warriors has exceeded 2,600, a marvellously small number to make so great a havoc among so many tribes, and seriously imperil the very existence of the French themselves.

To the number of about one thousand they canoed through the straits to attack the Hurons at Green Bay. The latter stubbornly defended their fort, and the Iroquois withdrew; many of them being lost in a storm at the entrance of the Bay, known since that time as "Death's Door." Some of them sallied down into the territory of the Illini, where they were captured to a man, and

the rest ascended the St. Mary's to Point Iroquois, where a historic fight took place that resulted in the annihilation of the Iroquois invaders.

There are two bold and lofty headlands at the foot of Lake Superior where it narrows into St. Mary's River. One of these, on the north shore, is called Gros Cap (Great Cape); the other formerly bore an unspellable Indian name, meaning "The place of the Iroquois' bones," and was the scene of the destruction of the latter. On the way up the River, they took some Chippewa prisoners, and upon arriving at the Point, they proceeded to torture and eat their victims after their accustomed fashion. A body of Chippewa warriors, about three hundred in number, collected at Gros Cap, and beheld with rage and humiliation the agonies of their brethren. They resolved to avenge their loss, and the night being foggy, they were enabled to cross the river with secrecy; falling upon their gorged and sleeping enemies just at dawn. The slaughter was complete, every last one was killed, and the banks and the stream were dyed with blood. The Chippewas, tradition says, lost but one warrior, who was stabbed with an awl by an old woman who was sitting at the entrance of her wigwam, stitching moccasins. The Chippewas spread the skulls of their enemies along the shore, and it is said that they reached nearly a mile. The bodies were left unburied on the banks, a prey to the wild beasts and the birds, and for many a year after bones were still to be found there.

Thus ended the wild foray of the Iroquois, and the Saulteur Chippewas proved themselves fully the equal of their renowned antagonists in bravery and craft.

It was before this irruption that Brebeuf, of the Huron missions, who was subject to visions, beheld the ominous apparition of a great cross slowly approaching from the quarter where lay the country of the Iroquois. He told the vision to his comrades. "What was it like? How large was it?" they eagerly demanded. "Large enough," replied Brebeuf, "to crucify us all."

One may find many curious and interesting things in looking over the ancient records of the North country, written about this time. Thus the missionary Garnier writes to a friend in France:

"Send me a picture of Christ without a beard, several Virgins also, and a few pictures of souls in perdition. One representation of souls in bliss will be enough, but

all the pictures must be in full face, not in profile, and they must look with open eyes directly at the beholder. The colors should be bright, and there must be no flowers or animals, as they detract the attention of the Indians."

Be it known that the Indians thoroughly disliked a beard. It is recorded of a Sioux Indian, that upon having his portrait executed in profile by an artist, he was jeered by another as being only half a man; which so insulted him that he fell upon and slew the scoffer forthwith.

Again, we read in the Relations of a dying Indian woman, who was asked by the priest, "Which will you choose, Heaven or Hell?"

"Hell, if my children are there, as you say," returned the mother.

"Do they hunt in heaven, or make war, or go to feasts?" inquired one. "Oh, no," replied the priest.

"Then," remarked the Indian, "I will not go there. It is not good to be lazy."

"Why did you baptize that Iroquois?" asked a dying Huron, speaking of an enemy recently tortured. "He will get to Heaven before us, and when he sees us coming, he will drive us all out."

Many such examples are recorded. Brebeuf has sent down some interesting accounts of his life among the Indians, and their child-like wonder at the few articles of European manufacture in his lodge. The clock especially was an object of awe and amazement. They squatted on the floor for hours, listening to its tick, and waiting for it to strike. They thought it was alive and inquired what and how often it ate. They called it "The Great Chief," and when it struck, they listened as to some powerful human being.

"What is the message of the Great Chief?" they asked of Brebeuf.

"When he strikes twelve times, he says 'hang on the kettle;' when he strikes four times, he says 'get up and go home.'"

This last was a happy thought on the part of the Jesuit. At the stroke of four, the intruding visitors would invariably rise and go.

The missionaries appealed to these simple minds in the most direct and simple ways. Thus, one of them, in ordering some pictures for his chapel, suggests that "if four or five devils were painted tormenting a soul with different

punishments,—one applying fire, another serpents, another tearing him with pincers, and another holding him fast with a chain,—this would have a good effect; especially if everything were made distinct,—and misery, rage, and desperation appeared plainly in his face.”

The missionaries had a hard time to break up the cannibal proclivities of their charges. The Hurons were very fond of torturing, roasting and eating their Iroquois prisoners. Once, at a little village on Lake Huron, when the Jesuits had been remonstrating with a party of cannibal feasters, a well-cooked hand of the victim was flung in at their door, and an invitation extended to come and join in the meal. As they had already baptized the owner of the hand, they dug a hole in the floor of their chapel, and buried the member with the rites of the church.

The name of Bisconace has come down to us as one of the greatest of the Algonquin Chiefs, and one of the most wary and subtle Indians that ever lived. On one occasion he set out for the Iroquois country with four men, each one of the party being armed with three muskets charged with two balls, joined by a chain ten inches long. He soon encountered five bark canoes of the Iroquois, each holding ten men. To cloak his ruse, he pretended to give himself up for lost, and he and his companions began to sing their death song. They had no sooner got near, however, than they poured in their chain-shot, riddling the frail canoes of the Iroquois, who tumbled into the water and were easily dispatched, with the exception of a few whom he reserved for the torture and the feast.

On another occasion Bisconace set out alone for the Iroquois country, about the time the snow began to melt; taking the precaution of turning the back of his snow-shoes forward, to mislead the enemy. He would approach an Iroquois village and hide until nightfall; when he would creep forth and enter the nearest lodge, kill and scalp all the inmates, and hie himself back to his lurking place. Such was his skill in hiding that it was impossible to find him, no matter how closely the alarmed villagers might search; and the following night he would repeat the adventure with equal success. Once, after numerous murders of this fashion in a village, the people set a watch, but Bisconace found him asleep and added his scalp to his collection; not, however, without alarming the rest, who did their best to catch him without success, as he was a very fleet runner. His pursuers encamped

after following him for many miles, and he stole upon their lodges in the night and killed them all, getting back safely to his own country with all his trophies.

Some years later, however, during a truce between the French and the Iroquois, a scouting party of the latter caught Bisconace unawares on the St. Lawrence River and cut off his head, which was taken back with the greatest glee to the towns of the Five Nations as that of one of their greatest enemies.

We read that several voyageurs established themselves at the Rapids in 1641, but there is no record that they maintained permanent habitations. It is quite possible that they spent several winters in the vicinity, trafficking in furs with the Indians, but the necessities of trading and the temptations of the metropolis would be quite certain to take them to Montreal or Quebec during the open season of navigation.

It is certain that Sault Ste. Marie and Michilimackinac were important trading posts for fifty or sixty years before Detroit was thought of in that connection. The hunting was usually very good in their vicinity; fur-bearing animals were plentiful; and they were the central points for vast stretches of territory. They were easily accessible to Montreal by way of the Ottawa River, which route lay through friendly territory; whereas a water trip by way of Lake Erie involved not only an exhausting portage around Niagara, but a very good chance of a brush with the Iroquois, who were really spoiling for a fight most of the time. With these factors in mind, it is easy to account for the early growth of the northern trading posts.

Peter Esprit Radisson has come forward only in recent years, as one of the great chroniclers of early events in the North; due to the fact that his writings were not published for more than two hundred years after being written, and even now are hardly accessible to the great reading public. He was a native of France, and for some time he voyaged under concessions from the government of New France; but these concessions being withdrawn or altered, he entered into connection with, and indeed, was instrumental in organizing, the Hudson's Bay Company, and wrote his journals in English, although, as Dr. Slafter says, they conform to no known standards of English composition.

In a day when travel was not by any means as com-

fortable as at present, Radisson was a tremendous traveler. He thought no more of going from England to Hudson Bay, or from Turkey to the West Indies, than you or I would of going to lunch. We hear of him today at James Bay; tomorrow he may be down the Mississippi, or in Amsterdam, or Port Royal, or Constantinople. Never was there so restless a spirit as this Radisson.

To Radisson and his brother-in-law Des Groseilliers, must be given the credit of originating the idea of forming a settlement at Hudson's Bay, out of which grew the profitable organization of the Hudson's Bay Company. They persuaded Prince Rupert and several noblemen to assist them in fitting out, in 1667, two ships from London, the "Eagle," and the "Nonsuch," in which a voyage was made to Hudson's Bay. Radisson says of this voyage: "Wee went out with a new Company in two small vessels, my brother in one and I in another, and wee went together four hundred leagues from ye North of Ireland, where a sudden greate storm did rise and put us asunder. The sea was so furious six or seven hours after, that it did almost overturne our ship. So that wee were forced to cut our masts rather than cutt our lives; but wee came back safe, God be thanked; and ye other, I hope, is gone on his voyage, God be with him."

Grosseilliers proceeded to Prince Rupert River, built a fort and established friendly relations with the Indians; and upon his return they applied to Charles II. for a patent, who granted one to them and their successors "for the Bay called Hudson's Streights," bearing date of May 2, 1670.

From 1685 to 1697 the English and French frequently came into collision in Hudson's Bay. Forts were taken and retaken, and we have seen how the French soldiery from Michilimackinac took part in these actions. Peace was made in 1697, but notwithstanding the losses sustained by the Company during the period of hostilities, it still was able to pay enormous dividends. In 1684 a dividend of fifty per cent was declared; the same in 1688; and twenty-five per cent in the year following. In 1690, without any call being made, the stock was trebled, and a dividend of twenty-five per cent paid on the increased capital. By 1720 they had again trebled their capital, with a call of only ten per cent. It reads like the palmy days of Standard Oil.

But to our mutton again. Let us see what Radisson

says about the North country. Being at Lake Superior, they came "to a remarkable place. It's a banke of Rocks that the wild men made a sacrifice to. It's like a great portall by reason of the beating of the waves. The lower part of that opening is as bigg as a tower, and grows bigger in the going up. There is, I believe, six acres of land above it; a shipp of 500 tuns could pass by, soe bigg is the arch. I gave it the name of the portall of St. Peter, because my name is so called, and that I was the first Christian that ever saw it." So much for the famous Pictured Rocks.

Radisson was entranced with the scenery in the vicinity of the Falls of St. Mary. He speaks of the upper part of Lake Michigan as "the delightfulest lake in the world." And as for Lake Superior,—“the summer passed away with admiration by the diversity of the nations that we saw, as for the beauty of the shores of that sweet sea. * * * We found no sea-serpents as we in other lakes have seen, especially in that of d'Ontario.”

“Not many years since, the nation of the salt (Sault) had a cruel warre against the Nadoneferonons (Sioux). Although much inferiour in numbers, neverthesse that small number of the salt was a terror unto them, since they had trade with the French and had gott guns, ye noise of which had frighted their enemies more than the bullets yt weare in them.”

Radisson wintered at the Sault and enjoyed the hunt for the “eland (moose), which is a mighty strong beast, much like a mule, having a tayle cutt off 2 or 3 or 4 thumbes, the foot cloven like a flagge. He has a mozzle mighty bigge. In ye morning it was a pleasure to walke, for we could goe without racketts (snow-shoes). The snow was hard enough, because it freezed every night. When the sun began to shine we payd for ye time past. The snow sticks to our racketts so that I believe our shoes weighed 30 pounds, wich was a paine, having a burden uppon our backs besides. * * . Here also, the beare, the castors, and ye Oriniack showed themselves often, but to their cost; indeed it was to us like a terrestrial paradise.”

It is a historical fact that Radisson's activities in the North country brought him to the anxious attention of the great king, Louis XIV. of France. In March, 1687, we find the King writing to Governor Denonville that Radisson had done a great deal of harm to New France and

was likely to do more. He advised his capture, or, if he could not be captured, he suggested that he be requested to leave the English service and enter that of France on any suitable terms. Henry Colin Campbell has called attention to the fact that it was Radisson's and Grosilliers' presence at Hudson's Bay, that was the main reason for the great gathering of northwestern Indians at Sault Ste. Marie in 1671, when Saint Lusson took possession of the Northwest in the name of Louis XIV.

Radisson and Grosilliers both had a great love of gold, and a greater love of adventure, and it may be doubted if New France ever held two bolder or more enterprising spirits.

Louis Nicolas was the first resident priest at the Sault, collaborating with Father Claude Allouez, who was stationed at Keweenaw Bay. The latter was an untiring worker for the glory of France. Here, also in 1668, came Pere Marquette, the most celebrated of all the Jesuits who labored in the North, followed in 1669 by Father Dablon, who succeeded Allouez as Superior. The obelisk on the shore of St. Mary's very nearly indicates the site of their chapel.

Born in France in 1637, Marquette early showed religious inclinations and about 1654 was admitted to the Jesuit order. It was twelve years later that he came to the Canadian missions, a station having been determined upon for him in the vicinity of Quebec. He studied the local Indian dialect under the veteran Druillettes; but a priest being needed at the Rapids of the St. Mary's, he was sent there in 1668.

With Marquette came a party of western Indians, who proceeded on their way up Lake Superior; and the Jesuit lay brother, Bohesme. With the aid and counsel of Allouez they constructed on the south bank of the stream, a little below the rapids, a rude chapel and a dwelling house, the first white men's permanent habitation in what is now the State of Michigan.

Here Marquette pursued his study of the Algonquin dialects, and in a short time he had acquired with ease six Indian languages. He saw Allouez at intervals, Dablon came to share the station with him for a time, and he probably met his friend Druillettes at some place in the territory, either before or after De Lusson took formal possession of the land in 1671.

A settlement having been made that gave promise of

permanency, it seemed desirable to bestow upon it a lasting appellation, in the place of the vague Bowating, Saut du Gaston, or Saut du Traci, names used indiscriminately by the Indians or the voyageur. Himself a devotee of the Virgin Mary, piety suggested to Marquette the name of Le Saut du Sainte Marie as fitting and auspicious; and, altered a little to Sault Ste. Marie, it has come down to us.

In 1670 Marquette and Dablon entertained at the Sault two Sulpician priests, Dollier and Galinee. Their imaginations had been fired by the tales of Joliet, whose descriptions of the fallow and heathen fields of the North had determined them to bring the Gospel to that distant clime. In vain their friend La Salle pointed out that the Jesuits were already there; they set forth valiantly, wintered on the shores of Lake Erie, and in the spring they proclaimed to the mating birds and budding trees their seizure of the country in the name of the Great King, erecting a large cross and scrawling in due form thereon the arms of France.

At Point Pelee they lost their altar service in a storm, which was clearly, to them, the work of the malicious Beelzebub himself. On the site of Detroit they found a large rock freakishly carved by nature into a remote resemblance of a human form; a Manito before which the savages were wont to prostrate themselves and spread their offerings. With what glee did the worthy fathers advance on this false deity! "I was filled with hatred against him," says Galinee, "and broke him in pieces with my axe; after which we carried the largest piece to the middle of the river, and threw it with the rest in the water, trusting that he would never be heard of more. For this righteous action God repaid us bountifully, for the very same day we killed a deer and a bear."

It is a very fortunate thing for Messrs. Dollier and Galinee that Director Griffith was not present when this act of vandalism occurred.

The Jesuit missionaries of the North frequently planted near their dwellings little fields of Indian corn, peas, and the vegetable simples; both for their own use, and as a thrifty example to their savage congregations, who frequently brought misery upon themselves through their lazy neglect of agriculture. Dablon and Marquette had followed this rule, and the Sulpicians found their Jesuit brothers ensconced within a quadrangle of pickets which enclosed their chapel and living quarters, while they had

sown, without and around, the little gardens whose produce was to be laid up against the coming winter.

They were graciously welcomed, but were not welcome. By right of discovery the field was the Jesuits'; and they felt amply able to handle the same. It did not need a stentorian proclamation or a show of arms to emphasize this fact to the Sulpicians; and they recalled with dismay the prediction of La Salle. After three days of an outwardly cordial visit, Galinee and Dollier departed for Montreal, awakened from their dream of glory for their Order through the evangelization of the Chippewas; and the former petulantly noted in his journal that although the Jesuits might have baptized a few Indians at the rapids, not one of them was a good enough Christian to receive the Eucharist.

In obedience to the orders of his Superior, Marquette left the Sault shortly after for the mission of La Pointe du Saint Esprit, near the present site of Ashland, Wisconsin. His letter to Father Le Mercier is extant, announcing his arrival after a month of navigation through snow and ice which closed his way and kept him in constant peril of his life.

Here he found some Indians, who, he said, had knowledge of the Tower of Babel; their ancestors having related that in remote times they constructed a great and lofty house, which had been torn down by a violent wind.

One of the savages presented him with a slave boy, captured in the country of the Illinois. Marquette received him with great pleasure, freed him, and afterward took him to St. Ignace, whence it is said that they traveled together down the Mississippi.

In one of his letters written here we find the following: "When the Illinois came north they passed a great river almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never heard of its mouth; they only know that below them are very great nations, some of whom raise two crops of corn a year. This great river can hardly empty into Virginia, and we rather believe its mouth is in California. If the Indians, who promise me a canoe, keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can, with a Frenchman and this young man that has been given to me. We shall visit the nations that inhabit it in order to open the way to so many of our fathers who have long

awaited this happiness. This discovery will give us a complete knowledge of the southern or western sea."

In 1671, the Indians at La Pointe being threatened by the Sioux, many of them went down the Lake and River St. Mary's to St. Ignace. Marquette went with them.

It was Allouez, who, with the aid of Pere Marquette in 1668, made a complete map of the Great Lakes, which records with great exactness the outlines of shores and islands, and was valuable for many years as a guide to all this region.

Allouez tells us that the Indians worshipped Lake Superior on account of its size, and offered sacrifices to it in the hope of continued supplies of the fish with which it furnished them.

We have seen how Radisson's defection in the North had aroused the ire and the anxiety of the French king. It was under the intendency of the great Talon that the formal taking over of the great Northwest occurred at the Sault, June 14th, 1671. A far-seeing and sagacious man was Talon; dreaming of a great French empire on the continent of America. He aimed at keeping England close to the eastern seacoast, and even thought of securing a seaport for France on the far distant Gulf of Mexico.

There were present at the great ceremony, Saint Lusson, the envoy of Talon and the King, Perrot, his interpreter, four Jesuits and fourteen chiefs with about two thousand Indians from far and near. Marquette was not present, having gone to Saint Ignace and Michilmackinac, and thence to Chequamagon. The proclamation place, as near as can be ascertained, was about at the southeast corner of the Weitzel lock, where a little knoll formerly stood. Here a great wooden cross was planted, and a staff showing the royal arms of France. The Jesuits blessed the cross, all the Frenchmen joined in the hymn, "Vexilla Regis," after which Saint Lusson, standing with drawn sword in one hand and earth in the other, symbol of his taking possession, proclaimed:

"In the name of the most high, mighty and redoubtable monarch, Louis Fourteenth of the name, most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take over this Saint Marie du Saut, the lakes Huron and Superior, Manitoulin Island, and all the other countries, lakes and streams adjacent thereto, both those discovered and undiscovered, in all their length and breadth; bounded on the one side by the oceans of the north and west, and on the other by

the South Sea; declaring to all nations therein that from this time henceforth they are subjects of his majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succor and protection against their enemies; and declaring to all other princes and potentates, states and republics, to them and their peoples, that they must not seize or settle upon any part of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of his most Christian majesty and of him who will govern in his behalf; and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the weight of his arms. Long live the King!"

Brave dreams these, and worthy of a brave and active intendent and a great King. It was no fault of Talon's that the tricolor does not wave in the canal park in our time; but the hopes of empire were doomed to vanish into mist before the tomahawks of the Iroquois and the muskets of the English.

Father Allouez' speech to the Indians on this occasion has been preserved to us, and the following is an extract:

"When our King attacks his enemies, he is more terrible than the thunder; the earth trembles; the air and the sea are all on fire with the blaze of his cannon; he is seen in the midst of his warriors, covered over with the blood of his enemies, whom he kills in such numbers that he does not count them by the scalps, but by the streams of blood which he causes to flow. In each city he has store-houses where there are enough hatchets to cut down all your forests, kettles enough to cook all your deer, and beds enough to fill all your wigwams. His house is higher than the tallest of your trees and holds more families than the largest of your towns. The width of this great river would be but a step for him, and were he here he could span these rapids with one foot on the north shore and the other on the south. Men come from every quarter of the earth to listen to and admire him. All that is done in the world is decided by him alone."

While this speech was a fine example of metaphor and allegory after the Indian fashion, it really seems superfluous. The Indians were simply "among those present," and no doubt cheered when the Frenchmen cheered, without having any very clear idea as to what these ceremonies meant.

The Indians did not fail to appropriate the shield bearing the arms of France, as soon as Saint Lussou had



SCENE ON ROOT RIVER, NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE

THE
POLICE

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JAN 10 1900

departed. You see, they were fast learning the white man's ways.

It was shortly before this that a tremendous earthquake shocked the entire north country, a series of lesser quakes extending throughout the greater portion of a year. New lakes were formed, hills were levelled, small rivers disappeared and great forests were uprooted. This is about the only record of seismic disturbance during the white man's time; but the north side of St. Mary's especially may be described as a geologist's paradise, as evidences of ancient volcanic and glacial action abound on every side. In early days what is now the American Sault was covered with boulders and much small stone washed smooth by water, showing that the river once extended back to the southern hill.

We find Father Nouvel writing from the Sault to Monseigneur the Governor (Count de Frontenac), May 29, 1673;

"All these tidings (of the English at Hudson Bay) trouble the savages attached to us, who are enjoying the peace that the victorious arms of the King have acquired for them, and the protection of Heaven that rising Christianity brings them. But we do not fail to give them the necessary encouragement to keep themselves closely united both with God and the French, assuring them that in this union they have no reason to fear." Other letters written about this time show fear of renewed hostilities by the Iroquois, fear that was shortly confirmed.

And in another letter dated 1762, from the Sault;

"This place, to which the abundance of whitefish caught gives considerable importance, daily becomes more beautiful and more comfortable, especially since the savages apply themselves to planting Indian corn. * * * In their reasonable fear of being attacked by their enemies, the Iroquois, or Sioux, they prefer to dwell near the church rather than in their own fort. They even wished to place their women and children there for safety when they went down to Montreal to trade."

The Jesuits had four missions in the Chippewa and Huron country at this time; Sainte Marie du Sault, The Apostles, on Georgian Bay, Saint Ignace at the Straits, and Saint Francois Xavier on Green Bay.

Daniel Greysolon Du L'hut stands forth as one of the greatest of the illustrious group of early Frenchmen. A halo of tradition encircles the memory of this man; and

many were the wild tales of his prowess and acumen. Tradition tells us that he even penetrated past the Rockies and the Cascades to the far western ocean; that he took an honored seat in the councils of a score of tribes; and that his Indian wives were scattered at convenient distances from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let us hope that in this latter regard, at least, none of the traveled citizens of Duluth will imitate his example.

Du L'hut was a conspicuous figure in the wild life of the frontier. He carried on a vast fur trade, much of it contraband, was the idol of scores of rough and ready followers, and led a small army in fighting the battles of his country. History says that he was equally at home in the Chippewa wigwam or amid the gaudy trappings of Versailles.

In 1684 Du L'hut came to the Sault in search of some Chippewas who had murdered two Frenchmen on Lake Superior. He himself took Folle Avoine (Wild Oats) prisoner, and the other suspects were soon brought in by Du L'hut's men. Notwithstanding the fact that there were several hundred braves at the village ready to rescue the prisoners, Du L'hut proceeded with his handful of French to establish the guilt of the accused by a rude trial. The dictum was a life for a life, and the death of two Indians being determined as reprisal for the lives of the two Frenchmen, Du L'hut promptly led out Folle Avoine and his brother and shot them on the river bank. A due and proper vengeance having been fulfilled, he returned without molestation to Mackinac, whence he came.

In 1688 La Hontan, who wrote a very interesting account of his northern wanderings, visited Sault Ste. Marie, and was very nearly captured by a war party of Iroquois at the mouth of St. Mary's River. The incursions of the enemy had become so frequent and bloody that in the following year the mission at the Rapids was abandoned by the Jesuits, there being left but a handful of Chippewas out of the once populous village. The rest had been slain by their ferocious enemies or scattered far and wide throughout the peninsula.

Just one more interesting paragraph from the Relations:

"A band of Chippewas, consisting of ten or twelve warriors had taken care to go and be instructed at the Sault, and to ask The blessing of the God of hosts, previous to

Their leaving to wage war against the nadouessi, Their enemies. God so blessed Their undertaking that, after embarking in three Canoes, they not only took thirteen Scalps from Their enemies and brought away two little girls as Captives; but when, on Their return, they were met by seven hostile canoes, which surrounded Them and discharged Their arrows at them for a long time, they suffered not the slightest injury, and not one of them was even wounded. When They returned they themselves related the marvel, and came to give thanks to God for that favor. Their wives and children manifested Their piety and Zeal by bringing The two little Captive girls to The Church on The following Day, and teaching Them to pray to God and make The sign of The cross."

At the opening of the eighteenth century, the Chippewas and Iroquois were still engaged in desultory conflict with each other; while both were on very unfriendly terms with the Ottawas and the Sioux to the southwest and west. Early one spring nearly a thousand Iroquois coasted up Lake Huron to St. Joseph's Island in St. Mary's River, a short distance below Sault Ste. Marie. There they crossed the river on the ice, about twenty miles below the Rapids, and struck westward into the peninsula; the ground was covered with snow, and they marched in single file, each treading in the other's footsteps.

As they left the river they were seen by four Chippewas, who readily guessed their intended destination from the direction of their march, and the extra precautions they were taking.

The Chippewas were at feud with the Ottawas, but they lost no time in warning the latter of their danger. Taking a circuit to avoid discovery, they arrived with all speed at the hunting grounds of the Ottawas, and found there some four hundred warriors, whom they informed of the approach of their enemies. A council was immediately held; and, as they were encumbered with their families they decided not to retreat, but to choose ground suited to defense and give the Iroquois a warm reception.

There were two small lakes near by, with a narrow neck of land between, often used by the tribes as a pathway. Assuming that the Iroquois would pass through this defile, the little force divided; one band proceeding to fortify with rude breastworks the end of the pass farthest from the enemy; while the other circled the lake to the

point of entrance, where they lay in ambush, to take the enemy in the rear as soon as they had passed.

No sooner had the Iroquois got safely by, than the crafty Ottawas walled them in between two breastworks at either extremity of the defile, which was very narrow. The invaders in their turn promptly went into council. A thaw had rendered the ice in the lakes impassible, but there still remained enough to prevent their swimming or crossing on rafts. They decided to storm the breastworks, upon which they threw themselves in a furious onslaught, only to be thrown back bleeding and torn, with the loss of some scores of warriors.

Results along this line not being to their liking, they calmly betook themselves to fishing in the lakes for the ensuing three or four days; and the ice having melted, they constructed rafts from some trees growing on the neck, and attempted to cross one of the lakes. They pushed off in the middle of the night, to avoid detection, but the watchful Ottawas were there when the forlorn fleet reached the opposite shore, and a bloody fight ensued, the Iroquois finally breaking through with the loss of considerably more than half their braves. They left behind them all the furs taken in their winter hunt, thus paying doubly dear for their wanton and unprovoked attack.

The four Chippewas were sent back to St. Mary's with an escort of fifty friendly Ottawas and all the furs they could carry; and their act led a little later to a council and a burying of the hatchet by the two tribes.

And all these years the French voyageurs were swinging back and forth from Sault Ste. Marie and Michilimackinac to Montreal, a lusty lot of devil-may-care fellows, trapping game, trading at the scattered posts, and living the life of the Indian. No other Europeans ever pleased the natives so well as the French, for the latter fell in with Indian customs to a degree never showed by any other foreigners. While many of the *couriers des bois* could boast of no morals, perhaps, and were as superstitious and illiterate as the Indians themselves,—nay, inferior in mentality to the bold and eloquent Northern chiefs,—still they respected the customs of the Indians, took their daughters for wives and reared large families; and adapted themselves to Indian ways of thought in a manner that was inconceivable to the stolid British and Dutch.

This alone explains the attitude of the northern and western Indians in their aid to France when assailed by

Great Britain in the war of 1744. It was they who rallied to the support of fallen France, and besought her to fight on. Was it not Pontiac who called the French to his aid, crying that he would drive the English into the sea? Nor was this an idle boast, for in 1763 he took nine English posts in the West, they retaining only Green Bay, Detroit and Pittsburg. Such was his influence and force of character that he maintained the war for four years after the French had struck their colors and left the country, and he succumbed only to the unforeseen designs of treachery.

No Indian tribes, then, inclined to the English, except the Five Nations, and these chiefly because their sworn enemies, the Hurons and the Chippewas, and the Algonquins of the St. Lawrence, were the allies of the French. From the intermarriages of the French with the Indian women there grew up scores of voyageurs and couriers des bois who knit strong and sure the ties between the two races.

Long before the cession of New France to the English, the River St. Mary's was the sparkling highway of the North. On its crystal bosom glided the fur-laden batteaux from the northern wilds; here a Chippewa dug-out or bark canoe, there a tiny sailboat bound up with merchandise for Nepigon, or piled high with salt fish for the eastern market; and here in the evening, down the old channel, might be heard afar the ringing

SONG OF THE VOYAGEURS.

Pull, lads, pull, the stream runs strong,
Our every sinew testing;
Sing, lads, sing, and the mellow song
Will cheer as the waves we're breasting;
The wind blows chill
From yonder hill,
But the roast deer waits at the cabin grill.

Welcome are we at the bark tepee,
In its council we're no strangers;
We harry the bear from his hollow tree,
And what care we for dangers?
We plant our lure
On mount and moor,
Oh, free as the wild is the voyageur!

Brave souls and true, let us breathe a prayer
To the Maid benign above us;
May she have and hold in her jealous care
The distant ones who love us,
Till comes the day
When fare we may
To the fatherland that is far away.

In 1731 the La Verendryes, father and sons, passed through the River bound for the western country on a voyage of exploration, penetrating nearly to the Pacific in a journey replete with hardships and exciting incidents. They found the Sault mission abandoned, and only a few straggling Chippewas in the vicinity of the Rapids. The northern Indians, finding themselves neglected by the King of France, and more and more exposed to the attacks of their enemies, were gradually swinging around to the British.

However, so advantageous a location could not be lost without a strenuous effort. The following instrument, signed in 1750 by Jonquiere, Governor of Canada, and ratified the year following by Louis XV. of France, is self-explanatory:

"The Chevalier de Repentigny and Captain De Bonne, officers of the French army, desiring to establish a seigniory at Sault Ste. Marie, where travelers from neighboring ports may find safe retreat, and where, by care and precaution, they may destroy in those parts the trade of the Indians with the English, we make to the said Captain De Bonne and the said Chevalier de Repentigny a concession at the Sault of a tract of land at the portage, six leagues bordering upon the river, by six leagues in depth; to be enjoyed by them, their heirs and assigns, forever, by title of fief and seigniory, with the right of fishing and hunting within the whole of said concession, upon condition of doing homage at the Castle of St. Louis at Quebec; and that they may hold said lands by themselves or their tenants, and cause all others to give them up. In default whereof, the same shall be reunited to His Majesty's domain."

Thus was created the largest private domain ever held within the present limits of Michigan; an area of 335 square miles, or 214,000 acres of land.

Along with political considerations, there seems to have been an intention to go into farming extensively.

There is extant a letter of Duquesne's, the next Governor, stating that "the cultivation of the lands and the raising of cattle must be the principal object of this grant, and trade must be only accessory to it."

De Repentigny arrived at his little kingdom late in 1751, and occupied the winter in cutting pickets for his fort, which was erected with three other buildings in 1752. A fortification one hundred and ten feet square enclosed the four buildings, standing near the River on what is now Brady Field. He brought over live stock from Mackinac, and installed Jean Baptiste Cadotte as the first farmer on the clearing beside the fort. De Repentigny was constantly at the post himself, perfecting his fortifications, superintending the farming operations and trading with the Indians.

In 1755, the English having advanced to the attack of Quebec, de Repentigny flew to the aid of his countrymen, taking with him every man that could be spared from the seigniory, white or Indian. The property was left in charge of Cadotte, who ruled in the name of de Repentigny and De Bonne until the coming of the victorious English in 1762, and the ensign of France was hauled down, to float no more over Sault Ste. Marie.

De Repentigny promptly enrolled himself among the French defenders of Canada, and did valiant service for his country. We find him at Montreal in 1759, giving his wife full power of attorney over his property at the Sault, and the furs to be gotten therefrom. Canada was lost to the French in 1760, and there was nothing left for de Repentigny but to abandon his fief, sell if he could to a British subject, or become one himself. Indeed, the British Governor Murray wrote him in 1764, assuring him of his high esteem, and requesting his attachment to the British cause. But the gallant Frenchman, unable to sell his giant farm, might have been found in Paris in 1773, asking advancement in the French military service, and giving as a reason for such preferment, that "the cession of Canada, my native country, has overturned my fortune, which I could only preserve by an oath of fidelity to the new master, that was too hard for my heart." To show his family's loyalty to France, he mentions in the same letter that his grandfather was the eldest of twenty-three brothers, all in the French service.

The disputed title to this grant led to a tremendous amount of litigation, the printed record of which fills a

large volume. Cadotte's heirs remained so long in possession of the clearing that they came to think it theirs; de Repentigny's great-grandchildren felt that their title, together with De Bonne's assigns, should hold; and by dint of the expenditure of much time and money the two latter interests procured an act of Congress in 1860, authorizing the District Court of Michigan to consider the validity of their title, as against that of the United States. This Court, in 1861, decided that the heirs and assigns of the two original grantees were entitled to, and the owners of, the 214,000 acres in question, a large part of which in the meantime had grown very valuable.

But the Government appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in December, 1866, the highest tribunal decided that the claims of the heirs were not valid, and the bill was dismissed. The decision rested on the non-fulfillment of the original conditions of the grant; the lapse of time; the abandonment of the lands by the grantees; the reunion of the same to the crown; and the want of certainty in description. So we see that not until the close of the civil war was settled the last claim to Michigan lands entered under French occupation.

In May, 1762, the adventurous Alexander Henry, fur-trader, reached Sault Ste. Marie from Michilimackinac, at which fort he had spent the preceding winter. Here he found the faithful Cadotte and his Chippewa wife, "the fort, seated on a beautiful plain of about two miles in circumference, and covered with luxuriant grass; within sight are the rapids in the strait, distant half a mile. The width of the strait, or river, is about half a mile. The portage, or carrying-place, commences at the fort. The banks are rocky and allow only a narrow footpath over them. Canoes, half loaded, ascend on the south side, and the other half is carried on men's shoulders.

"These rapids are beset with rocks of the most dangerous description; yet they are the scene of a fishery in which all dangers are braved and mastered with singular expertness. They are full of whitefish, much larger and more excellent than those of Michilimackinac, and which are found here during the greater part of the season, weighing in general from six pounds to fifteen."

Henry, in common with everybody else who has ever eaten them, never tired of praising the delicious whitefish of the upper lakes. He says that "their flavour is above

all comparison whatever. Those who live on them for months together, preserve their relish to the end."

In his time these fish were exceedingly plentiful. The Indian fisherman frequently filled his great net at every dip, and a skillful savage would often take five hundred in two hours.

Henry took up his residence with the Cadottes, intending to learn the Chippewa language, and spend the winter at the Sault; but a serious misfortune changed his plans. On the night of December 22nd, a fire destroyed all the houses of the little village except Cadotte's; the stockade was also nearly destroyed, and all the provisions of the troops; and Lieutenant Jemette, the first English Commandant, barely escaped with his life.

The river was still open, and, as to stay meant starvation, the troops promptly re-embarked for Mackinac, getting through just in time, as the next day navigation closed for the winter. The commandant stayed with Henry and the Cadottes until the end of February; when the whites also set out, on snow-shoes, for Michilimackinac.

Of that wearisome journey, Henry has left us a vivid account. Suffice it to say it was only on the seventh day they reached Detour; Henry and Jemette with their feet badly swollen from snow-shoe strain; and there, to their great dismay, they found the lake still open. Some Indians were sent back for provisions, and when ice had formed, Henry made his way to the fort, and sent a relief party out for the crippled Jemette.

After a short stay with Major Etherington, now commanding the fort, Henry returned across country to Sault Ste. Marie, where he engaged in maple sugar making with the Cadottes. This sugar was the principal food of his party of eight for the space of a month, during which time they consumed three hundred pounds. He says that he had known Indians to live wholly upon maple sugar or syrup for an indefinite period, and become fat.

In May, accompanied by Sir Robert Davers, an Englishman of leisure, Henry set out for Michilimackinac; where, on June 4th, 1763, the King's birthday, occurred that foul massacre described in Henry's classic of the North. The unfortunate Lieutenant Jemette escaped famine at the Sault only to lose his scalp and his life at Michilimackinac; Sir Robert Davers had left the fort, but was murdered near Lake St. Clair by Indians going to join Pontiac at Detroit. Henry himself owed his life to

the fortunate dream of the Chippewa Wawatam, as related elsewhere in this volume.

Wawatam secreted his white brother in Skull Cave, on Mackinac Island; afterward smuggling him over to St. Martin's Island, and painting and costuming him as an Indian. They spent the following winter together on the Indian hunting-grounds near Lake Michigan; and in the spring Henry managed to get back up St. Mary's River to the Sault, where he again met his friend Cadotte. The latter proved himself a friend to Henry and to the English; as he had used all his influence to prevent the Saulteur Chippewas from joining Pontiac.

After the passing of French rule, Cadotte was the only French trader of importance left in the upper country. He became Henry's partner in the fur business, and lived till 1802; being survived by two sons, Jean and Michel, who were notable characters in the fur trade in the days of the Northwest Company.

There came to the Sault at this time an Indian envoy from Sir William Johnson, calling a council of the Indian tribes at Niagara. As this invitation seemed to call for more than human decision in reply, the savages erected a large bark house on the shore of the river, and placed within it a moose-skin tent for the reception of the medicine man and the Great Turtle Spirit. When darkness had fallen the wizard appeared, and no sooner had he taken his place within the tent than it began to shake violently; the yelping of dogs was heard and the howling of wolves; and a horrible concert of mingled screams and sobs, as of despair, anguish, and the sharpest pain.

After some time a low and feeble voice was heard with joy by the Indians, who now recognized the tones of the Great Turtle; then a succession of chants in a diversity of voices; and after a short silence, the voice of the wizard, declaring that the Great Turtle was present, and ready to answer any questions.

The Chief of the village, after carefully placing a large quantity of tobacco within the tent, as a sacrifice, inquired whether the English were making war upon the Indians, and whether there were large bodies of English troops at Niagara. These questions asked, the tent shook convulsively, and a terrific cry announced the departure of the Great Turtle. Across Lake Huron he (supposedly) flew to Fort Niagara at the head of Lake Ontario. Here, as he told them on his return, he saw no great number of sol-

diers, but on descending the St. Lawrence to Montreal, he found the river covered with boats, and the boats filled with soldiers, in numbers like the leaves of the trees. The Chief then asked if the Saulteur Chippewas visited Sir William, whether they would be received as friends. An affirmative answer having been received, Henry himself appears to have been "taken in," as he invested a quantity of tobacco with a query as to whether he should safely reach his own country. The Spirit said "yes," and the level-headed Henry came down with more tobacco. There surely is a vein of superstition in us all.

Henry set forth on the 10th of June, accompanied by the delegation. They canoed across Georgian Bay, and portaged to Lakes Simcoe and Ontario. One day while preparing dinner on one of the islands in the North Channel, Henry was about to kill a rattlesnake, but the Indians prevented him; surrounding it, they addressed it as their "grandfather," with every appearance of respect; and filling their pipes, they gently blew smoke upon the creature, which received it with evident pleasure. As it crawled away in safety, the Indians besought it to take care of their families during their absence, and to open the heart of Sir William Johnson, so that he might be good to them and fill their canoes with rum.

And when, the next day, a storm arose as they were crossing the Bay, the Indians were convinced that Henry had slighted their god, and even proposed that he be sacrificed to appease the wrath of the deity. However, by dint of the sacrifice of two dogs thrown overboard, and a quantity of tobacco, and fervent prayers to the snake, the storm abated and they reached land in safety.

Henry and the Indians, as the Great Turtle foretold, were kindly received by Sir William at Niagara; whence General Bradstreet was leaving with three thousand men to the relief of Detroit, which had been beseiged by Pontiac for about a year. Henry was informed that some of the General's force would be sent to Michilimackinac and was induced to return there in hopes that some of his losses might be recouped.

Henry wintered at Sault Ste. Marie that year and several years afterward; having obtained from the commandant at Michilimackinac exclusive trading rights in the Lake Superior territory. With the Sault as headquarters, he visited Michipicoten, the Nepigon country, and even penetrated far into the heart of Assiniboia. His

account of his travels, now unfortunately all too rare, is written in a straightforward and lucid style that convinces the reader of its truthfulness; and Parkman did not hesitate to draw freely on Henry for a large part of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." Henry afterward became one of the solid merchants of Montreal, and died there at a ripe old age.

As for Le Grand Saulteur, Minavavana, the Chippewa Chief who acted in concert with Pontiac and led the Chippewas to the slaughter of Fort Michilimackinac, he retained his enmity for the English, and made his way to the vicinity of the Mississippi, where he was afterward seen by Jonathan Carver., Some years later he was stabbed to death by a trader with whom he had been quarreling.

We have seen how the Hudson Bay Company prospered in the wilds to the far North. It never was the policy of the Company to write history, nor publish to the world its transactions. The wilder the country, the better its purpose was suited. Far in the North its outposts stood on Hudson and James Bay, and hither through the Straits came the yearly ships with supplies, and returned with fur-cargoes of fabulous values for the London market. The French companies of Montreal and Quebec seem never to have offered it any real opposition in its chosen territory, where it had things all its own way until the organization of the Northwest Company by the Fro-bishers in 1783. The new Company established a post on the north shore of St. Mary's and carried on a lucrative business there for years.

There was a canal and a lock at the Sault in George Washington's time. This statement is surprising to those who have considered the activities of the whites as confined practically to the shores of the Atlantic at that time; but its correctness is beyond dispute. The canal and lock were built by the Northwest Company in 1797, to the north of the rapids. There is little evidence that it was used to any extent; and the canal was afterwards filled up and forgotten; but the lock was unearthed in 1889 by Judge Joseph H. Steere, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Messrs. Cozzens and Wheeler, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

The lock provided for a fall of only nine feet, which may account for its limited use. A towpath was provided for oxen to haul the up-bound boats above and below the little lock, which may still be seen in the grounds of the

Lake Superior Corporation, and is a favorite object of inspection for tourists.

Dissensions meanwhile had arisen in the management of the Northwest Company, or the "French" Company, as it was locally styled, to distinguish it from the "English" Hudson Bay Company. Several members of the Northwest concern withdrew and entered into partnership with Forsyth, Richardson & Co., forming a new organization known as the X Y Company, which engaged in active competition with the Northwest and Hudson Bay people. There would seem to have been enough business for them all, as it is estimated that in 1800 the down shipments of beaver skins alone, through St. Mary's River, amounted to upwards of one million dollars.

The new X Y Company claimed the right to use the canal in common with the Northwest Company, on the ground that it was constructed on public property, but they were effectually debarred from the same until they joined hands with the older concern in 1805. The Northwest Company continued business with the most active and enterprising spirit, encouraging Canada's trade with the great Northwest, and opening settlements at various places in the new territory. The Company was, however, amalgamated with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821.

By the Treaty of Paris in 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary War, Sault Ste. Marie and the Upper Peninsula became a part of the United States. The post having been burned years before, there was little besides a straggling Indian village on the south side of the river; populous in the long summer days, when throngs of Indians came in search of whitefish; and depleted during the winters, when the inhabitants were scattered far and wide for the winter's hunt.

One cannot think of the Sault at the beginning of the last century, without recalling the name of John Johnston, whose romantic career, powers of intellect, and generous hospitality made the old time Sault famous throughout an extensive stretch of country.

To digress a moment. Of all the Chippewa Chiefs who have ruled in the North, Waub-ojeeg was the most famous. Son of that celebrated Mongazid, in whose arms Montcalm died on the Plains of Abraham, he came rightfully by the courage and craft of a warlike race. It happened on one occasion, when Mongazid was hunting with his braves in the vicinity of the Sioux, that the latter at-

tacked the Chippewa encampment just at dawn. The first volley had been poured in, when Mongazid rushed out, and proclaiming his own name, fearlessly asked if Wabash, his mother's son by a chief of the Sioux, were among the assailants; whereupon the tall figure of his half-brother approached with outstretched hand in token of peace. Hostilities were suspended, and Wabash was invited into Mongazid's wigwam; but at the moment of entrance he was saluted with a blow from the tiny warclub of young Waub-ojeeg, then a boy of eight. The uncle, delighted with this display of spirit, took him up in his arms, and prayed to Gitchi Manito to make him a sturdy man and a great war-chief, which he afterwards became.

Waub-ojeeg, the leader of the Chippewas, made his residence at Chequamagon, where he enjoyed a surpassing reputation as a warrior and hunter. His great wigwam was sixty feet in length, and was surmounted with the great carved figure of an owl, the insignia of his power and presence; being taken down when he was absent on his winter hunts.

War with the Sioux and the Ottawas employed his time to such an extent that he did not marry until he reached the age of thirty; at which period a widow became his wife and bore him two sons. Being tired of the widow, he exercised the prerogative of a Chippewa chief and married a girl of fourteen, who became the mother of six children, of whom Neengai (Mrs. Johnston) was the eldest.

It was at Chequamagon that John Johnston, the young fur trader, just out from Ireland, met Waub-ojeeg and his young daughter, with whom he promptly fell in love. When he asked Waub-ojeeg for her hand, the chief replied:

"White man, your customs are not our customs. You desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye, you say they are not your wives, and you forsake them. Return, therefore, to Montreal, with your load of furs; and if the pale-face girls do not put my daughter out of your head, come hither in the spring and we will talk farther; you are both young, and she can wait."

Alas, for the young Irishman! Impatient and impetuous, after the manner of his countrymen, he tried arguments, presents, entreaties, all in vain; Waub-ojeeg was not to be swerved. Johnston went down to Montreal, returned in the spring and took the maid to wife. The chief

made him swear that he would marry her according to the law of the white man, *until death*.

Neengai related to Mrs. Jameson that previous to her marriage she fasted, according to custom, going alone to the summit of a small hill near by, and building for herself a small lodge of cedar boughs. Here she dreamed continually of a white man, who came to her with a cup in his hand, saying, "Why do you fast? Here is food for you!" She also dreamed of being on a high hill which was surrounded by water, upon which she beheld many Indians coming to do her homage. For ten days she fasted, taking nothing but a sip of water brought occasionally by her grandmother. When satisfied that her guardian Spirit was the white stranger who had appeared in her dreams, she went back to her father's lodge, where for ten days she ate very sparingly, after which she partook of the usual food of her family.

Notwithstanding this dream, which would seem to be favorable to the young white's aspirations, the handsome O-shah-gush-ko-do-no-quah (Child of the Mountain), or Neengai, positively refused to be united to the bold pale-face. On being escorted by her people to the bridegroom's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and refused to speak or be spoken to, or even looked upon. To Johnston's honor be it said that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that during the ten days she remained in his lodge he sought by every gentle means to gain her confidence and affection. At the end of that time, however, she ran away to the woods in a sudden access of fear and terror, and finally reached her grandfather's wigwam after another fast of four days. Meanwhile Waub-ojeeg, at his distant hunting ground, had a premonition that all was not well with his daughter; returning home suddenly he found the truant; gave her a sound thrashing with a stick, and threatened to cut off both her ears. He then took her back to her husband with many apologies for her action, and assuring Johnston that such was not in accordance with his own ideas of honor. Johnston soon succeeded in taming this wild fawn of the woods, and took her to his home at Sault Ste. Marie.

Even here she could not overcome her shyness with the white man, and her longing was strong to see her people again. Accordingly Johnston provided her with a well fitted out trading schooner and a crew of retainers, and

sent her home to Waub-ojeeg at Chequamagon, where a short stay convinced her that the white mode of living was the better. She returned to the Sault, and for thirty-six years lived happily with her white husband, who died there in 1828, leaving four boys and four girls.

Mr. Johnston has been described as a vigorous and handsome man; lively and clever; of excellent education, and not averse to an occasional observation through the bottom of a tumbler. He acquired a comfortable fortune in the fur and merchandise trade; and owing to his talents, good nature, large circle of acquaintances, and his marriage with the chieftain's daughter, he had great influence at the Sault and vicinity.

Mrs. Johnston became an earnest Christian; and her energy and strength of mind, as well as her ancient descent from the White Fisher, endeared her to the Indians far and near. Like Waub-ojeeg, she possessed poetical talent of no mean order, and composed and arranged many Indian allegories and tales that were later translated by her daughters.

Of her children, Jane, the eldest daughter, married Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, the celebrated author and historian. Her Indian name was O-bah-bahm-wah-wah-gezhe-go-quah, meaning "the sound which the stars make rushing through the sky." A girl of surpassing loveliness, she visited Ireland and England with her father after the war of 1812, but previous to her marriage; and so impressed was the Duchess of Devonshire with her beauty and accomplishments, that she desired to adopt her as her own daughter, and pleaded with her to remain in England. Charlotte became the wife of the Rev. Mr. MacMurray, who came to the Canadian Sault as an Episcopal missionary in 1832. The youngest daughter, Anna, married James Schoolcraft, a brother of Henry, at the Sault, while the remaining daughter Eliza never married. Louis, the eldest son, was aboard one of the British ships captured by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie in 1813; George entered the British army; William and John were interpreters in the United States Indian service; the latter acting in that capacity for his brother-in-law Henry R. Schoolcraft.

Various travelers have recorded the generous hospitality dispensed at the Johnston homestead in the old days, and the undoubted ability of John Johnston as an entertainer. The old Johnston home is still standing, and is



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

the most interesting landmark of the Sault Ste. Marie of a century ago. The logs have been covered with clapboarding, but the interior has been left as nearly as possible as when occupied by the original owners. The house was one of the finest in the North at the time it was built. Someone has described it as a long, low, well-built log house in a beautiful old-fashioned garden, where roses, lilacs, sweet williams, bachelor buttons, marigolds and other flowers grew luxuriantly. When Johnston lived there, the great sideboard in the dining room was piled with many pieces of solid silver brought from his ancestral home in Ireland; while the portraits, massive-framed, upon the walls, and the many foreign articles about the rooms, aroused great wonder and admiration in the childish minds of the Indians.

Into this peaceful Eden, the serpent of war intruded his ugly coils. War between the United States and Great Britain having been declared in June, 1812, the British force on St. Joseph's Island received the news in advance of the Americans in the North, and took Fort Mackinac by surprise. Colonel Croghan of the U. S. Army advanced to retake the Fort, and detached a small force to intercept Johnston, a thorough British sympathizer, who equipped a party of one hundred men to aid in the defence of Mackinac. Holmes, the American Major, came up the old channel of the river, while Johnston passed down through the little rapids of the Neebish and arrived safely at Mackinac. The Americans made short work of the village at the Rapids, burning a good deal of Johnston's property, as well as the Northwest Company's post on the north shore, and one of its vessels in the river. Major Holmes and his force then returned to Mackinac, where they participated in the unsuccessful assault on the Fort, and where the Major was killed, with sixteen men. This was in 1814.

The year following, peace was declared, and Johnston repaired his damaged property at the Sault. His claim on the British government for losses sustained received no attention; and the United States government naturally refused to consider his petitions in the matter. He again engaged in trading, but the losses he had incurred considerably reduced his fortune.

In 1820, when Governor Cass negotiated a treaty with the Chippewas for their rights to some of the Upper Peninsula lands, Mrs. Johnston was of the greatest aid to

him in advising the Chippewa chiefs to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the Government. By the Treaty of Fond-du-Lac in 1827, Mrs. Johnston, her children and grand children, each received one section of land, part of which was on the hill on Sugar Island, so called from the great quantities of maple sugar produced there in times past. After the death of her husband, she turned her attention to maple sugar making, and marketed several thousand pounds per year.

In 1822, Henry R. Schoolcraft was appointed by President Monroe Indian Agent for the tribes in the Lake Superior region, and forthwith took up his residence at Sault Ste. Marie, where, in 1823, he married Jane Johnston. Colonel Brady came with him, and a battalion of the Second Infantry Regiment. The Colonel had seen active service under Anthony Wayne, and was destined to give his name to the new Fort at Sault Ste. Marie. Their first act on landing was to hoist a large American flag on the tall staff east of the Johnston residence, having brought the starry banner with them on the Superior, which was the second steamer to ride the Great Lakes. The first was called the Walk-in-the-Water, having been launched in the Niagara River in 1818.

For eleven years Schoolcraft performed his duties at the Sault, with an occasional trip to Detroit or the western part of his jurisdiction. Originally he took up his official residence in a small log house on the old Johnston property, while Colonel Brady encamped his men within the fence of cedar pickets which surrounded a dwelling house about an eighth of a mile below the falls, and which had formerly been the property of the Northwest Company. This property was in bad repair at the time of the soldiers' arrival, but before winter came the stockade was renewed and furnished with gates, a guard-house and other buildings were constructed, and the little Fort prepared so far as possible for the rigors of the north winter.

Here Schoolcraft devoted much of his time to the investigation of Indian languages, customs, and traditions; kept up an enormous correspondence with many distinguished men in this country and abroad; took a genuinely personal interest in his red charges, and procured the enactment of several laws beneficent to them; was in 1828 and 1832 a member of the Territorial Legislature of Michigan; principal founder of the Michigan Historical Society in 1828, and the Algic Society for the investigation

of Indian antiquities in 1832; headed a scientific expedition in the following year, which explored for the first time the head waters of the Mississippi; spending in all eleven busy years at the Sault and vicinity before the Indian Agency was removed to Mackinac. The writings and compilations made here, many of them with the assistance of his accomplished wife, were subsequently published in a number of volumes, including "Algic Researches," a collection of Indian tales and legends, in two volumes; "Oneonta;" "Thirty Years With the Indian Tribes;" and most noted of all, the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes," published by the United States Government under his editorship in 1851-7 at a cost of \$650,000. The six great quarto volumes under this title form the most extensive existing repository of information concerning the red race in America.

To the Jesuit Relations, and to this former citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, we are indebted for the greater part of our information regarding old Algonquin America. The importance of this information in the Relations cannot be over-estimated; still, as it was written, it was merely incidental to the report of spiritual progress made by the writers with their savage congregations. A lack of systematic arrangement is perhaps the greatest fault of Schoolcraft; nevertheless his writings are of the greatest possible value; and the world owes an undying debt to him who preserved in great part for it the records of a fast-vanishing people. Mackinac will shortly raise a noble statue in memory of the greatest of her priests; Sault Ste. Marie might do worse than commemorate in like manner one of the greatest of her citizens.

In 1827 Mr. Schoolcraft moved into a handsome residence on the banks of the river, about a half a mile east of the Fort, and in plain view of St. Mary's Falls. This building contained fifteen rooms, including the Agency office, and was situated in a bower of elms, maples, and mountain ash. Here, he tells us, he lived most happily, varying the duties of his office with incursions into Indian researches. In 1828 he followed the body of John Johnston to the grave; removed to Mackinac in 1833, and to New York in 1841. During the latter part of his life he was confined to his chair with paralysis, but his second wife (nee Mary Howard, of Beaufort, S. C.) acted with rare devotion as his amanuensis, and helped him to real-

ize a considerable portion of his literary projects. He died at Washington December 10, 1864.

Meanwhile, in 1826, the Territorial Legislature had established the boundaries of the new County of Chippewa; beginning at Isle St. Vital, at the head of Lake Huron; running due north to Munoskong River and thence west to its source; continuing to the Manistique River, there turning north to Latitude 46 deg. 31 min.; thence west to the Mississippi River; thence up that river to its source and to the boundary line of the United States; returning with that line through Lake Superior to the mouth of St. Mary's river, and from there to the place of beginning. The county seat of this enormous district was established at Sault Ste. Marie under the same act. In 1843 the County was reduced to its present boundaries, which still include more territory than the State of Rhode Island. A part of the old county was afterward organized into Schoolcraft county, named in honor of the historian.

The principal Chippewa Chief on the American side in Schoolcraft's time was Shingaba Wossen (Stone Image); on the Canadian shore Shingwaukonce (The Little Pine).

Shingwaukonce was a teetotaler, one of a few among his red brethren. When Mr. MacMurray made his first address as a missionary, several of the Indians present were intoxicated, and he took the opportunity of declaiming against their besetting vice in strong terms. After he had finished, one of their chief men arose and replied gravely:

"My father, before the white men came we could hunt and fish and raise corn enough for our families; we knew nothing of your firewater. If it is so very bad, why did the white men bring it here? We did not desire it!"

Which must have been a rather hard nut for the missionary to crack.

At this time great numbers of the Indians were receiving aid from the British at Manitoulin Island, many of them coming yearly from one to five hundred miles to obtain the government bounty. The present for each chief or warrior consisted of three quarters of a yard of blue cloth, three yards of linen, one blanket, half an ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one large knife, three pounds of tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds of shot, four pounds of powder and six flints. Each woman was presented with one and three quarters yards of

coarse woolen cloth, two and a half yards of printed calico, one blanket, once ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, and one knife. In special cases extra presents were made of blankets, medals, muskets, rifles, copper kettles, and trinkets of different kinds. The Indians' food while there was also furnished them, consisting of corn and tallow, boiled in a sort of soup. This last, indeed, with the addition of fish from the streams and lakes, was the usual food of the voyageurs and traders throughout the North.

One of the friends of Schoolcraft at this time, and his companion on various journeys through the country, was Dr. Douglass Houghton, state geologist of Michigan. Houghton's was the hand to unlock the treasures of Keweenaw; the modern history of copper mining dating from February, 1841, when he submitted his report of the copper country. His explorations and his life were suddenly ended by the swamping of his canoe in Lake Superior, near Eagle River, his friend and companion Peter McFarland, of Sault Ste. Marie, nearly losing his life at the same time.

Schoolcraft describes the little village as occupying a pleasing and romantic situation between the Falls and the Fort, whose parade ground and blockhouse buildings were enclosed within a stockade, on what is now Brady Field, fronting the River. This stockade was constructed of cedar posts about eight inches in diameter and eight feet in height, placed close together and set firmly into the ground. The top of each post was sharpened to a point, and at convenient distances in the stockade loopholes were cut, for observation and firing purposes.

A burial ground of the Chippewas was located just west of the Fort. It is worthy of mention that the Chippewas, as well as all other tribes, held the places of their dead in profound veneration, and in all treaties involving the cession of land, they insisted upon the inviolability of their tombs. They did the same with regard to this ground, but the agreement was not followed, for, in 1835, when the Fort grounds were extended a little to the westward, this cemetery was considerably encroached upon, to the indignation of the Indians and some of the whites. Said one Indian chief: "It has remained for the Americans to violate our dead—the French always respected their burial places."

In 1828, the Rev. Abel Bingham, Baptist missionary

to the Chippewas, came to the Sault. Shocked at the intemperance prevailing, he soon after formed a temperance society, and obtained many signatures, those who could not write signing the pledge with their mark. On one occasion he asked the Chief Kabanodin to sign, and the Chief replied: "If my mouth were sewed up and my legs tied together, I might possibly keep from drinking." But he signed, and afterwards became a very temperate man. Mr. Bingham held regular meetings at the Fort, and united many soldiers with the mission church; and later, when the command was ordered to Chicago, the soldiers organized a branch at that point, which was the beginning of the Baptist denomination in that city.

Mr. Bingham, together with Dr. James, army surgeon, translated a portion of the Bible into the Chippewa tongue. This translation he carried with him, as well as some simple remedies, in his ministrations to the Indians far and wide. On one of his winter trips to Goulais Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior, he found nearly all the Indians there dead or dying of smallpox. Of one family there was none left but a boy of four, who had somehow managed to get the best of the disease. He had no clothing but a few rags, and nowhere to go. Mr. Bingham wrapped the naked little body in his coat, and brought him on his toboggan to the mission at Sault Ste. Marie. The little fellow was uncommonly bright; learned easily, and lived for several years at the mission. He enlisted in the army and fought bravely throughout the rebellion, and is said to have made an uncommonly good soldier. He died a few years ago on Sugar Island.

Instances like this might be cited without number. The early missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant, let it be said to their eternal credit, never found any distance too great, any cold too severe, any hardship too difficult, to surmount in the pursuit of their duties. The Roman Catholic church at Sault Ste. Marie maintains two missionary priests, Frs. Gagnier and Cota, who are known throughout the remote districts of Chippewa and Mackinac counties as the steadfast friends of the Indians.

Father Frederick Baraga, afterward first Bishop of the Sault Ste. Marie Roman Catholic diocese, published in 1853 his "Otchipwe Dictionary," compiled at the village with several years of assiduous labor. John Boucher, of Indian descent, who once carried the mail from Saginaw to the Sault, aided in the writing of this work, which was

the standard of its kind, and is now practically out of print.

In 1843 that great block of native copper which had reposed for centuries on the banks of the Ontonagon, and which was known to all the Indians and traders of the North, was portaged over the Rapids and shipped to Detroit. There were no scales in Detroit large enough to weigh it, and its estimated tonnage was seven thousand pounds. It excited great interest wherever seen, and furnished a great impetus toward the copper mining soon to begin on so extensive a scale in the North.

In a little house near the lower rapids, in the Schoolcrafts' time, there lived the noted John Tanner, Indian interpreter to the Agency, a man of pure white blood, but with the language, manners and habits of a Redskin. The son of a Kentucky clergyman, he was kidnapped by a band of Chippewas from the head of Saginaw Bay, and by them sold to an Ottawa woman, who paid for him a ten gallon keg of rum. She took him north to the Red River country, where he married an Indian woman, who bore a son who was afterwards killed at the second battle of Bull Run. Tanner eventually wandered to the Sault, where he acted as interpreter. In 1846, James Schoolcraft was shot from ambush near his residence at the Soo, and as Tanner disappeared that day, he was suspected of the murder, but was never heard of again. It afterward developed that Schoolcraft was killed by a United States army officer, as the result of a quarrel over a woman. Tanner was very well known throughout the North, and was considered of sufficient importance to become the subject of a book written by an officer at Fort Mackinac. As one of the old woodsmen at the Sault said to Judge Steere: "Tanner was a regular Injun; more of an Injun than any of the Injuns; and a d—d bad Injun, too."

It is worthy of note that Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*, compiled at the Sault, were the material from which Longfellow drew his poem of "Hiawatha," known throughout the world as a beautiful story of Indian life. The drama of "Hiawatha" was presented for several summers by a band of seventy-five Chippewas, at Point Kensington, a very beautiful spot near Sault Ste. Marie, some of whom were descendants of Shingwaukonce, who gave the story to Schoolcraft.

The first scene was the meeting of the warriors of all nations at the signal of the Great Spirit. They assemble

in their war paint and execute a war-dance. After this, they are addressed by Gitchi Manito, who pleads eloquently for universal peace, whereupon the braves throw down their war-gear and plunge into the lake to wash off their war-paint. They reassemble, and sitting in a large circle, smoke the pipe of peace.

In the second scene the boy Hiawatha is being educated by Nokomis. In the third scene, having grown to manhood and made his first trip to the Rockies, in which he met Minnehaha, he tells the warriors of his adventures. Then follows picture writing by Hiawatha on birch bark and skins. This scene is followed by Hiawatha's second journey and the wooing of Minnehaha. The dances at the wedding feast include the wedding dance, in which an old squaw with a tomahawk guards a bevy of Indian maidens from the ambitious young warriors who seek to steal them from her, but in spite of her vigilant care and ready blows, they are stolen away one after another; the deer dance, which betokens plenty for the bride and groom; a sort of Indian hornpipe, which the Indians thoroughly enjoyed; the snake dance, which is to appease the spirit of evil, and the gambling dance of the Ojibways.

While the wooing of Hiawatha was full of novelty and life, the grandest act was the departure of Hiawatha. After addressing his tribesmen and telling them of his long absence about to begin, he strides down to his canoe paddle in hand, pushes it off and stands erect in it, waving adieu while the canoe moves away swiftly and mysteriously, without paddle or oar, along the pathway of the setting sun.

The drama was repeated on one occasion for the especial benefit of twelve members of the Longfellow family who were summering in the North.

It was Alexander Henry who built the first large sail boat on Lake Superior, at Point aux Pins, just above the Sault, in 1770. The "Athabaska" was constructed at the same place about 1790 by the Northwest Company, and was followed in 1793 by the "Otter," a larger boat, destined to sail between the Sault and Grand Portage. Later the Athabaska was sent over the falls to join the Beaver in the transporting of goods and furs to Detroit, but the greater part of the trade was till carried on through the French and Ottawa Rivers to Montreal.

In 1835 the American Fur Company built a log warehouse at the head of the rapids, and laid near by the keel

of the John Jacob Astor, 112 tons, the first American vessel launched on Lake Superior. She sailed the same year on her first voyage to Chequamegon, and continued in service on the lake until she was wrecked in 1844.

The Independence, the first steamer on Lake Superior, was a wooden propeller about 150 feet in length. She was hauled over the portage in 1845, and launched above the rapids. Tradition says that she was originally built for carrying grain direct from Chicago to Europe, but as her speed would not exceed five miles per hour, and as her full carrying capacity of coal would not take her half way across the Atlantic, she was transferred to Lake Superior. Later new engines increased her speed to eight miles, and she proved herself quite a good sea-boat. She came to an inglorious end when her boilers exploded a short distance above the Sault. Her antique propeller was fished out and now occupies an honored place on the grounds between the American locks at Sault Ste. Marie.

The Julia Palmer was the second steamer on the lake, a side-wheeler one hundred feet long. She once outrode a furious storm on Superior, taking sixteen days from the Sault to Copper Harbor, on which occasion most of her cargo of pork and lard went up the stack, after her regular stock of fuel had failed to keep her off the rocks. At the close of navigation in 1847, she was tied up at the Sault, forming part of a wood dock, where she remained for many years.

In June of the same year, the schooner Furtrader shot the rapids with disastrous results, as she struck a rock half way down and turned over. When she righted, the Captain was underneath, but he managed to swim down with an oar. Four of the occupants were picked up later on Sugar Island. An Indian chief who was fishing there picked up one of the men, took him ashore and was rolling the water out of him, when a Mr. Duncan came running down, shouting, "Come on, now, roll him! roll him hard! He owes me ten dollars!" so they rolled him hard and the money was saved.

The next day the schooner Merchant, Captain Brown and fourteen passengers and crew, left the Sault for Grand Portage. They picked up her companion-door on the north shore the following fall.

In 1853, Captain Parker spent two weeks in hauling the George W. Ford around the portage to the upper lake. She afterward went down through the new canal with the

first cargo of copper. She went to pieces on Eagle Harbor reef in 1870.

A dam, with a sawmill and race, had been constructed by the soldiers of Fort Brady, near the rapids in 1823. Northbound voyageurs were accustomed to make a short portage to the dam, proceeding thence via the race to the river again. The first sawmill was burned, but another one was built shortly after, very near the present site of the Park Hotel.

Vessels crossing the portage were placed upon a strong cradle and dragged across by means of capstans, on rollers or over well-greased ways.

In 1847 the Chippewa Portage Company was incorporated, and constructed in 1850 a railroad beginning at McKnight's dock, at about the northwest corner of the old Fort Brady grounds; passing along Water street to the Canal Reserve; thence by a short curve to the Portage Road (Portage Avenue) at a point near the present Park Hotel; and following the road to McKnight's upper warehouse at the head of the portage. Its charges for the carriage of freight were five cents per hundred weight; and in 1850 it handled six thousand tons of copper and iron ingots, machinery and merchandise.

Fifty thousand dollars having been appropriated by the Legislature to begin the construction of a canal around the Falls, and preliminary surveys made, contractors were authorized to begin work on the same in 1839. The line of the proposed canal crossed the mill-race already spoken of, and when the contractors proceeded to fill it in, their men were driven off by United States troops from the Fort. This summary action led almost to a resolution of secession in the State Legislature. One who thinks that the secession spirit was peculiar to the southern states alone should read Mrs. W. F. Knox's interesting article on the subject in the Historical and Pioneer Collections of Michigan. Students of Wisconsin's history also know how close their great state came to withdrawing from the Union on one occasion.

However, it was not long before a better feeling prevailed at the Capitol; and the legislators renewed their memorials to Congress asking for national aid in building the canal. The legislatures of Indiana and New York took up the question; avowing their unwillingness that their country should be dependent upon Great Britain for the use of a canal to be dug around the Canadian Falls.

The long looked for bill was introduced in the United States senate by Senator Felch in 1851, and the following year an amendment was offered, empowering the Secretary of War to contract forthwith for the construction of a canal with double locks, large enough to accommodate the government steamer Michigan, an iron vessel 167 feet long.

But if the statesmen of the country were wide awake to the need of a canal, the local sentiment of the village did not favor it, as a canal meant a loss in work and wages to many of its inhabitants. Even after it was constructed and working, local prejudice made it impossible for Superintendent Calkins to obtain help in the village when a breach appeared in the canal walls; and serious consequences might have ensued had not the crew of the Michigan volunteered for repair work.

And local objectors found aid and comfort in the halls of Congress, for no less a personage than Henry Clay vehemently opposed the project, and said that it was a work beyond the remotest settlement in the United States, if not in the moon. Wonder what Henry would say if he could come North today?

In 1852 Congress passed a bill granting 750,000 acres of public lands in Michigan for the construction of the canal. June 18th, 1855, the canal was opened for traffic, and the steamer Illinois passed up to Lake Superior. In 1881, a larger lock was completed, known as the Weitzel lock. In the light of developments, it is amusing to read in a Detroit paper issued about that time, a statement by a lake captain that the Weitzel lock was four times larger than would ever be necessary for the needs of traffic, and protesting against so unwise an expenditure of money.

In 1896 the old state locks were torn out and rebuilt on a giant scale, under the name of the Poe lock, and at this writing (1909) work is well under way on an enormous new lock and separate canal, to the north of the Poe lock.

You will not, I am sure, be particularly interested in the bushels of statistics and figures that have been published concerning the Sault canals, American and Canadian. People come a thousand miles or more to see them, and why not? The whole world affords no such another example of man's ingenuity as these mighty locks.

The St. Mary's canals are the great gateways through which must pass the products of a mighty empire; the varied merchandise of the East; the iron of Duluth and Marquette, and the copper of Keweenaw; the coal of Penn-

sylvania and Ohio and the Virginias; the grain of Dakota and Manitoba; the lumber of a continent; a tremendous tonnage surpassing by far the volume carried through the canal of Suez. These canals have certainly been the leading factors in the development of the Great West, and a leading stimulant to the development of the whole country, north and south.

We know that in the time of the Northwest Company a bushel of corn cost twenty English shillings, or five dollars, at Fort William; and it was the cheapest article of provision the Company could feed its men at that time. For the same amount, eight bushels can now be purchased in Liverpool, after having been carried five thousand miles, in the interior of America and across the Atlantic.

The Great Lakes are, and always will be, the greatest inland waterway, not only of the United States, but of the world. On them a dollar will carry a ton of goods farther than anywhere else in the world. Haulage by horse and wagon on average American roads will approximate 25 cents per mile, or four miles for \$1.00; on English roads with a steam truck it will cost five cents per mile, or 20 miles for \$1.00; on the average United States railroad $133\frac{1}{2}$ miles for \$1.00; on selected trunk line roads 200 miles for \$1.00; on the Erie canal 333 miles for \$1.00; on European canals with electric haulage 500 miles for \$1.00; on the Great Lakes 1,250 miles for \$1.00; or at the rate coal is carried through the Sault 3,000 miles for \$1.00.

Or suppose you are located at a central point, where, with horse and wagon, you can cover a circle eight miles in diameter; with the improved English highway the diameter of the circle would be increased to 40 miles; with American railways to 267 miles; with the special trunk lines to 400 miles; by the Erie Canal to 666 miles; by European canals 1,000 miles; at the Sault Canal rate a circle that is 2,400, and at the Sault Canal coal rate a circle that is fully 6,000, miles in diameter.

The gateman turns his hand, and the United States takes a new place among the nations of the earth. As a direct result of that easy step, enormous ore pits deepen before the steam shovel on the Mesaba range; a hundred thousand farms spring up on the western prairies. The flour ground yesterday at Duluth or Minneapolis finds a waiting market a few days hence in London, Amsterdam, and Rome. Bread is cheaper in a multitude of foreign and domestic homes, because of that canal; it lessened the

cost of the homes themselves. The copper ingots freighted through it last year are transformed today into humming cables in far Ceylon, or trolley wires in Siam, or armatures in Egypt. The native of Uganda spans his ravines with bridges made of this cheaply transported ore now passing by; these narrow walls made Pittsburg and Gary possible; our mighty ironclads sailed this inland waterway before they sniffed the salt; the locomotives of Brazil rode over these stone sills, and so did the rails that bear them.

Hats off, then, to these canals and locks! for they have turned the old time luxuries into common necessities, and have made present luxuries possible. Is it too much to say that America dominates the world of steel because of the Sault canals? Is it too much to say that the United States owes its supremacy in transportation, manufactures, mining and agriculture, more to these waterways than to any other one thing? I do not think so.

The United States government has spent on the Great Lakes above Niagara Falls a total of perhaps \$85,000,000, of which possibly one-seventh has been expended in St. Mary's River and at the Falls; last year the saving over rail transportation on the traffic through these lakes was \$340,000,000.00. The country never made another investment half so good. On an outlay of \$85,000,000.00 there has been saved, it is estimated, over five billion dollars since the Sault Canal was opened in 1855.

What of the little village that saw this traffic growing by leaps and bounds along its borders? In 1834, the population of the entire county was but 528, according to Sheriff Ashmun's census. This had increased by 1880 to 5,250; and the present population of Sault Ste. Marie city is about 10,000.

United States troops have been stationed continuously since 1822 at old Fort Brady and at the new Fort on the hill, except during the periods of the Mexican and Civil wars. Owing to the enormous investment of the Federal Government at this point, and its advantageous location, it is likely that a military post will be continued indefinitely.

The Roman Catholic mission church at the Rapids, built, probably, in the times of Father Claude Dablon, Superior of the Canada missions, was burned some time after his incumbency at the Sault. It stood just east of old Fort Brady, and in 1879, some relics of the missionaries were found on its site. The old church, which stood

in front of the present site of the church on Portage avenue, was built about 1836, and was taken down in May, 1882. The foundations of the present commodious edifice were laid in the same year.

Henry R. Schoolcraft was a member of, and instrumental in organizing, the first Presbyterian society at Sault Ste. Marie. Rev. Jeremiah Porter was the first pastor. Rev. T. R. Easterday came in 1864, and was for some years the only Protestant minister at the south side of the rapids. One of the principal avenues of the city bears his name; and other streets have been named for the pioneers Ashmun, Johnston, Bingham, and Barbeau.

The first meeting of the village was held February 2, 1874, and the first officers were: Peter Barbeau, President; Louis P. Trempe, Andrew Blank, William Reuhle, George W. Brown, Guy H. Carleton, and Thomas Ryan, Trustees; Francis Lessard, Marshal; Thomas R. Easterday, Treasurer; George W. Brown, Clerk.

The first Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated in 1874; and the Protestant Episcopal church of Sault Ste. Marie was established in 1879.

The Van Anden House was the first hotel at the Sault; additions to it were made at different times, and along in the fifties it sheltered many famous men in their travels to and through Sault Ste. Marie.

Joseph H. Steere, Circuit Judge of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit of Michigan, came to the Sault shortly after being admitted to the bar in the Circuit Court of Lenawee County in 1878; was elected Circuit Judge in 1881, and has held the office continuously since.

By virtue of the joint action of the United States Congress and of the Michigan Legislature, provision was made for the celebration, in 1905, of the semi-centennial of the opening of the St. Mary's Falls Canal. This action was taken at the instance of the Honorable Peter White, of Marquette, and Charles T. Harvey, of Ottawa, Canada, engineer in charge of the construction of the original canal.

The Governor appointed as Commissioners for this celebration, Peter White, of Marquette, Horace M. Oren, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Charles Moore, of Detroit. Mr. White was elected president of this Commission, and Mr. Moore secretary and treasurer; while the burden of the local arrangements fell largely upon Mr. Oren.

The celebration was held August 2nd and 3rd, 1905;

and there was a tremendous attendance from all parts of the country, including the Vice President of the United States, the Governor of Michigan, and Representatives of the Dominion of Canada. The Michigan Naval Reserves participated, as well as all the vessels of the United States Navy on the Great Lakes, that could be spared. A band of Indians set up their wigwams on the site of old Fort Brady, and added a picturesque touch to the occasion, recalling as well the early days of Sault Ste. Marie.

An imposing obelisk at the foot of Bingham Avenue commemorates the event, which was the greatest in many respects in the city's history. The monument bears four inscriptions, of more than passing interest to students of northern history.

Any reference to the North Country would not be complete if it omitted Peter White, known from ocean to ocean as the finest type of American pioneer. He was born at Rome, N. Y., in 1830, was taken by his parents to Green Bay, Wisconsin, at the age of nine, left home at the age of fifteen and went to Mackinac. Staying there but a short time, he went on to the Sault, arriving there the day that Schoolcraft was murdered. Being unable to find a boat on which to work his passage through to the copper country, reports of which had greatly inflamed his imagination, he returned to the Island, but the following year we find him again in the Sault, trying to get a berth as sailor on board the schooner Merchant. It was fortunate for him that he did not succeed, as she was never heard of after leaving the Sault.

He found employment instead on the schooner Bela Hubbard, plying between Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit. After half a dozen trips the schooner capsized off Thunder Bay; but fortunately no one was drowned, and they managed to reach Thunder Bay Island in safety, whence they were taken by the propeller Chicago to Bay City.

Peter volunteered to work his passage to Detroit; but upon returning to the boat after a visit to the city, he fell into the hold and broke his left arm. When he reached Detroit the arm was frightfully swollen, and the hospital surgeon decided that immediate amputation was necessary, inviting a number of other surgeons and students to witness the operation. One of the surgeons present, Dr. Zina Pitcher, advised that the operation be delayed a few days. Events proved that the advice was good, as Dr.

Pitcher managed to save the arm, although Peter had to carry it in splints for four months.

A year's clerkship in a Detroit store, and two years more in the U. S. lighthouse Service and as clerk at Mackinac Island, brought Peter to the attention of Robert J. Graveraet, who was leaving for the iron ranges of Lake Superior. With a number of others he joined Graveraet and took the Tecumseh for the Sault; where they re-embarked in a Mackinaw boat for Jackson's Landing, or Carp River, soon to become the town of Marquette. Peter went to work clearing brush, and felled the first tree on the site of the great city to be.

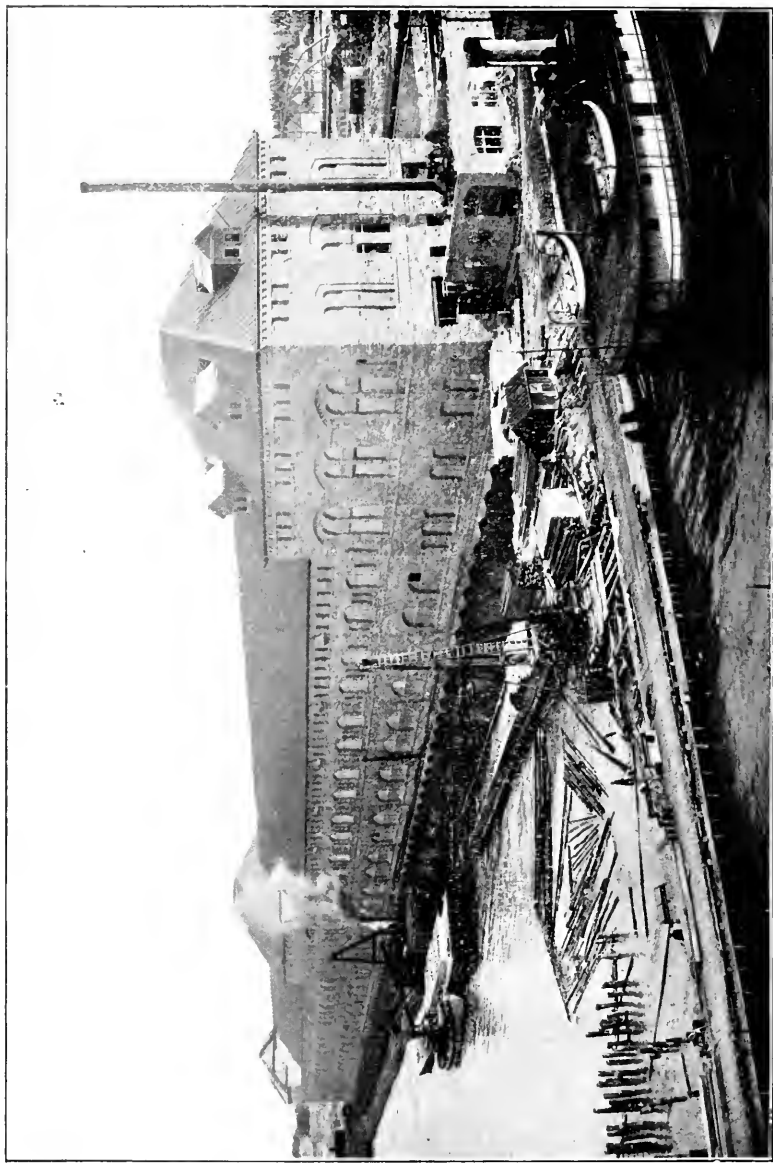
His first opportunity came when a mail carrier was wanted to establish communication with the outside world. He volunteered, and was given the opportunity to show what he could do, by carrying the first mail to L'Anse, where he exchanged mail with other carriers by means of a relay station on the limb of a tree. Soon he had a dog team, and was making trips with regularity.

In 1851 Marquette County was organized, and Peter White was elected County Clerk and Register of Deeds, and also treasurer of the school board, an office he held to the time of his death. He was afterwards made postmaster of Carp River, as Marquette was then known. He opened a store, and conducted it with profit, but sold out when he saw a better opening in the insurance business. Then he began the banking business in a small way. Later he worked into the real estate business, and followed it with great success, practically all of Marquette having been built on land that Peter White has sold.

In 1857 he was elected to the legislature, and it took him fifteen days steady travel to reach Lansing. He snow-shoed from Marquette to Escanaba, took the stage to Fond du Lac, and walked the rest of the way to Lansing. It was this legislature that distributed the lands granted by Congress, and there was much wrangling over the apportionment, and much lobbying by outside interests. Mr. White made a ringing speech, in which he deprecated the unwarranted interference of those who were serving no interests but their own, and declared that they were as thick as autumn leaves which strew the brooks in Vallambrosa. The Vallambrosa business at once established a tremendous reputation for learning and culture, the legislators deciding that one of their number who could thus spontaneously exude such erudition was well worthy of a

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POWER HOUSE OF MICHIGAN LAKE SUPERIOR POWER CO., 1,380 FEET LONG

hearing. They did not know that the sly Peter had "boned" the quotation from a friend's Tennyson on the previous evening. Peter did good work in the legislature, and when the session closed, he walked back to Marquette with the added confidence and respect of all who knew him.

In 1863 he incorporated his bank into a national bank, calling it the First National Bank of Marquette. In 1868, Marquette suffered a disastrous fire, Peter White's home being one of the few spared from the flames.

As the town grew, he was recognized as easily the first man in Marquette, and for that matter one of the first in Michigan.

It was through his influence that Presque Isle was deeded by the federal government to the city of Marquette for park purposes, and Mr. White contributed some \$65,000 to its improvement and maintenance. Its wild and rugged beauty is annually enjoyed by thousands of tourists and citizens of Marquette and vicinity.

The French Canadians, especially, have many legends concerning Peter White. Some will tell you that he was French Canadian like themselves, and that his name is Pierre le Blanc; some think he was an Indian chief, and that his real name was Shob-wau-way; and some think he was a re-incarnation of Pere Marquette.

When Peter White was Register at Marquette, Frenchmen in the North Country believed no deed good unless Peter White's striking signature appeared on it three times; as notary, again as register, and lastly as a witness. To the habitant Peter White could do anything; he entertained the ghost of Pere Marquette, and the two talked over old times on many occasions. Nor did the folk-lore overlook the famous Peter White punch, a concoction as powerful as the liquor offered by the spectres to Rip Van Winkle. It took a week to brew this punch, of which Peter White alone knew the secret. Once upon a time, when the shade of Pere Marquette was visiting with Peter, it fell under the benign influence of this lusty punch, and barely got back to its canoe before cock-crow.

Mr. B. F. Emery, at Mackinac Island, possessed a phonograph record of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," as read by Peter White, but in the process of reproduction at Detroit it was inadvertently destroyed, much to the grief of many who had heard Mr. White recite the verses.

The beautiful building known as the Guild Hall, ad-

joining the Episcopal Cathedral at Marquette, was a gift of Peter White, in commemoration of his son Morgan. Every church in Marquette has shared in his bounty, and he was one of the founders of St. Luke's Hospital. His gifts to the city include a bronze statue of Pere Marquette, unveiled in 1897 on the lake shore in front of the city.

In 1899 he was appointed one of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, and he constantly lent his services and advice toward the improvement of the natural beauties of the Island.

His friend, Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, said of him: "Strong in his gentleness, wise in his simplicity, practical in his enthusiasm, pioneer in an age of pioneers, the man whom children on the street know only as Peter White, stands today, it seems to me, the very highest ideal of that civilization of which the American people are so proud. When such men build the foundations, easy it is to raise the superstructure, and the trail Peter White has cut through life is blessed by acts of private charity and deeds of public devotion that will serve as a guide to those who follow in the footsteps of a truly great, and above all, good, man."

Peter White fell dead in City Hall Park, Detroit, June 6, 1908.

THE WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

On wan night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' he walk de hin' deck, too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also;
De cook's she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge
On de Grande Lachine canal.

De win' she blow from nor'eas'wes'—
De son' win' she blow, too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w't I shall do?"
Den de captinne t'row de beeg ankeere
But still de scow she dreef;
De crew he can't pass on de shore
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high and fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl,
An' tie her to de mas';
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout ha'f pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man,
Tak' warnin' by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm;
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' suppose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.

PETER WHITE.

You know one man call Petare White
What live up by Marquette,
Was born four hundred year ago
An' I'm glad she hain't daid yet.

Perhaps you tink dat wan big lie,
But eef you doan' b'lieve true,
She's live for last two t'ousand year
I'm goin' prove to you.

Deys got a Sunday school up dere,
An' one day not long ago
Ze teachare hask em question
To see how much dey no.

"Who's was de one dat run ahead,
Say 'mak' road an' mak' 'em strait'?
Come, hanter me dat question now,
Doan keep me long to wait."

Jus' one in hinfant class what no,
She was six year hole an' bright,
Now, I always s'pose 'twas Jean Baptiste—
But she say "Petare Wite."

An' now I've prove ze haige to you,
I'm goin' on wid my story,
It's more about dat Petare Wite
An' more as to his glory.

Long time she was call Pierre Le Blanc,
'Bout two tree hundred year
Before 'twas change to Petare Wite
By dose English peeps 'roun here.

One day she's walk down by ze rocks,
'Bout sixteen sixty four,
An' scratch hees haid and wink hees hye
An' lit' speck far out from shore.

Ver' soon dat lit' speck was a canoe,
Bimeby it came to shore,
A man jump hout, strange French man,
What she nevaire saw before.

An' dat man say "Bon jour, ma fren',
I doan know you, and yet
I guess your name is Pierre Le Blanc,—
Mai name ees Pere Marquette.

I hear 'bout you from mai grand-pere,
Dat you could not be beat,
An' I tought I'd stop an' get acquaint'
So two good mans could meet."

An' Petare say, "Dat's very good,
I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll build a town on dis here spot
And call hit after you."

An' Petare tak' him to hees house,
And fill him to hees jaw
Wid everything she had was nice,
Champagne and poisson blanc.

Dat good pries' stay for two, three week,
And den he say "Good-bye,"
Wile great beeg tear run down hees cheek,
Two, t'ree stan' on hees hye.

An' den he jump in hees canoe
An' shove off from ze bank,
An' look up to ze sky an' say,
"God bless you, Pierre Le Blanc."

An' Petare built day city,
An' did more as dat, you bet,
He also built one monument
For hees young fren', Pere Marquette.

A. E. W.

The power canal and power house in the American Sault, and the varied industries of the Lake Superior Corporation in the Canadian Sault, are enduring monuments to the genius and persistency of Francis H. Clergue.

In 1893 Mr. Clergue visited the Falls of St. Mary in the interests of Philadelphia capitalists who were in the market for water power. He found on the north shore a small water power plant that had been idle for some time, and had no difficulty in picking up the charter for the same. His company put the canal in working order, developing twenty thousand horse power, and constructed a wood pulp mill; there being enormous supplies of spruce practically at hand. In 1897 Mr. Clergue became interested in the discoveries of iron ore at Michipicoten, and blast furnaces and a steel rail mill soon followed at the Canadian Sault.

Meanwhile the great power canal was being dug on the American side of the river, and the sandstone taken therefrom was fashioned into a tremendous power house at the lower end of the canal, one of the most massive buildings in the United States. Contemporary with these, the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway was constructed north from the Sault into the mountains, the intention being to connect with the C. P. R. and eventually push through to James Bay; great quantities of pulp timber were being cut from the lands granted by the Canadian Government to the railway; nickel mines opened in the vicinity of Sudbury, Ont.; the Manitoulin & North Shore Railway constructed; street railways in the twin cities, and boat lines on the Lakes established; and the whole tenor of life in the two Saults changed to a startling degree. The total cash outlay on both sides of the river, and in mines, ships and railways cannot have been much less than \$25,000,000.

Unforeseen difficulties arose, and the management of the various concerns promoted by Mr. Clergue passed into other hands. There have been many temporary setbacks in the way of successful outcome to all the properties; but it is believed that the crucial point has been passed, and that the so-called Clergue concerns are on the way to long-continued prosperity, in which the two cities by the rapids will participate to the full. All the industries in this group dove-tail, as it were, one with another; their details were worked out by a clever master-mind; and it needs but an adequate amount of working capital and a season

of continental prosperity to amply vindicate the dreams of Francis H. Clergue.

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, became a city in 1887, and the following gentlemen have ably filled the Mayor's chair: George W. Brown, Otto Fowle, Dr. A. B. Lang, J. Hursley, William Webster, Dr. A. E. Bacon, P. C. Keliher, J. G. Stradley, J. L. Lipsett, Frank Perry, F. J. Sullivan.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, obtained a town's charter in 1887, and her worthy Mayors have been the following: Wm. Brown, W. H. Plummer, Edward Biggings, H. C. Hamilton, W. J. Thompson, J. H. Gimby, T. E. Simpson.

As the gateways of the inland empire, exceptionally fortunately situated, these cities bid fair to expand into great commercial marts as the years go by. That mighty mill-pond of Lake Superior furnishes them with inexhaustible power, but a small fraction of which has so far been utilized, and whose cheapness and permanency cannot fail to attract those capitalists whose extensive operations make cheap power a necessity. Already availing themselves of this power are one of the largest carbide plants in the world, tanneries, woolen mills, pulp mills, steel plants, and many smaller concerns, and there is room for plenty more. Alert and energetic Business Men's Associations on either side of the river maintain information bureaus whose services are entirely at the disposal of intending investors. Enormous supplies of pulp wood and hard wood are within easy distance of the river, and there would seem to be an excellent field for various kinds of wood-working manufactories. Diversified industries of various kinds may here find a welcome on favorable terms and ready transportation and markets for their products. The casual tourists or visitor looking for investment opportunities will do well to see what these cities offer him along that line.

The Saults Ste. Marie are the Mecca for thousands of tourists during the summer season; and thousands more pass through on the floating palaces of the lakes, who might sojourn there for a brief space with interest and benefit to themselves. The trip up the river is a thing of delight in itself; many travelers considering this historic stream even more beautiful than the Hudson.

As one rounds the point at Detour (The Turning), the pretty little village of Detour opens on the sight at the left, an attractive resorting place for the tourist and hay-fever sufferer; while on the right and ahead ap-

pears in the waters a maze of lovely islands that appeal each year to an increasing number of people who are establishing their summer homes among them. At the lower end of Drummond Island, to the right, are the ruins, in a little cove, of the old British fort, and the tiny harbor slopes still bear the thriving apple trees and currant bushes introduced there by British officers over one hundred years ago.

Further north, we come abreast of St. Joseph's Island, one of the largest in fresh water, and the domain of His Britannic Majesty King Edward VII. Here also may be seen the ruins of another English fort, whence sallied many years ago the redcoats to the capture of Fort Mackinac.

We pass Mud Lake, called Muddy Lake by the old French voyageurs; Encampment, so named from the fact that a party of ice bound voyageurs were forced to spend the winter there once upon a time in the old days; The Dark Hole, once the dread of all lake captains for night running, but now buoyed and lighted and made easy by Uncle Sam; and the Dike, where years of work and millions of money have shortened by many miles the pathway down the river. To the west of the Dike, the Neebish rapids have been widened and deepened, and down-bound shipping now takes the west passage, where a year or two ago a few feet of water tumbled over the shallow rocks. This work was accomplished by damming the river above and below and blasting out its bed for a space of three miles; and the doing of it presented many unusual problems and attracted much attention in engineering circles throughout the world.

At the foot of Sugar Island, just below the Dike, is the passage into Georgian Bay; and it is probable this will become one of the world's highways before many years, as the Canadian Government is already projecting a canal from the Bay to the Ottawa and thence to tidewater.

A course straight ahead, with Sugar Island on the right, brings us to and through Hay Lake and the little rapids cut, and here again on the right may be seen the old channel, down which excursion boats make their way in the summer days to a hundred scenes of singular beauty and charm.

At either Sault commodious hotels welcome the visiting tourists, and aid in making his visit pleasant and comfortable.

The twin Superior gateways offer many points of interest to the visitor in search of recreation and amusement. First and foremost, of course, are the giant locks, through which pass, many times a year, a fleet of eleven hundred lake marine, with sixty million tons of freight and many thousand passengers. The parks along the river and at the locks afford a never-wearying vantage ground for the spectacle of the constantly changing shipping panorama, and he who likes a touch of real excitement may vary the round with a trip down the rapids in an Indian canoe, guided by the descendant of those enterprising Chippewas who formerly shot the falls or their enemies with equal gusto.

The Canadian Sault offers her giant industries and an imposing lock for the inspection of the curious visitor, and there may still be seen the ancient batteaux lock and the Fur Company's blockhouse, carefully preserved through the generosity of Francis H. Clergue.

A keen and observant old globe-trotting Scotchman once said that the most striking characteristic of the American Sault was the preponderance, for her size, of big men, handsome women, and bouncing babies. The North is pre-eminently a healthy country, and the Sault shares to the full the advantages of a clear and bracing atmosphere and an abundance of the purest water in the world.

Nor is it lacking in social advantages, being first and foremost the dwelling-place of a courteous and hospitable people. Years ago, before the railroads came, the inhabitants found themselves dependent on their own devices for amusement during the long and steady winters, and they have bequeathed to their descendants the entertaining habit. Sault Ste. Marie is not one of those northern cities who lay dormant during the winter season, and in the expressive language of the vernacular, "there is something doing all the time," winter or summer.

Some day a genius will arise, with specially gifted pen, to glowingly depict the advantages of the Sault as a winter resort. The bright winter days, the crisp and ozone-laden air, the steady sleighing and skating and other winter amusements, all combine to make life worth living in the little city by the rapids. No doubt there are Saulteurs (white) who will decry this proposition; but I have known of such, who, after spending a winter month or two in the South, found themselves sighing for a good old-fashioned snow-storm.

They do not always appreciate their advantages, who live in the fair North country. Air clear and clean, water of the purest, abounding health, scenes of rare beauty; are these things to be despised?

And it is a healthy country. Some of the most hale and sturdy old men in the world live in Escanaba and Marquette, Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie. The frequent changes in temperature seem to have the same effect on northerners that cold water has on heated iron; they bestow firmness and temper, making the body less liable to disease.

The lowest temperature at the Sault during the past winter was -14 , a minimum exceeded by many points much farther south. The air is so clear and dry that zero weather is quite endurable, unless a heavy wind is blowing, which seldom happens in the North at low temperatures.

The cool summer nights are "just right" for sleeping. There is a tradition that once upon a time there were two nights in succession at Sault Ste. Marie when one could sleep comfortably without a blanket, but methinks it is only a tradition.

Few parts of the world can vie with the North Country in scenic attractions. Whether it be that magnificent Fairy Isle, with its historic Fort, its sacred Sugar Loaf, and its startling Arch Rock; or the majestic River St. Mary's; or the thirty thousand islands of Georgian Bay; or the thriving twin Saults; or the sundered turrets and battlements of the Pictured Rocks; the Queen City of the Lakes, which Peter White called the prettiest town on earth, with its green and bold Presque Isle; the torn and battered Keweenaw Peninsula, or the blue and white Algoma mountains; the tremendous sand dunes of the Sables, or the inland cataracts of the ranges; go where you will, in the beaten paths or the by-ways, there is always something to attract. The air of the Northland is surpassingly pure and clear; the water of the lakes a sheet of the finest crystal.

There is a well known maxim: "The highest quality is obtained at the northern limits of production." If this be true of plant life, and it certainly is, then why not of animal, and more especially of human life? Again: "The most vigorous people physically and the most resourceful mentally will be found in the most northerly regions that will produce not simply sereal crops, but an abundance of

them." The Upper Peninsula may be considered as such northern limits, and in addition it has the advantage of the modified temperature of all other regions which are similarly surrounded by large bodies of water. It would seem that climatic conditions and environment are here most favorable to the rearing of a healthy, mentally and physically vigorous, people.

Even as many a broad-breasted stream has fathered its cities elsewhere, so is the great St. Mary's, the sparkling highway of the North, excuse enough for the existence of Sault Ste. Marie. And then, those beneficent rapids! They light our streets and homes; print our newspapers; cancel the stamps on our mail; grind our coffee and cook our food; curl milady's hair and massage her rounded chin; sharpen the butcher's knives and grind his sausage; trolley us around the city; push up the elevators in our office buildings, and push down the dentist's filling in our aching teeth; minister to us in the electrical apparatus of the physician's office, and the whirring fan of a July afternoon; supply us with grateful warmth in the evening, hot waffles in the morning, and ice-cream and chocolates for dessert; sew the maiden's gowns for her afternoon outing, and press her brother's trousers for the ball; melt limestone at 2,600 degrees above, and a block away freeze poultry at 20 below; willing and cheerful servants of ours are these laughing, tumbling rapids, that not only spew forth their delicious whitefish for us, but plank them to a turn in an electric oven! Who would not be a Saulteur?

Last and not least, has not the Sage of Sugar Island, whose predictions always come true, foretold that some day the little city by the rapids will send forth a President of these United States? I hope it may be you.

